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AND
MONTHLY EDITION OF THE LIVING AGE.

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ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

AND

MONTHLY EDITION OF THE LIVING AGE.

VOL. LXXI.
NEW SERIES. VOL. III. }

JANUARY, 1900.

No. 1.

GREAT BRITAIN AND SOUTH AFRICA.*

In our last number we discussed in a hopeful spirit the benefits that might accrue to the world from the Peace Conference at the Hague. It had not then concluded its labors in the cause of peace; and now, within less than three months' time, we find the British Empire—surely not the least genuinely peace-loving of the great nations of the earth—embarking on the largest military undertaking she has known since the Crimean war. It would be easy to be cynical over such a spectacle; it is impossible not to be sad!

For many years past the state of South Africa has been one of unrest. The situation has, in truth, been full of difficulty. There existed elements of discord known to us all; and statesmen in Africa and at home have at least had ample warning that only the wisest and most prudent guidance could reconcile the jealousy and the jarings of racial antagonism and save South Africa from the overwhelming disaster of a racial war. The Convention of 1884 was concluded by Lord Derby and President Kruger, while the Transvaal was still a remote and pastoral State; and neither, could he have

foreseen the changes almost immediately afterwards produced by the discovery of gold, would have used the language that he did in negotiating that Convention, or indeed have supposed that such an arrangement was suited to the requirements of the case. In April 1896, in July 1897, and in January 1898 we invited the attention of our readers to the history and existing condition of affairs in South Africa, and we have no intention now to go back upon the past. We deplored then, and we have more than ever reason to deplore now, the incalculable injury done to South Africa and the Empire by the Jameson Raid. The Boers are among the most suspicious of mankind; and when it appeared that the Raid was no madcap freak of a party of adventurers, but was part of a conspiracy long and deeply planned by the Prime Minister of Cape Colony—a man held in high honor by so many of his countrymen at home—it is small wonder if a distrust was created in British professions and in British good faith which it has been almost impossible to remove.

It is admitted on all hands that the system of government prevailing in the Republic could not go on unchanged. The Boers have their virtues as well as their faults, but they are utterly unfit

* Correspondence with Reference to the Political Affairs of the South African Republic, presented to Parliament. 1899.

to govern an enterprising foreign community, such as has grown up round the gold fields. They or their ancestors had fought for and won their independence when they were the sole white inhabitants of the country. Now they are only a minority of the people; and it was not likely that an oligarchy of Dutch farmers would prove equal to the duty of governing the energetic, industrial, go-ahead foreign population which had come to push its fortune in the Transvaal. On the other hand it was equally unlikely that the Boers would, without a good deal of pressure, surrender a large part of their authority into the hands of foreigners. The outlanders of Johannesburg and the Rand, drawn from all quarters of the earth, but mainly English and American, are what the population of such new cities always are. Men came in thousands to make their fortunes rapidly, hoping before many years had passed to leave the country forever with the wealth they had accumulated. Between Englishmen and Dutchmen there is not naturally any racial antagonism; but in the Transvaal the conditions were such as almost necessarily to bring about strained relations between the burghers and the foreign element which threatened to swamp them. Everything had concurred to render the Transvaal Dutch the most backward, the most narrow-minded, and the least open to modern ideas and influences of all the African Dutch; while the new population which they had to govern was little suited to old-world notions of government, even if that government was honestly administered for the public good. But that was not the case, and the foreign residents burned with natural indignation when they saw that those whom they regarded as their tyrannical oppressors were accumulating large fortunes and expending great sums produced by the energy, industry and capital which the

foreigners themselves had brought into the State.

In many respects the Dutch of South Africa, with whom till quite recent years the British were rapidly amalgamating, are a peculiar people. They constitute a very large proportion of the white population of Cape Colony. An excellent account of their peculiarities is given by Sir Harry Johnston in his valuable little book on African colonization.¹

The old rivalry between the English and the Dutch, which had begun almost as soon as the Dutch were a free people, and competitors with us for the trade of the East and West Indies, had created a feeling of enmity never to have existed, seeing how nearly between the two races, which ought nevertheless they are of the same stock, and how closely allied in language, religion, and to some extent in history—also how nearly matched they are in physical and mental worth. Curiously enough, there is far greater affinity in thought and character between the Scotch and the Dutch than between the Dutch and the English. The same thriftiness, bordering at times on parsimony, oddly combined with the largest-hearted hospitality, the same tendency to strike a hard bargain, even to overreach in matters of business, and the same dogged perseverance characterize both Dutch and Scotch; while in matters of religion almost precisely the same form of Protestant Christianity appeals to both; so much so that there is practically a fusion between the Dutch Reformed Church and the Presbyterians. Had Scotchmen been sent out to administer Cape Colony in its early days it is probable that something like a fusion might have taken place, and there would have been no Dutch question to cause discussion in South African politics in the nineteenth century. The Scotch would have understood the Boer settlers and their idiosyncrasies, and would not have made fun of them

¹ "A History of the Colonization of Africa by Allen Races," by Sir Harry Johnston, K.C.B. London: 1890.

or been so deliberately unsympathetic as were some of the earlier English governors. Slavery would have been abolished all the same, but it would have been abolished more cautiously, in a way that would not have left behind the sting of a grievance.

On the return of Sir Alfred Milner to South Africa in the spring of the present year it became evident that the long-standing difficulties between the Empire and the South African Republic were coming to a head. This it is abundantly clear was the wish of the Secretary of State in London and of his representative at Cape Town. The state of continual complaint on the one side, and of unwillingness to give redress on the other—of incessant wrangling and disputation—could not be indefinitely prolonged except at the cost of great loss of dignity and influence to Great Britain, and of permanent disquiet and instability in South Africa. In March a petition to the Queen, signed by over twenty thousand British subjects, resident at and near Johannesburg, was sent home by Sir Alfred Milner, who certified to its substantial genuineness and to the reality of the grievances of which it complained. They were treated, the petitioners said, as foreigners, enjoying practically none of the privileges of citizens, though they contributed out of their taxes a very large proportion of the income of the State. The Government was utterly corrupt, and recent legislation had steadily tended against their interests. They were defenceless in the midst of an armed Boer population, and they were without any constitutional means of helping themselves. They implored, therefore, the protection of her Majesty. They asked that their grievances might be redressed, and that they might be secured, by effectual guarantee of the State Government, "in their rights as British subjects."

At the end of the same month of March, President Kruger made elaborate speeches at Heidelberg and Johannesburg with reference to the uitlander grievances. As to the franchise, he spoke as follows:—

"I would not be worthy to be the head of the State if I did not protect the old burghers. Nor would I be worthy to be the head of the State if I did not bear in mind the interests of the new population with the object of helping them. I make no distinction between nationalities; I only make a distinction between good and bad people—between those who are loyal and those who are not. You all know that when first we discovered these gold fields, and they began to be worked, the franchise was given to any one who lived here a year. But when from all countries and all nations men began to stream in it became our duty to prevent the old burghers from being overwhelmed. I would not have been worthy of my position if I had allowed the new-comers to immediately sweep away and overwhelm the old inhabitants of the country."

Hence precautions had been taken, and the period of probation had been increased. At the time when he spoke it required fourteen years for the outlander to acquire full privileges as an enfranchised citizen. The President proposed to reduce this term by five years, and in another ten years or so to reduce it still further; and he pointed out the great difference that existed between the admission of foreigners as citizens of large countries, such as the United States of America, and their admission where they would become at once the majority and ruling power in the nation.

These proposals seemed at first sight to promise a step in the right direction, but Sir Alfred Milner pointed out that on examination they proved to be utterly inadequate in themselves, and afforded, moreover, no guarantee that even such as they were they would not

be swept away by a simple resolution of the First Raad, whenever it suited its purpose. It is clear that our Government could not possibly have accepted these offers as a settlement; but something at least was gained for negotiation in the language held by the President. The grievance was admitted, and the discussion of the proper measure of relief, so far as the franchise grievance was concerned, seemed likely to enter on the not unhopeful field of more or less.

In May a new chapter in the history of our relations with the Republic was opened by the publication of Sir Alfred Milner's despatch to Mr. Chamberlain, which was telegraphed from Cape Town on the 5th, and which was at once sent to the newspapers. It was a paper written with much force, and with a warmth of language unusual in diplomatic documents intended for publication. When negotiation is in contemplation or in actual progress it is often a difficult question to decide how far it is wise to make public the communications that are passing between the agent on the spot and the Government whom he serves. But in this case, no doubt, Mr. Chamberlain thought it of supreme importance to inform the British public of the precise attitude of the Colonial Office towards the difficult problems with which it had to deal; and as a matter of fact the despatch was accepted as a manifesto of national policy. As such it deserved and received almost universal support.

It is desirable to recall the principal points insisted upon in this memorable despatch. To begin with, the grievances alleged in the petition to the Queen were substantiated, and it was pointed out that, far from anything having been done to alleviate them, the treatment of the uitlanders was becoming worse and worse. British subjects resented

the personal indignity involved in the position of permanent subjection to the ruling caste, which owes its wealth and power to their exertion. The political turmoil in the South African Republic will never end till the *permanent uitlander population* is admitted to a share in the government, and while that turmoil lasts there will be no tranquillity or adequate progress in her Majesty's South African dominions. . . . The only condition on which the South African Colonies and the two Republics can live in harmony and the country progress is equality all round. South Africa can prosper under two, three, or six Governments, but not under two absolutely conflicting social and political systems, perfect equality for Dutch and British in the British Colonies side by side with permanent subjection of British to Dutch in one of the Republics. It is idle to talk of peace and unity under such a state of affairs.

Sir Alfred goes on to point out that it is the right and the interest of Great Britain to secure fair treatment of the uitlanders, of whom the majority are British subjects, and that the system hitherto followed of remonstrating, generally in vain, about every injury to individual Englishmen had become an impossible one. "It may easily lead to war, but will never lead to real improvement." Then comes an important paragraph, which must be quoted entire.

The true remedy is to strike at the root of all these injuries—the political impotence of the injured. What diplomatic protests will never accomplish, a fair measure of uitlander representation would gradually but surely bring about. It seems a paradox, but it is true, that the only effective way of protecting our subjects is to help them to cease to be our subjects. The admission of uitlanders to a fair share of political power would no doubt give stability to the Republic; but it at the same time will remove most of our causes of difference with it, and modi-

fy and in the long run entirely remove that intense suspicion and bitter hostility to Great Britain which at present dominates its internal and external policy.

The spectacle of thousands of British subjects, he continues, "kept permanently in the position of helots" (an absurdly exaggerated phrase to apply to men who came to, and remained in, the Transvaal solely for the personal advantage they found in so doing) was undermining all respect for the British Government in her own dominions. The Dutch press in and out of the Transvaal was libelling the British Government, and producing an effect upon the loyalty even of our Dutch fellow colonists, of whom thousands were being drawn into disaffection, thereby creating exasperation on the side of the British.

"I see nothing," concludes this despatch, "which will put an end to this mischievous propaganda but some striking proof of the intention of her Majesty's Government not to be ousted from its position in South Africa. And the best proof alike of its power and its justice would be to obtain for the uitlanders in the Transvaal a fair share in the government of the country, which owes everything to their exertions. It would be made perfectly clear that our action was not directed against the existence of the Republic."

Here assuredly were all the conditions to tax the firmness and diplomatic skill of the British High Commissioner. If anything was to be won by negotiation it would be necessary to soothe where he could British irritation, and to allay where he could Dutch suspicion. There can be no doubt that the policy he recommended was just and wise. It was rested upon no argumentative claims to suzerainty but on the right which clearly belongs to the British nation to protect the interests of its own subjects even in for-

eign lands, and to secure the peace and prosperity of South Africa. Had similar conditions sprung up across the Portuguese and not across the Transvaal frontier we should have equally been bound to take the requisite steps, whatever might have been the most appropriate ones, to bring to an end a permanent and highly dangerous condition of unstable equilibrium.

Mr. Chamberlain accordingly in his reply to Sir Alfred's despatch, recounted at length the uitlander grievances, declared that they had become quite intolerable, and based the right of Great Britain to insist upon their redress on a threefold ground. The Convention of 1884 was designed to secure equality of treatment in the South African Republic for uitlander and Boer. Great Britain was the Paramount Power in South Africa. It was a national duty to protect British subjects residing in a foreign country.

"The British Government," he wrote, "still cherish the hope that the publicity given to the present representations of the uitlander population, and the fact, of which the Government of the South African Republic must be aware, that they are losing the sympathy of those other States which, like Great Britain, are deeply interested in the prosperity of the Transvaal, may induce them to reconsider their policy, and by redressing the most serious of the grievances now complained of to remove a standing danger to the peace and prosperity not only of the Republic itself but also of South Africa generally."

And the Secretary of State went on to propose to President Kruger that Sir Alfred Milner and he should meet and discuss in a conciliatory spirit the best means of removing uitlander grievances and restoring good relations between Great Britain and the South African Republic.

Before, however, Mr. Chamberlain's despatch was shown to President

Kruger, or made public, a conference had been held at Bloemfontein on the invitation of the President of the Orange Free State, which was naturally most anxious that a peaceful solution should be found for the difficulties between its two neighbors. The conference failed, but the report of the discussions serves a very useful historical purpose in making clear the views of the two sides and the motives that actuated the negotiators. The action taken at the time by the Orange Free State and the Prime Minister and Government of Cape Colony also deserves the most careful attention. Nothing is to be gained by shutting our eyes to the difficulties of the other side; and the statement, so often made in this country, that we have been asking for nothing more for uitlanders in the Republic than is given by the Orange Free State, or by the British Colonies to resident foreigners within their boundaries, conceals the essential differences between the cases. Sir Alfred Milner put forward his case at the conference frankly and clearly.

The last thing he wanted, he said, was to impair the independence of the Republic. If the uitlanders were enfranchised it would strengthen that independence and diminish all necessity for British interference. He did not wish to swamp the old burghers, but merely to give to the new residents a moderate representation, so that they might in constitutional fashion seek redress for their own grievances. President Kruger seemed honestly anxious to get the High Commissioner to understand, even if he did not agree with, the feeling of the Boers on the subject. "I have come," he said, "to the conference in the trust that your Excellency is a man capable of conviction, to go into all points of difference." He claimed independence as to the internal affairs of the State; but if his Excellency in a friendly way

would give him hints on internal matters he would listen and do his best to remove all points of difference. As to the franchise question, which was to take precedence of all others,

"I am not surprised," said the President, "that in other places the men would only have to wait a year to get it, because there are millions of old burghers, and the few that come in cannot outvote the old burghers; but with us those who rushed in to the gold fields are in large numbers and of all kinds, and the number of burghers is still insignificant; therefore we are compelled to make the franchise so that they cannot all rush into it at once, and as soon as we can assure ourselves by a gradual increase of our burghers that we can safely do it, our plan was to reduce the time for any one there to take up the franchise, and that is my plan."

The Boer dislike to being swamped is a perfectly intelligible one, especially when one calls to mind the sacrifices which the Boers have made in the past to achieve their hard-won and beloved independence. It is hardly necessary to go into the details of the proposals made on the one side and the other. Sir Alfred suggested an increase of seats in the uitlander districts, and a five-year franchise for all residents who intended to remain permanently in the Republic, provided they would take an oath to obey the laws and defend the independence of the country; and he urged (probably with entire truth) that to grant less than this would satisfy no one and do no good. The Boer President's proposals were very different. They included indeed an increase of seats in the Gold Fields district, and a shortening of the period to qualify for franchise. Sir Alfred admitted that the scheme showed a great advance on the existing system; but as a settlement of the question it was utterly and entirely inadequate. The Presi-

dent showed himself most anxious to agree to some plan for settling future differences between the two States by arbitration; but the High Commissioner refused to mix up the fundamental question of the franchise with other matters, and at his instance the conference, having accomplished nothing, was closed.

The result was disappointing; but as yet there were many reasons for hoping that some pacific and satisfactory solution, by way of compromise, would be arrived at. Under these circumstances it was evidently all-important that the British demands should be of a kind, and be put forward in a manner, to attract general support in South Africa. The feeling among a large proportion of the people of the Free State, was quite opposed to the narrow, exclusive, retrograde, and corrupt system of government prevailing in the Transvaal. Policy, therefore, as well as the national honor made it incumbent upon us to convince even suspicious men that Great Britain had no intention of harking back to its old project of annexation, or of lending an ear to the counsels of those who had planned the treacherous raid of three years ago. There had slipped into one of the High Commissioner's telegraphic despatches an unfortunate paragraph which in South Africa was construed to convey a reflection upon the loyalty of our Dutch fellow subjects. It had been for some time the party cue of Mr. Rhodes's followers, with the exaggeration belonging to the bitterness of faction, to attribute disloyalty to their political opponents; yet only recently the Schreiner Ministry, supported by colonists of Dutch blood, had given signal evidence of its pride in the Imperial connection and its allegiance to the British flag. It was important that as far as possible the struggle with the Boer President should be prevented from widening

out into a contest of racial supremacy. The Schreiner Ministry and the President and Government of the Orange Free State felt this keenly, and offered what assistance they could to bring about a resumption of negotiations. Mr. Chamberlain has in the past in many speeches shown his recognition of the importance of keeping as far as possible the loyal Dutch of Cape Colony and the people of the Orange Free State in sympathy with the Imperial policy towards the Transvaal. Important to Great Britain as would be a rupture with the South African Republic, to the Orange Free State it would be a matter of vital interest, and to our Dutch fellow subjects distressing to the last degree. Mr. Schreiner and the Ministry of Cape Colony had carefully considered the proposals of President Kruger, and had come to the conclusion that they afforded at least a basis upon which the franchise question might be settled; and they communicated, it appears, with some diffidence, their views to Sir Alfred Milner on the subject. The Governor, however, considered the differences between himself and President Kruger irreconcilable, and advised the Cape Ministry to apply rather to the latter than to him—an appeal which was reinforced by a telegram next day from the Secretary of State asking the Cape Ministry to bring what influence they could to bear on the South African Republic to modify their proposals, and so to remove the necessity for British interference in affairs of this kind. At the same time the uitlanders and the burghers at Johannesburg were resolving, the former, that Sir Alfred Milner's proposals were an irreducible minimum; the latter, that the President's suggestions left nothing to be desired. Between these extremists stood the Cape Ministry and the President of the Orange Free State. And at the end of July, when there was

some appearance that the wrangle might reach a peaceful conclusion, Lord Selborne, in the House of Lords, was able to express the thanks of the Colonial Office to Mr. Schreiner and Mr. Hofmeyr, and to Mr. Fischer of the Orange Free State, "for the assistance they had rendered in bringing the proposals of the South African Republic to the point they had then reached."

It is clear enough in reading through these despatches that the prospect of our getting our way about the franchise without war lay in our convincing the Boer Government and the burghers that we did not intend to attack their independence. In these circumstances the mischief done by extremists on the uitlander side cannot be passed over. The South African League had established a branch at Johannesburg, and long before this, (*viz.* January 11, 1899) Sir William Butler, Acting Governor at Cape Town, had warned Mr. Chamberlain to be on his guard as to information that might reach him from that quarter. "I am convinced by the knowledge of facts which it is impossible to ignore that it is necessary to receive with caution, and even with a large measure of suspicion, statements emanating from the officers of that organization." Sir Alfred Milner, it is true, put much greater faith than his *locum tenens* in the representations of the League. Here, however, we are dealing not with their facts but with their policy, than which nothing could be more deplorable. At the very time when wise and moderate men, English and Dutch, in Cape Colony were striving to remove the not altogether unnatural suspicions which possessed the Boer mind as to the lurking wish of the British government to destroy their independence, the Transvaal branch of the League addresses (June 11) the High Commissioner, pointing out that

his proposed franchise would do very little good unless the uitlanders at once obtained a preponderating influence in the Raad! Of course Sir Alfred's proposal asked only a moderate share of the representation, and he again and again assured President Kruger that all fears that the uitlanders would be the governing power in the State were groundless. The League goes on to urge that in the meantime the sweeping reforms it enumerates in every part of the constitution of the Republic must be effected "by pressure from the suzerain Power," and all this must be done at once, contemporaneously with the grant of the new franchise! The Boer fort at Johannesburg also must be at once demolished.

With these gentlemen of the South African League, therefore, the "suzerainty" asserted is interpreted to involve what must in Boer eyes look very like the complete subjection of the Boer State. If this is the meaning given to "suzerainty" by influential uitlanders in the Transvaal no wonder that President Kruger refuses to admit the word, as, indeed, under the Convention of 1884 it would seem he has a right to do. Now the position of all parties may be roughly summed up, and the policies they were urging, as follows:—

1. Sir Alfred Milner claims for the uitlanders a moderate share of the governing power, thereby improving the government and strengthening the internal independence of the South African Republic.
2. President Kruger's wish is to do as little as he can towards enfranchising uitlanders, but he has been compelled to make considerable advances in the direction required.
3. The Ministry of Cape Colony, and the Orange Free State, hope for the sake of peace to get each party to accept a reasonable compromise.
4. The South African League and

the uitlander extremists wish under the name of suzerainty to annihilate at once Boer independence.

Now, policy No. 4 is, in truth, almost as much opposed to the policy of Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Chamberlain as policy No. 2; yet it is singular, and to our mind very much to be regretted, that the former was not at once and publicly repudiated by the High Commissioner and the Secretary of State. It may have been considered that excessive uitlander demands would frighten the Boers into agreeing quickly with their more reasonable adversaries. These unrepudiated claims had unfortunately the opposite effect, and rendered the Boers more distrustful than ever of British good faith in adhering to the London Convention of 1884, and they must also have greatly weakened the influence of the loyal Dutch with the governments of the Transvaal and the Free State.

In the course of the summer there was great reason to hope that, in spite of the dogged obstinacy of the Boers on the one side and of the extravagant claims of the South African League and its supporters on the other, it would be possible for the two Governments to come to a satisfactory conclusion. Sir Alfred Milner at the conference had been prepared "to drop all questions connected with the position of British subjects, if only President Kruger could be persuaded to adopt a liberal measure of enfranchisement;" and he felt that he was carrying with him a considerable body of Dutch support. In truth, strong pressure was being brought to bear upon the President by those whom he could not suspect of any desire to overthrow his Republic. Mr. Schreiner was accused both in Cape Colony and England—such is the bitterness and the recklessness of faction—of urging the Transvaal Government to resist the proposals of the High Commissioner, who,

of course, as soon as the matter came to his knowledge declared the utter falseness of the story. That the party which supports Mr. Schreiner—perhaps it should be said the party that opposes Mr. Rhodes—is necessarily infected with treason is an amiable commonplace of Cape party politics, and one which, unfortunately, some of Mr. Rhodes's friends have done their best to popularize in England.

On July 20 Mr. Chamberlain was able to inform the House of Commons that President Kruger had greatly modified his proposals, and that the Government now hoped that the new law which the Raad had just passed would prove the basis of settlement on the lines laid down by Sir Alfred Milner at the conference. There were indeed difficult details to be arranged, but the Government trusted that the President would deal with them in such a spirit as not to hamper the substantial privileges he seemed willing to grant. And a week later this hopeful tone still prevailed, the Secretary of State in his despatch (July 27) to the High Commissioner noting the considerable advances made by the President to meet the British demands, and pointing out that the Volksraad "had now agreed to a measure intended to give the franchise immediately to those who have been resident in the country for seven years, as well as to those who may in future complete this period of residence. This proposal is an advance on previous concessions, and leaves only a difference of two years between yourself and President Kruger, so far as the franchise is concerned." Still, however, there were many details that required revising, and a fair proportion of seats must be allotted to uitlander districts. Moreover, the privileges granted ought not to be at the mercy of the Boer Government to reduce or abrogate at its own discretion. The best way in which these details could

be considered would be by the appointment by the High Commissioner and the President of delegates to discuss them and report to their respective Governments. Even on the subject of arbitration there appeared from this despatch to be a great approximation between the two sides; though the Secretary of State would not allow that any question could arise "in the interpretation of the preamble of the Convention of 1881, which governed the articles substituted in the Convention of 1884."

Thus, before Parliament was prorogued there was good reason for hoping that a peaceful solution would be found; and so there would have been if both parties in South Africa had really meant to carry forward and to be satisfied with Sir Alfred Milner's proposals as a basis for a substantial reform. In the despatch already quoted, Mr. Chamberlain rejoiced that "each new scheme (of President Kruger) seemed to be an advance and improvement on that which preceded it, and hoped that the plan just passed by the Volksraad might prove a basis for a settlement on the lines laid down at the Conference." It really looked as if the firmness of the Government and the High Commissioner were to be rewarded by the yielding of the President (unwillingly enough no doubt) to the steady pressure which had been applied. When, however, the High Commissioner came to examine the details and probable operation of the new law, he considered it was so hedged in with difficulties and uncertainties that he could not possibly advise its acceptance. Even in our own highly civilized country, Registration Acts and Franchise Acts are complex enough, and many an unwary citizen at every election finds himself improperly omitted from the electoral roll. Still, a little goodwill on both sides would have elucidated the meaning of the new law,

and have led to its amendment. The Boers, however, objected to the appointment of a joint commission to inquire into these matters, as they thought such a proceeding would jeopardize their legislative independence, and the uitlanders showed no sort of desire to find, as Mr. Chamberlain had done, the basis of a working system in the project passed by the Raad. President Kruger has always maintained that the uitlanders did not really wish to become enfranchised citizens of the Republic, and that it was a mere pretext to cover their wish to get rid of Boer independence. At all events, where the Home Government, and moderate men, Dutch and English, in the Cape, really thought some working system could be found to carry out the substance of the High Commissioner's plan, the uitlanders energetically repudiated any attempt at a compromise. In Sir Alfred Milner's despatch to Mr. Chamberlain (received August 5), there occurs the following noteworthy remark:

Great uncertainty still exists in view of the complicated provisions of the franchise law, as to how many uitlanders could fulfil the conditions for obtaining the franchise, and, still greater, as to how many will now attempt to obtain it. The one point which is constantly left out of sight in discussing the number of uitlanders who may become burghers under this or that scheme is the effect which the scheme, as a whole, is likely to produce upon their disposition to take up the rights and duties of burghership. Will they consider it worth while? Will they, especially those of them who possess a citizenship that they are proud of, be willing to change their allegiance? That depends in many cases upon the amount of faith they have in the fairness and practicability of the system of admission to burgher rights. That the uitlanders, especially the British uitlanders, will be particularly attracted by the offer now made to them—in its present form—is, I think, extremely improbable.

At all events, whatever the reason, as August passed on, the parties, instead of approaching each other, drew farther and farther apart. Perhaps, as a mere matter of diplomacy (if the importance of an immediate settlement of the franchise difficulty is considered) it might have been better for the Secretary of State to have abstained in his despatch from any reference to the doubtful claim of "suzerainty" under the Convention of 1881, and to the "paramountcy" of Great Britain over the South African Republic, both of which claims not unnaturally always suggest to the Boers that they hold a position of *vassalage* to the British Empire, far beyond the restrictions imposed by the Convention of 1884, which restrictions have never seriously been disputed by President Kruger. On the subject of arbitration the Secretary of State was willing to make a great advance in the direction desired by the President, and was ready to consider the best system of establishing an arbitration court to decide on the right interpretation of details of the articles of the Convention of 1884, and the President was shortly afterwards invited to appoint Boer delegates to meet British delegates, to inquire whether the measure passed by the Volksraad would efficiently carry out the object in view. The uitlanders in the Transvaal were not prepared to listen to any kind of compromise, and, indeed, were much afraid lest the British Government should accept one. Accordingly they did their best to persuade the High Commissioner not to yield an inch, and passed resolutions strongly urging the immediate recurrence to his Conference plan, which they had accepted with much reluctance, but which was the very least they would accept at all. They further proceeded to assert their claim to the demolition of the Boer forts, for the repeal of religious disabilities, for repre-

sentation in the First Raad proportionate to their numbers, for equality of language and other reforms "as essential to the exercise of the rights of a free people."

Once again we must call attention to the difference between the Imperial policy and the policy of the extremer uitlanders. Which was to prevail?

The Secretary of State was willing to accept the Boer franchise proposals and the large increase offered in the representation of the uitlander districts, on condition of a preliminary inquiry by a joint commission proving satisfactory into the practical effect of proposals undeniably very complicated and difficult to understand. At the same time the uitlanders were declaring that nothing less would content them than the privileges and constitutional system which, in recent years, Englishmen have enjoyed at home. Unless they could get these, they were willing, apparently, to accept the alternative of war, or an indefinite continuance in the condition of helots.

President Kruger, objecting to the joint commission, at the end of August proposed a counter project, dealing with the franchise and representation, going very much farther than any proposal he had hitherto made, and apparently even more liberal towards the uitlanders than Sir Alfred Milner's own proposals at the conference. The President's new project embraced a five years' retrospective franchise, ten seats for the uitlander districts in a first Raad of thirty-six, and equality between new and old burghers in voting for the election of the President of the Republic and Commandant General. The Government of the Republic declared that in offering these terms it was going far beyond what could reasonably be asked, but it did so "out of its strong desire to get the controversies between the two Governments settled, and further to

put an end to present strained relations between the two Governments, and the incalculable harm and loss it has already occasioned in South Africa, and to prevent a racial war, from the effects of which South Africa may not recover for many generations, perhaps never."

Surely after this it seems hardly possible that the two Governments should not have come to terms. The Boer proposals were, however, made subject to conditions, viz., that for the future her Majesty's Government would not interfere in the internal affairs of the Republic, would not insist further on its assertion of the suzerainty, and would agree to arbitration from which all foreign elements, except that of the Orange Free State, should be excluded. Mr. Chamberlain was ready to accept the Boer plan if, after examination by a British agent and a Transvaal agent, it appeared really to carry out the object proposed; and as to the conditions, he *hoped* that further interference in the affairs of the Republic would be unnecessary. But he would not waive the rights of Great Britain under the two Conventions, nor divest his country of the ordinary obligations of a civilized Power to protect its subjects in a foreign land. He would agree as to arbitration, and as to the suzerainty, he referred the South African Republic to his previous despatch:—

"Her Majesty's Government," the despatch concluded, "also desire to remind the Government of the South African Republic that there are other matters of difference between the two Governments which will not be settled by the grant of political representation to the uitlanders, and which are not proper subjects for reference to arbitration. It is necessary that these should be settled concurrently with the questions now under discussion, and they will form, with the question of arbitration, proper subjects for consideration at the conference," which Mr. Chamberlain proposed should be held

by the High Commissioner and the President at Cape Town.

So far, then, it would appear that her Majesty's Government were carrying all before them, that the uitlanders would obtain the very franchise suggested by Sir Alfred Milner, that they would have a larger representation than had been contemplated in the Raad, and that they would have the power of voting for (before many years had passed the predominant power in electing) the State President himself. Perhaps, in view of these immense and immediate gains, it might have been more diplomatic not to refer to the "etymological question" of the suzerainty, or to propose to bring the President to Cape Town to talk over with the High Commissioner all other outstanding questions. We do not know how this may be; but the South African Republic did not at once send a reply, and the High Commissioner, representing uitlander feeling, urgently pressed the Home Government to come to an immediate decision. "British South Africa," he telegraphed on August 31 "is prepared for extreme measures, and is prepared to suffer much in order to see the vindication of British authority." Now, British South Africa includes a very large number of loyal Dutch British subjects (and, he it said, no small number of Englishmen who distrust the counsels urged by the uitlanders of the Transvaal), and it cannot be supposed that in their earnest desire to avert war they, or even the Cape Ministry, were at all anxious to abandon the spirit of compromise and to hurry the Home Government into a decision which might bring it about. British influence would, in their view, be sufficiently established by our winning from President Kruger the terms, and more than the terms, so long demanded by the High Commissioner, and so long refused by the Boer Government. We certainly believe that Sir Alfred Milner

described accurately the feeling of one of the political parties in Cape Colony, when he spoke of a desire for "extreme measures;" but he certainly did not therein speak the sentiments of the Colony as a whole or those of his own constitutional advisers.

The High Commissioner was entirely justified in looking with the utmost suspicion at the reforms suggested by the President, and in advising his Government as to the necessity of rigidly testing their probable operation. He was also right to guard against it being alleged that her Majesty's Government, having obtained what they asked for the uitlanders, were debarred from entering upon any other questions between the two governments. The Boers, however, in their note of September 2, very foolishly withdrew their offer of August 21, as they considered that its terms and conditions were not frankly accepted by her Majesty's Government. They did not, they said, ask that Government to give up any of its rights either under international law, or by virtue of any treaty, but they denied the existence of the suzerainty since the Convention of 1884, and referred to their own former despatch. They further referred to the franchise reform already passed, and apparently were ready to consider the question of the appointment of delegates to examine its efficacy, a point upon which the Secretary of State had formerly insisted.

Mr. Chamberlain's reply to this despatch was firm in substance and moderate in tone. On September 9 he, in the first instance, most properly repudiated the claim of the Republic to the "status of a Sovereign International State," and could not enter into any agreement involving the admission of such a "status." He declined further to go back from the proposals of August to the earlier proposals, which he now considered quite insufficient; but

he was ready to accept the August proposals of the Boer Government as to franchise and seats, and he made no mention whatever of the "suzerainty." "The acceptance of these terms," the despatch proceeded, "would at once remove the tension between the two governments, and would in all probability render unnecessary any further intervention on the part of her Majesty's Government to secure the redress of grievances which the uitlanders would themselves be able to bring to the notice of the Executive Government and Raad." It concluded by urging, in the interests of South Africa, the relief of the present strain, and pointed to a future conference between the High Commissioner and the President on outstanding questions not concerned with uitlander grievances.

The remainder of the correspondence can be easily summarized. The reply of the South African Republic (dated September 16) adhered to its previous despatch, and agreed to the joint commission to inquire into the law which had been passed, but entirely refused again to take up the August proposals, unless the conditions stipulated were accepted; to which, on the 22nd, the Secretary of State answers, repeating that no rights are claimed over the internal affairs of the Republic, except those derived from the Conventions or based on international law; that it is evident that nothing can be gained by further pursuing the discussion, and that "her Majesty's Government are now compelled to consider the question afresh, and to formulate their own proposals for a final settlement of the issues which have been created in South Africa by the policy constantly followed for many years by the Republic. They will communicate to you the result of their deliberations in a later despatch."

We have given, we hope, a fair account of the substantial matters dis-

cussed in a lengthy series of despatches, so far as they deal with the policy pursued on the two sides. Of various incidents differently represented here and in the Transvaal, which have been the cause of much bitter ill feeling between English and Dutch, we have said nothing. It is right that cases of injustice, or unfairness, or tyranny should be inquired into; but it is not right by gross exaggeration and partizan statements to use them to inflame still further a race animosity already lamentably violent.

Since August last national feeling has run high, and excitement has been fanned by much wild writing and speaking. It is not a question, we are told, of justice or of good faith, but of who is to rule in South Africa. And throughout September constant pressure has been put on the Government to break off negotiations and "send an ultimatum" to President Kruger, backed by an army of invasion. When responsible men urged patience and peace at public meetings, attempts were made to drown their voices with shouts of "Majuba Hill." Nevertheless, Lord Salisbury and his Cabinet have absolutely refused to listen to these violent counsels, and at the date we are writing they have not closed the door on their temperate proposals of September 8; nor have they, as might have been expected from the despatch of September 22, made any further demands. Surely the intelligent reader of this long diplomatic correspondence must feel lost in astonishment when he remembers what war means to the Transvaal, to South Africa and to the British Empire, that war should arise out of a discussion in which the two governments show themselves so very nearly agreed!

But is British power in South Africa really trembling? If so, all Englishmen are ready to make any sacrifice to maintain it, and here it is useful to

clear our heads for a time of all the complications introduced by treaties and conventions, by claims of paramountcy and suzerainty on the one side, and of independence or of sovereignty on the other, and to look at the great facts of the position. The British Empire is strongly established in South Africa, and the links which unite the colonies with the Mother Country can never be broken so long as the colonists of English race wish the connection to endure. It is men of English, American and German blood who constitute the progressive part of the community, and have the future in their hands. British power protects their coasts and their ports, and keeps the colonies in constant touch with England. It is as easy, though it is more costly and takes longer, to send an army of 50,000 men to Cape Colony or Natal as to Salisbury Plain or the Curragh. Surrounding the Dutch States on every side, excepting only where Portuguese territory forms one boundary of the South African Republic, the British colonies cut them off completely from the rest of the world. They nowhere touch the sea, and without British permission not a company of soldiers, not a man—we may almost say not a letter nor a telegram—could be sent into the Dutch States by the most powerful nation in Europe. To the north of the Transvaal, unless Rhodesia should prove a delusion, a large British population will soon be found. To the east of the Free State, Natal, the most English of South African colonies, is filling up. Can it be supposed that such colonies as the Cape, Natal and Rhodesia will not, year by year, steadily increase their importance, at present surely sufficiently marked, over the stagnant little Dutch communities which they have surrounded? But this is not all, for in the South African Republic itself, *because* money is to be made there, and *because* there is a future, Englishmen flock in such over-

whelming numbers as to prove that that future will be largely and surely theirs. Already the foreign element, mostly English, number two-thirds of the population, though it is hardly more than a dozen years since the influx began. Facts will decide far more surely than the best penned despatches what ultimately will be the complexion of South African civilization and government—whether English or Dutch. The notion that there is a formidable Dutch conspiracy “to oust British influence” (that, we think, is the phrase) “from South Africa” is the strangest nightmare that ever afflicted the most nervous of “Imperialist” minds. Our statesmen here and in South Africa have ample work to do in smoothing the pathway to the ultimate unification of the South African colonies, in assisting co-operation between the races, and their ultimate fusion. But which race will prevail in the end will be settled by racial characteristics, and the natural conditions presented by the soil, the climate, and the advantages to be gained in the colonies themselves.

Much has been said about the duplicity of the Boers and of their leader; and Sir Alfred Milner has been wisely on his guard lest privileges to be granted with one hand should be withdrawn with the other. To dispel the suspicions of such a man as Kruger would task—perhaps overtask—the skill of our most experienced diplomatists. In the first place he would have had to convince the President that the policy of the British High Commissioner was not in reality moved by a party in South Africa, which, in truth, hardly takes the trouble to conceal its hostility to the independence of the Republic. The President is himself a rough, uncultivated man, with a very strong will. Mr. Lecky, speaking both from personal acquaintance with him and from knowledge acquired from others, described him some three years ago, in

an address delivered at Dublin, as bearing a striking resemblance “to the stern Puritan warrior of the Commonwealth—a strong, stubborn man, with indomitable courage and resolution, with very little tinge of cultivation, but with a rare natural shrewdness in judging men and events, impressing all who came in contact with him with the extraordinary force of his nature.” He is a member of the “Dopper” sect, who are opposed to everything in the nature of innovation, “and is ardently religious, believing, it is said, as strongly as Wesley in a direct personal inspiration guiding him in his acts.”

In England far too little attention has been given to the attitude of the Cape Dutch and of the Orange Free State. Mr. Schreiner (than whom her Majesty has no more loyal subject) and his ministers are the constitutional advisers of Sir Alfred Milner in matters concerning the interests of Cape Colony. The Orange Free State have everything to lose by entering into a quarrel with the Imperial Government; and we think the language of the Cape Dutch and of the Government of the Orange Free State very honestly reflects the difficulty of the position in which they find themselves. Nothing but a conviction that the independence of the Dutch States is the real question at stake could have forced the Free State to incur the certain disasters which their alliance with the Transvaal must bring upon them. It is not from this side that shouts of “No compromise” come. Neither do they in the least degree wish to perpetuate in the Transvaal the exclusive system from which their own States are free. The address of June 30 of the representatives of the Dutch Reformed Church to the High Commissioner gives exact expression to the feelings of many thousands of our fellow-countrymen. They are filled, they say, with alarm at the tension between the Dutch and English races in Cape Colony and

in the Transvaal, which has been greatly increased by the "war-like attitude assumed by an influential portion of the local and the British Press." It was not their business to touch on politics, but as holding responsible positions in the Reformed Church in South Africa, as

preachers of the gospel of peace, as representing a Church, one in creed, language, membership, blood relationship with the burghers of the Transvaal, as loyal subjects of our beloved Queen, we desire to urge your Excellency to leave nothing undone which may tend to avert active hostilities. We shudder to think of the consequences which are sure to follow such an eventuality. The race feeling between the Dutch and English would be intensified, the breach between the two sections of our South African community would become irreparable, the allegiance of her Majesty's loyal Dutch subjects would sustain the severest shock it has ever been subjected to, and the hope of a united South Africa would be gone for ever. To us standing outside the political arena the difference between the proposals of your Excellency and those of President Kruger would hardly appear to justify the horrors in which active warfare between her Majesty's troops and the burghers of the Republic would involve the whole of South Africa for many a day.

Surely there is a ring of pathetic earnestness about this address which entitles it to the attention of Englishmen at home.

Whatever view may be taken of South African questions, surely no English statesman can regard without the deepest dislike a racial war between the Dutch and English inhabitants of those regions! In the eyes of the greatly preponderating black population what must be the appearance of such a war? To them it must seem that their conquerors and masters have fallen out amongst themselves at last, over the plunder. To the two Dutch States the war involves the loss of their

dearly prized independence. When war has once begun it certainly will not end till British arms have destroyed their power of resistance for the future. British victory, therefore, which is not in doubt, involves British rule. But the mere fact that this is so makes it appear to every citizen of the Republic of the Free State that he is fighting for national independence against an English conqueror. When Englishmen read of old men of seventy and of boys of fourteen flocking into the ranks to fight what seems to them the battle of freedom against a foreign conqueror, they cannot but feel an uncomfortable searching of conscience as to whether these things must really be, and whether this war cannot, with wisdom and honor, be even yet avoided. When the war is over what is to be our next step? All of us had hoped to see the various States of South Africa freely working out their own constitution, and forming in time a great federation under, and proud of, the British flag. It is bad to build a free constitution on the ruins left by racial war.

It may be that things have gone too far, and that with opposing armies actually in the field, it is impossible to avoid the arbitrament of war. Undenially the position is an extremely difficult one. Up till now the Government has entirely declined to be driven by wild shouts of popular excitement into the precipitation of a disastrous struggle. If war comes, as come it may, in spite of every effort which statesmen sincerely attached to peace can make to prevent it, then the British nation will of course do its part, and carry to a successful and, we hope, a rapid issue, a war upon which thinking men cannot but enter with heavy hearts.

Since the above was written a despatch has been received from the Government of the South African Republic demanding, under threat of an immediate declaration of war, the

withdrawal of British troops from the neighborhood of their frontier, and the recall to England of all troops under orders to land in any part of South Africa. No doubt can now remain of the course to be pursued, and the nation must accept the challenge so recklessly thrown down.

Edinburgh Review.

THE SAILING OF THE LONG-SHIPS.

OCTOBER, 1899.

They saw the cables loosened, they saw the gangways cleared,
They heard the women weeping, they heard the men that
cheered,
Far off, far off, the tumult faded and died away,
And all alone the sea-wind came singing up the Bay.

"I came by Cape St. Vincent, I came by Trafalgar,
I swept from Torres Vedras to golden Vigo Bar,
I saw the beacons blazing that fired the world with light
When down their ancient highway your fathers passed to
fight.

"O race of tireless fighters, flushed with a youth renewed,
Right well the wars of Freedom befit the Sea-kings' brood;
Yet as ye go forget not the fame of yonder shore,
The fame ye owe your fathers and the old time before.

"Long-suffering were the Sea-kings, they were not swift to
kill,
But when the sands had fallen they waited no man's will;
Though all the world forbade them, they counted not nor
cared,
They weighed not help or hindrance, they did the thing they
dared.

"The Sea-kings loved not boasting, they cursed not him that
cursed,
They honored all men duly, and him that faced them, first;
They strove and knew not hatred, they smote and toiled to
save,
They tended whom they vanquished, they praised the fallen
brave.

"Their fame's on Torres Vedras, their fame's on Vigo Bar,
Far-flashed to Cape St. Vincent it burns from Trafalgar;
Mark as ye go the beacons that woke the world with light
When down their ancient highway your fathers passed to
fight."

The Spectator.

Henry Newbolt.

INTELLECTUAL ATTACHMENTS.*

"Ce que j'aimais en toi, c'était mon propre rêve."

The verse above quoted illustrates to perfection a phenomenon of common occurrence among men who live largely by their brains. They very soon come to create for themselves an imaginary world, of which the hues are so intense as to take all the color out of reality. They assign themselves a part to play, and make themselves up into personages whom their most intimate friends would barely recognize; and among the dreams that possess their souls, quite the most enchanting is the dream of that ideal love, at the weaving of whose brilliant, but impalpable, tissue the poets of all time have wrought. They have seen it rising like an exhalation from the books over which they pored; they have grasped at it with long-drawn sighs, and found the thrill of its rapturous music enhanced by the irrepressible shiver of their own sensibility. This love which intoxicates the head, also penetrates a little way into the heart. It has, in the beginning, no object, but it causes the breast to swell, and the lips to tremble with burning words addressed to nobody in particular. Why should not this impassioned tenderness be expended upon some living creature? Surely the woman exists who is capable of exciting all this fervor, and shall she be invoked by so many vows and not appear? As a matter of fact, she always does appear, and that at the precise moment when she is most ardently desired. The poet recognizes her in a twinkling, and rejoices to find her so exactly like his preconceived ideal. For she is seen

through the medium of the ideal, and saluted as the realization of the dream. These intellectual, or head loves, may be just as sincere, as profound, as durable, and as fruitful in joy and anguish as the other kind; and memorable examples of them are to be found in certain letters of Balzac and Michelet now published for the first time.³

One day when Balzac and Gautier were together, the talk turned upon women; and the author of the "*Comédie Humaine*" remarked that the literary man ought to keep clear of them, because they waste so much of his time. Gautier protested vehemently:

"Women were made for something," he said. "You would not forbid us their society altogether, I suppose."

"No," said Balzac, "but it is better to stick to writing:—that forms the style."

Balzac did not absolutely confine himself to writing, but he wrote a great deal to women. His letters to Mme. Hanska alone, during the early years of their intimacy (1833-1842) make an octavo volume of six hundred closely printed pages. We owe their publication to that admirable, I had almost said terrible, collector, M. le Vicomte Spöilberch de Louvenjoul. He possesses the original correspondence entire, as well as MSS. of almost all Balzac's novels, and of several unpublished works. If Balzac dedicates a book to Mme. Hanska, M. de Louvenjoul manages to get hold of the only proof of the dedication which Balzac was obliged to withdraw. If, on the night after his marriage, Balzac has to have his house door opened by a locksmith, M. de Louvenjoul has the locksmith Levy. Michelet: *Lettres à Mlle. Mialaret*. 1 vol. Flammarion.

* Translated for the Eclectic Magazine

¹ What I loved in thee was my own dream.

² Balzac: *Lettres à l'Etrangère*. 1 vol. Cal-

smith's bill. Nor does this insatiate worshipper of autographs content himself with those of Balzac. He is equally well provided in the case of Saint-Beuve, of Gautier, of George Sand and many more. You may count on your fingers the great writers of the century concerning whom he does not possess original documents, which are often of a most compromising nature; and not satisfied with the joy of owning such MSS., M. de Louvenjoul undertakes to decipher and publish them. This habit renders him slightly dangerous; and yet he is not, himself, the chief sinner. The documents in question could never have come into his hands if the great writers had not had the sort of legatees who love neither to keep nor to destroy old papers, out of which profit may be made.

But what is there, beside sentimental effusions, in these six hundred pages of the "*Lettres à l'Etrangère*?" Nothing save the lamentations of Balzac over the burden of his daily toil, and the presence of his pecuniary difficulties, that is to say, nothing which we did not know before, nothing which is not set forth *ad nauseam* in the general correspondence of the novelist. He goes to bed at six o'clock, having just swallowed his dinner, gets up at midnight, drinks two cups of coffee and works twelve hours at a stretch. He writes the "*Père Goriot*" in forty days, and "*Massamilla Dorie*" in one night. He adds a volume to his "*Studies in Manners*," and a ten-line stanza to his "*Diversing Tales*." He chaffers with one bookseller and makes a contract with another, starts a newspaper, pays some of his debts and incurs new ones, for as fast as he stops one gap another opens. Love-sighs and business bothers, impassioned declarations and questions of money, engage the pen of the great writer in regular and ceaseless alternation, all through this copious and monotonous correspondence. Bal-

zac loves his "*Etrangère*," and he is beginning a new book. He adores Mme. Hanska, and is having trouble with his publisher. He is the humble *Moujik* of his Russian princess, and he sketches the plan for his "*Human Comedy*." He thanks God for the experience of a great passion, and he sends Werdet to the devil. Love and business. One might fancy that all these literary projects and publishers' accounts, all this printing and proof-reading, would so reek of ink as to disgust a woman; but not at all. The women who feel called to an epistolary intercourse with writers of fiction appear to revel in it.

On February 28th, 1832, Balzac found at his publisher Gosselin's a letter addressed to himself, signed "*l'Etrangère*" and postmarked at Odessa. That letter is no longer in existence. If it were so, M. de Louvenjoul would have had it, to a dead certainty. But he knows what was in it. After praising enthusiastically the "*Scènes de la Vie Privée*," the stranger lady reproaches Balzac with having repudiated in his "*Peau de Chagrin*" what had constituted the chief merit of the preceding work,—namely, delicacy of feeling in delineating the finer shades of feminine character, thereby undermining the pedestal on which he had set them up in his scenes from private life. She conjured him to return to the higher sources of his previous inspiration, renouncing those ironical and sceptical representations which tend to degrade woman-kind, and to deny the pure and noble rôle which is rightfully hers, provided she comprehends the mission which Heaven has charged her to fulfil upon this earth. She says the same thing, substantially, in another letter, dated a few months later: "You raise woman to her true level. Love with her is a celestial virtue, a divine emanation. I admire in you the sensibility which enables you to apprehend

this truth." She then becomes more personal. "Doubtless you already love the one being destined for you. An angelic union should be your portion. Your soul and hers must enjoy unspeakable felicity, and the stranger loves you both." Now to be the sole confidante of a love affair is always to start a little romance of one's own, and *l'Etrangère* does not fail to draw her own portrait as she would like to be seen: "I am simple and candid, but timorous and shy. I am so retiring as to attract little attention. I have neither strength, energy, nor courage, save for that which concerns the one sentiment which animates my being—*love!* I love and I am loved! No one, as yet, has ever fully comprehended the flame that consumes me; but you—you will understand." She makes him an offer which has a two-fold attraction. He shall confess to her, and she will direct him. He must indeed understand women well since he has divined the stranger. He is in the right way. If he would remain in it, he has but to fix his eyes upon the star whose mild brilliancy shines for him alone.

Here is quite enough to excite the imagination of Balzac. He plunges obediently into the path which has been pointed out to him. He has found the object of his dreams, and he salutes her in language adapted to her case.

"What joy to recognize you, amid the ever unhappy remnant of a dispersed people, scattered abroad over the earth, exiled it may be, from the skies, but of whom each individual has a language of his or her own, unlike that of all other human creatures. Theirs is a shrinking delicacy of soul, a chastity of sentiment, a tenderness of heart, sweeter, softer, purer, than we find in ordinary beings. These poor exiles, one and all, have in their voice, in their speech, their thought, an indescribable quality which distinguishes them from all others. Fellow-citizens of an undis-

covered country, they recognize and receive one another in the name of the fatherland for which they yearn. Poetry, music and religion are the trinity of their worship."

A woman of so rare an essence is hardly of this earth, and should not be seen with the same eyes, or judged by the same standards as other women. She is an angel woman. She condescends to walk among us, but we suspect her wings. When, therefore, the Unknown shall reveal herself, Balzac will run no risk of disillusion. He finally meets her at Neuchâtel. The worshipper is admitted to a glimpse of his idol, and he even discovers in her perfections of which he had never dreamed. "She has languid eyes; but when their gaze was concentrated upon me they beamed with voluptuous splendor. I became intoxicated with love." As a matter of fact, he was so before he saw her. He saw her afterward at long intervals:—once in Geneva, once in Vienna. "You are indeed the woman whom I have longed to call mine. I go over in my mind all the delicious memories of those five and forty days—and every one is a justification of my passion." It is a peculiarity of these tremendous convictions that everything strengthens them. Exaggerated sentiment, images, metaphors, exclamations, oburgations, adjurations form the woof of Balzac's epistolary style. There are tidings feverishly awaited, palpitations aggravated by a sight of the beloved handwriting, soft reproaches, protestations of undivided affection and unwavering faith. Lovers of all ages and conditions revel in such things no less than the boy in college. Balzac puts Mme. Hanska's visiting-card under his inkstand, so as to be reminded of her every time he dips his pen. He wears, when at work, a ring which she has given him. "I put it on the forefinger of my left hand, the one with which I steady my paper, so that the

thought of you is ever present. You are beside me, and instead of beating the air for words and ideas, I have but to demand them of my beloved ring. That ring is my 'Seraphita' in person." He sends Mme. Hanska a match which he had been chewing, as he wrote. He sends her autographs—she being an ardent collector—and the manuscripts of his novels bound in pieces of her gowns. He consults somnambulists about her, confident in the great and terrible power these people have of reading the thoughts of the absent, no matter how far away. He offers to come and take care of her, when she is ill; to place at her disposal the magnetic power he possesses of healing those who are dear to him, at any distance. His thought can reach her through space, and when the fire crackles or a pebble rolls down a bank, or a spark flies from the candle, she must understand it as a message from him. In short, no phase of the nonsense is lacking, wherein the supreme nonsense of love is wont to find expression.

It is easy to see what a fascination there must have been for these two lovers in a bond which united them across hundreds of leagues of distance. It would seem that the great observer to whom we owe the richest of all collections of human documents was also, on one side of his nature, the most romantic of human beings.

"The fancies," he says, "the feelings, the impassioned sort of romance with which my works are concerned are far, indeed, from the fancies, the feelings, the romance which I cherish, as a man."

His personal romanticism was intensified by the fact that, as a writer, he lived a most unnatural life, secluding himself from society, overheating his imagination, treating his brain like a furnace to be incessantly worked,—a machine to be run at high pressure. Moreover, Balzac suffered from that

imperious necessity for expansion, which, when all is said, is but one of the many forms of egotism. He protests indeed that there is nothing of the egotist about him. All he needs is to bring his thoughts, his desires, his feelings to some person who is not himself. If he cannot do this he is powerless. In short, he *must* talk about himself. He must confess himself, as one never does, except to the woman one is in love with. Mme. Hanska, on the other hand, young, ardent, mystical and high-flown, must somehow people the solitude of that castle in the Ukraine, where she lives with a husband twenty-five years older than herself. To feel that you are occupying the mind of an acknowledged genius, who has constituted you his "literary conscience"—that you are associated with a work which is being talked about all over Europe, and may go down to posterity, is a circumstance calculated to enhance that self-esteem which is so often confounded with love. You remember the Lauras and the Beatrices, and are not displeased at the notion of taking your place among these historical *inamorate*.

But there was one source of difference between the lovers which became more marked as time went on. Balzac would have liked to have his Muse beside him—the companion of his daily life. Mme. Hanska very much preferred inspiring him at a distance. They early exchanged vows, to whose fulfilment M. de Hanski was the only obstacle, but that obstacle could not in the nature of things be an eternal one. At the time of their first meeting, in 1833, Balzac had written to his sister: "The Val de Travers is a vale of enchantment, and the lake of Bienne is simply ravishing. We sent Monsieur to see about having breakfast by the lake-side, but we remained in plain sight, though we did exchange our first kiss under one of the spread-

ing oaks. But since our husband is close upon sixty, I have sworn to wait, and she to reserve for me her heart and hand."

Now the most ill-natured thing a husband can possibly do under such circumstances is to disappear, and this is what M. de Hanski did. Balzac hastened to claim the fulfilment of the old promise, but Mme. Hanska was in no haste to remember it. She hesitated, and asked for time. It is a serious thing to leave one's country and wholly change one's mode of life—a step not to be taken without due deliberation. The lady had a large income accruing from business enterprises, which it would never do to wind up in a hurry. And then she had her daughter to marry. And then she had her rheumatism to consider. Balzac, in his impatience, had joined her at Wierzchownia, but his health, already greatly impaired, suffered yet more from the severity of the Russian climate. He was, in fact, fatally ill. He wanted to go back to France, and he did not want to go alone. At last Mme. Hanska made up her mind, and they were married in a Russian village. Arriving in Paris by night, they found the abode which Balzac had caused to be most luxuriously fitted up, all illuminated, but on knocking at the door they received no response. The servant who was to have received them had an attack of acute mania, which seemed a rather dismal presage to the superstitious pair. Their happiness was, in fact, not as complete as their seven years of fidelity might have seemed to promise. Intimacy at first hand was less delightful than intimacy at a distance. Balzac lived only about four months, and there was no one with him at the last, but his old mother and a professional nurse. Mme. de Balzac, after she became a widow, entered into correspondence with another novelist. The habit was acquired, and the vocation was irresistible.

At about the same time that the author of "*La Comédie Humaine*" espoused Mme. Hanska, Jules Michelet, under the auspices of Béranger, had married Mlle. Athenais Mialeret.

"He was supported, at the ceremony, by the College de France, in the persons of three of its professors. The College, as one may say, stood at his elbow, and was a father to him, as it is to us all."

The letters written by Michelet during the three months preceding this union, which made him happy, as all the world knows, for the last twenty-five years of his life, have lately been added in the form of a supplement to the standard edition of his works. If there be such a thing as letters unsuitable for publication these would seem to have been such.

It is not altogether wise to admit the entire public either to the privacy of one's domestic hearth, or to the preliminaries of that privacy. Moreover, Michelet's habit of addressing his lady-love now as his wife, and now as his daughter, creates an unpleasant confusion in the reader's mind. The passages in which he fails to confine the expression of his enthusiasm to the moral perfections of his fiancée might well have been omitted. The present writer has already, more than once, lifted up his voice in protest against the posthumous publication of the most intimate details. But it appears that Michelet himself desired these letters to be given to the world, and Mme. Michelet, as his editor, felt that she had no choice but to fulfil the wishes of one for whose memory she cherished a fairly religious reverence. It is probably we who are in the wrong. Our scruples are exaggerated, and we ought to regard these letters as documents to be criticized like any other text.

Michelet was a widower; his daughter was married; his son settled at a distance. The loneliness in which he

lived was particularly distressing to one of his unquiet spirit. There is a passage in his book on "The Priest" which well describes what he suffered and what he yearned for:

"The man of to-day—a victim of the division of labor, confined too often to a narrow specialty where his personal emotions become atrophied, and he loses all sense of life in general, ought to have beside him a serene and youthful mind, not specialized and balanced like his own, but fit to divert him from his daily business, and to restore his feeling for the sweet harmonies of the universe. . . . There must ever be a woman at the fireside to bathe the burning brow of man. . . . She it is who must lead him back to the living fountain of beauty and goodness—to God and nature. Uplifted by her he will, in his turn, raise her by his powerful hand, introduce her to his world, lead her into the paths of prayers and discovery, set her feet in the ways of the future."

Not long after writing this he received a letter from a young girl who was a school-mistress in Austria. She had read "*Le Prêtre*," the book had made her anxious, and she wanted advice. Michelet answered her letter, and when the young girl returned to Paris she felt impelled to go and see the illustrious historian. He was tremendously struck by her appearance:

"She was white as death, and the effect of her strange pallor was enhanced by the fact that she was dressed in black, and wore in her black velvet bonnet a single rose, as colorless as her cheek."

Within a fortnight he had, to use his own expression, "already made her his wife, though she did not suspect it." Upon reflection he perceived that it was Fate in person who had thrown in his way a being formed to be his life-long companion. In short, it was a case of predestination.

When the nervous tension was relaxed under which he had been laboring, and his long-smouldering passion found an object in Mlle. Mialaret, Michelet at once became a prey to the most violent paroxysms of feeling:—"a word from you, a single touch of your lips, is enough to kindle a fire capable of consuming the whole world. I am at this moment working, nominally, at the Archives, but I keep my eye fixed upon the clock and count the minutes until I can go to you. . . . Oh, my child, we will live together like two joyous and blameless children—without a touch of pride, a fictitious dignity of any kind. Adieu! I am dying to see you! I shall do so in an hour, but how can I wait so long?"

His letters are "steeped in tears:"—tears of love—tears of pain—tears of anxiety. It is useless for him to try to work; he is not sufficiently master of himself; he is too entirely at the mercy of the sentiment which has invaded his being. He has with difficulty "scratched off" some fifty pages of his history; and he thinks them very bad indeed; but if he could only have been inditing love-letters to her, he would have needed but to let his pen go,—and how original, how eloquent would have been the result! Such transports are not so very rare. They occur continually among men who fall in love too late. But this man was Michelet; and all the world is familiar with the aggravated sentimentality of his later books, and the importance which he attached to this kind of inflammatory declaration.

Every one of Michelet's letters to this young woman was an ode, a dithyramb, a transcription from the Song of Songs—by a professor of history. He salutes her as a queen. "A queen you were born; a queen you are and ever will be. Say what you will I shall erect an altar to you and bear you upon my heart with none but God to see."

But he is not satisfied with this form of expression. It seems to him weak and inadequate. Mlle. Mialeret is more than a queen. "The pitiful sovereigns of this world reign only upon its surface; but you—you reign in the deepest depths of the abyss. Could you fathom it you would find only yourself and your own power therein." None but a hero or a man of genius would be worthy of her; and as for Michelet, he derives his so-called genius from her alone. "The course which I am now giving," he says, "is yours. I might almost say that it is you who give it." All this lyric madness appears the more remarkable by contrast with the calm, the moderation, the reserve of the young girl, who accepts the man's amazing homage, and is deeply touched by it, but is under no illusion concerning the true value of these glaringly disproportionate expressions. She is not a queen and she knows it. She is Mlle. Mialeret who has been teaching in Austria, and who has come back to France hoping to find employment there, and all the more grateful to the eminent professor who has given her so extraordinary a welcome, because she is quite alone in the world, and confronted by all manner of difficulties. If Michelet wants to make her his wife, she understands perfectly that it is not she who will "deign," and that so glorious a destiny will be highly honorable to her. All does not run quite smoothly, however. Families always object to second marriages, and Michelet's family finds a powerful argument in the disparity of age between these two. Between the professor's infatuation and the hostility of his children, there is need of much coolness and tact. There is need also of good-will, but of that Mlle. Mialeret has plenty. She wastes no time in idle revery. Serious and self-possessed, she puts before everything the success of M. Michelet's work, and she feels, with good reason,

that his work has been suffering of late. So far from being a drag upon him in his high pursuits, she desires above all things to assist and facilitate them. She wins him back to the studies from which it has pained her to see him distracted, and their union will be to all intents and purposes a business partnership. Woman's kingdom is the home:—the interior, the kitchen, the garden. Mlle. Mialeret takes pains to ascertain their probable income. It will be modest, but it will admit of their taking a small house outside of Paris. Through the haze of Michelet's own letters, we discern the singular good sense and practical wisdom of the young girl. Simplicity and serenity like hers are, doubtless, among the best qualities a woman can possess; only they are not those which Michelet extols in his bride to be. The reason is that he sees in the maid, whose parlor so impressed him on their first meeting, the typical woman of his dreams charged with a mystic mission. The love which he lays at her feet is that love whose overflow from the surcharged heart of man is to submerge the world and regenerate humanity.

Woman, for Michelet, is a religion. The world is kept alive by woman-kind. Woman lends it grace, and it is grace that saves. It is through love alone that human society can make progress. Little by little, love will wipe out the enmities of race and class, put an end to war, and inaugurate the era of universal peace and fraternity. It is, however, needful for the working of these miracles that love should be born from the union of two perfectly sympathetic hearts, and the transference to the spheres of society and politics of that infinite sweetness, that inevitable generosity of interpretation which naturally exists between two loving souls will constitute the salvation of the race. Such was the humanitarian dream which Michelet believed

himself about to realize when he met Mlle. Mialeret.

"What can I give you, my beloved, in return for the *initiation* which I owe to you? It is through woman that we find entrance to eternal life;—but how to find the woman? Before I knew you, I had met separate feminine qualities in different individuals:—beauty in one, wit in another, strength in another, but never a complete woman. Now that perfect woman has come to me!"

He sincerely believed that the under-segment which possessed him could be communicated to others and gradually diffused over the whole bleeding earth, like a sea of love and consolation. It is this conviction, repeated on every page of the correspondence, which constitutes its originality, but the apocalyptic language in which it is expressed would be perfectly unintelligible to one unacquainted with the subsequent works of Michelet. "The one good gift that I would bestow on you—the only one worthy your acceptance—would be this:—that through me the whole world should become more loving, its blind and violent enmities subside, the hatred of nation against nation, and class against class, decline and eventually disappear. As yet, we can but hope for a diminution of these evils, for the beginnings of reconciliation, and that not in our own hearts only, but all over the world, the *Great Friendship* may be born. But that mighty friendship must begin in the heart of a single man; and the sacred fire which is to warm the whole universe one day—everywhere substituting love for hate—must be kindled at a humble private fireside. . . . Is that heart mine? Am I the man of destiny? . . . Alas! I know that I am unworthy! I am sentimental and artistic, rather than good." Such was Michelet's idea of how all human history might culminate, and the new future of the race

begin with his own espousal of Mlle. Mialeret. It remains to be determined whether the second marriage of the philosopher did have the mighty consequences which he foresaw, and what was the exact worth of that theory of love which he clothed, or rather veiled, in the language of theological mysticism. But this is a question too large to be treated incidentally and on the basis of a few private letters. My purpose has merely been to show how early Michelet formed the opinions which he subsequently developed in "*L'Amour*" and "*La Femme*."

It would be useless to deny the marked influence exercised by Mme. Michelet upon her husband's views, and the later development of his genius. All the world knows how considerable, nay, how enormous, a place was assigned in the books produced by Michelet after 1850, to what we may call amorous considerations. Mme. Michelet had been brought up in the country, and loved it, and was devoted to the study of nature. She could not understand her husband's ignorance of such pursuits, and did everything in her power to win him from "the brutalities of human history" to the healing contemplation of natural harmonies. It was she who directed his attention to the soul which informs not animals and plants alone, but the all-pervading elements, and she assisted him in all manner of ways in preparing his treatises on "*The Bird*," "*The Insect*," "*The Mountains*," and "*The Sea*."

Thus the intellectual attachment in which the writer revelled was returned by a like intellectual attachment on the part of his Egeria. It was not the real woman whom chance had thrown in his way, that the author loved, but an imaginary being of his own creation, incarnated in her by virtue of that glorious capacity for illusion, which artists only know.

On the other hand, she evidently

loved in him less the man than the author; less the person than the talent, the mind, all that partially fictitious individuality, which is what a man puts into his books. She loved him sincerely indeed—fervently—at times almost with the impassioned devotion which characterizes a genuine attachment. She was truly womanly; and since woman's main vocation is to be a mother, she mingled with her literary devotion a shade of maternal tenderness. Involuntarily, inevitably, she guided and protected him. It would never have occurred to her to compare herself with the man whose genius she admired, of whom it would be little to say that she fully understood the superiority. Yet she gives him advice,

she never hesitates to influence him, it is her sweetest reward to feel that she has been, to some extent, associated with his work. This kind of influence is less powerful than it is commonly supposed to be, because an author, after all, can only bring out what was already in him. And sometimes Mme. Michelet's influence was unfortunate, though at others it was most beneficial. She gives proof, at all events, of a remarkable intelligence and extreme cerebral activity. The wife of Racine did not know what a verse was. This did not prevent Racine from writing "*Athalie*," but it prevented his wife from having a place in the literary history of France.

René Doumic.

Revue des Deux Mondes.

THE NEAREST VILLAGE TO THE NORTH POLE.

The remotest spot in the old world where human beings live,—that sounds very far off indeed. Yes, this most northern settlement in the world is a long pilgrimage for you and me; and yet a few of us have been there and can tell you what we saw. But how can this far outpost of life in Nova Zembla be reached? Well, just in this way and no other.

First of all, you sail across the North Sea and then up that great inner lead of Flords which runs along the whole of the coast of western Norway, and so round the North Cape under the light of the Midnight Sun. You have now marked off nearly two thousand miles on your chart. Then from the North Cape you sail east along the Lapland coast, with schools of Finner whales spouting all round you, and pass into the dreaded White Sea (which is free of ice for barely three months in the year) and, safely crossing the treach-

erous bar of the Dwina, you reach Archangel in Northern Russia. That makes some seven hundred miles more. Then at Archangel you find the stout little steamer, built for battling with the ice, which annually sails for the two settlements,—Karmacula, the southern and Matotchkin Schar the northern—in far Nova Zembla, and you beseech the British Consul there (kind, energetic and diplomatic official that he is, and for three weeks my most considerate host,) to leave no stone unturned to procure you the privilege of a berth on this Government steamer. The Governor-General of the Archangel province is the model of a good administrator, and red-tape does not tie his hands. After a painful suspense you at last get the necessary permission, together with a big sheet of paper bearing his august signature and seal, and containing directions to his officials to help you, whenever and

wherever possible, under pain of his displeasure,—and, mind you, he has the power of life and death, this genial, pleasant, blue-eyed Governor.

Then at last you hear that the steamer is ready to start, and you go on board to find what accommodation you can, and a great mass of stores for the uncivilized inhabitants on Nova Zembla—all useful stores such as potatoes, cabbages, onions, rye-flour, fishing-nets, timber, and tools. And you further find several potential brides and bridegrooms who have been brought hundreds of miles from the Samoyads of the frozen *tundra* and are destined for certain Nova Zemblans known to be of age and willing to marry. They are so few on that far island that the Russian Government is almost comically paternal in the way in which it enters into every detail of their life. And so you sail out of the White Sea, turn northward and eastward, and ploughing through the stray outliers of the summer ice-pack, you go up into the Arctic Ocean, and leaving the island of Kolguef far behind, you skirt the long jagged edge of the pack and slip through this or that lane in the ice, and finally, after some nine hundred miles of anxious navigation, you drop anchor off Matotchkin Schar—the strait which cuts Nova Zembla in half and on the shores of which is the most northerly outpost in the world. You have now marked off some thirty-six hundred miles on your chart, and at last you have reached your goal.

What an odd scene of welcome it is as you row to the shore and jump out on the gritty beach! Never were there such rough little bundles of humanity, such shaggy specimens of man. About five feet high and apparently four feet wide, it is really surprising how nimble these Samoyads are upon their feet. More often than not, they wear nothing on their heads but their long, matted, and indescribably filthy hair, which

streams out into the wind some ten or twelve inches behind the yellow brows. These brows are seamed with the furrows of exposure, seams that are filled up with the grime of dirt which has never once been intentionally removed. Their body-clothing is merely a huge baggy tunic, closed behind and before and slipped over their heads. It is made of reindeer-skin, with the hair inside. A belt of thongs girds it tightly round the loins, and then the tunic is pulled up and allowed to fall over in great baggy folds. This is an ingenious device of the native who, taught by Nature and dire experience, has learned that it is easier to keep warm with a good big layer of heated human atmosphere between him and his outer covering than if he wore his garment tight against his skin. His breeches are also of deerskin, and so too are his long boots, or *pimmis*, the former with the fur inside and the latter with it outside. An inner tunic of dried deerskin completes his toilet.

But how unsavory it all is! Recollect that he seldom washes from the hour of his birth to the day of his death. Recollect, further, that these skin clothes are of material so tough, and sewn with deer-sinews so strong, that they often outlast the life of the wearer and thus, in a manner, become heirlooms in the family. Now, putting all things together,—the animal nature of the wearer, and the conditions under which he lives—you can get some idea of the verminous state of this Nova Zemblan. Are you fond of the Zoological Gardens? Are you a naturalist? Particularly, are you interested in minute animal life? Well, then, go to Nova Zembla, and when you weary of the white bear and the white fox, of the walrus and the seal, of the wild geese and the snowy owls, go into the skin-tents of the Samoyad and sit down with him cheek by jowl, and eat with him of the red meat of the rein-

deer, and speak with him in monosyllables Anglo-Samoyadian, and you will be content indeed. Even the keenest naturalist will be more than content, while you and I will have had such a surfeit of things minute and irritant as we shall never forget.

Filthy in person, he is also filthy in habit. "Customs have they none and their manners are beastly," once wrote a dejected observer. He might almost write it again of this Nova Zemblan, for his strange old customs are frowned down by the Russian authorities and his manners still remain beastly. To eat with him is an experience such as most men would sooner go without, and none would willingly repeat; an experience, in the poet's words, to be dreamed of, not to tell. For we live in a more genial climate and physically revolt from the very food for which their bodies are clamoring. Thus, their preference for raw meat and copious draughts of blood is not mere barbarism; it is simply the demand of nature for food which is of the freshest and is the richest in vitalizing power. All the children of Arctic lands resemble each other in this,—their practical appreciation of the value of raw meat, blubber and blood in renewing for them the heat and the strength which the Arctic climate is forever sapping. All who have come as strangers to such lands have learned by experience that this is true; and that it is on account of his food that the Eskimo, the Chukchi, and the Samoyad live comfortably and grow fat where the white man grows weak and dies. Scurvy is not to be fought with lime-juice and tinned vegetables, but, rather, by fresh meat which, as a concession to life-long prejudice, is cooked, though ever so lightly, and in which the life-giving blood remains as the great vitalizing element. It is really true that, unless you are civilized out of all recognition as the natural man,

you must live as Nature provides for you in each part of the world; and, taught by Nature, the Samoyad keeps himself fat and warm on a series of feasts which in the absence of spoons and forks and all dread of Mrs. Over-the-Way and her windows, become veritable revels in blood. Like most primitive people and all wild animals, he gorges when he has the chance, and sleeps it off in the course of days when he as often as not goes fasting. Simple and disgusting enough as the food and its eating appear, I am quite sure that should he ever exchange fresh meat and warm blood for tinned-tongues and potted tomatoes, he will become even less able to battle with his already formidable foe, the Arctic climate, and have made a long stride towards his final disappearance.

But how natural and artless he is, this child of Nature, this product of the countless centuries in which he has fought for dear life in the howling wastes of Arctic *tundras*. For Nova Zembla did not produce him; he came from the frozen swamps which stretch across northernmost Russia and all the way along the Arctic coast of Siberia. There he wandered to and fro throughout the centuries, living on his deer, clothed by them, housed by them, drawn by them, fed by them; worshipping his gods of wood and stone and that one great spirit, Num, who transcended all other gods and dwelt behind the stars, forever unattainable; and so he maintained himself and his own characteristics, until the Russian traders, pushing north and east, found him out, and gave him strange sweet food for his furs, and vilest of *vodka* for his undoing. And in his greed of the food that tickled his throat and the drink that fired his slow blood, he sought out with renewed zest the white bear and the blue fox, and the walrus with his great store of fat, and so came to the limits of the world, even to Nova

Zembla, that great finger of land, seven hundred miles long, which stretches out from Europe far into the ice-covered sea and crooks its rigid joints forever Poleward. And here he fought again for dear life, and was often beaten, as were beaten those white explorers who came hither from the far south in search of wonders, and found graves in a soil that never thawed,—the great Dutchman Barents and many another. But the Samoyad of the *tundras* fought on; where one fell another came; and here the Russian Government found a handful of them, when some twenty years ago it built a hut of refuge for the hardy sailors who venture thus far after walrus and seal. Then several Samoyad families were transported to keep the hut from the bears, and to hunt the valuable wild game; and from that time, though irregularly at first, it has been the policy of the Government to send them stores and fishing-nets and timber, and exchange them fairly enough for furs and fish; and to add to the inhabitants; until now there is no inconsiderable colony of the Samoyad race native to Nova Zembla and entirely dependent on the Russian Government for the ameliorations of the absolutely savage life they would otherwise lead.

What shall I recall of the daily life among the Nova Zemblans? Well, here is one feature; the journeying on sledges drawn by dogs, dogs that are half wild and never so happy as when they are slaying and eating one of their own comrades. Ten or twelve of them are harnessed by deer-skin thongs to the sledge, and there are no reins: you compose yourself on this light wooden frame as best you may; and then the driver jumps on and at the same moment brings a ten-foot pole down upon the team with a resounding whack. All is immediately noise and confusion. The twelve wild beasts break into a frenzied howl and simultaneously at-

tack one another. Another whack, and they start off at a furious gallop. Into the mossy pits and swamps, over the rocks and ridges, headlong into the ravines with steep ice-slopes leading to glaciers as cold, and all in one inextricable heap together you roll down high banks into the rivers that rush from the cliffs above. Happy you, if you remain on that sledge; happier still, if no reindeer or fox cross your path; for the hunting instinct of your team is ineradicable, and your career then becomes a furious race to any sort of end so long as it spells disaster. But nevertheless it is an experience, and you gaze anew upon the wild man who takes his pleasure so sadly and reflect not a little.

And is he really a brute beast, this Nova Zemblan? I think not, nor do I think this of any savage, however primitive he may seem to my eyes. Under his filthy skin, there is the man: and you may find here, as in England, men who are lazy and men who are industrious; men who are sober and men who are wanton; those who are cruel and those who are kind; some naturally polite, others as naturally rude; many intelligent, if more are stupid; a few who are at all points irreclaimably bad, and a few who possess all the virtues we are wont to claim for the good citizen. "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar," is true enough of some Russians, and 'is a phrase which when the names are changed, will fit many another race. It is so with the Samoyad of Nova Zembla and elsewhere. He is the product of an Arctic swamp, and a Mongol by ancestry: he has the monotonous horizon of the one and the callous Stoicism of the other; but at times his experience cuts the plane of our common nature, and then you find that he, like our nearest neighbor, is a man and a brother.

It is so, too, with the children; indeed, I think that children are much the

same all over the world. I have noticed them in all latitudes and as far east as west. They always seem to me to be comparatively free from the inexorable etiquette of custom which makes their parents so difficult to understand. Here, in England, they worship power and Nature, and imitate their elders by playing at trains, at soldiers, at horses, at professions and trades; and here in Nova Zembla they do just the same, only the imitators have other models. For here they play at bear and walrus, and slay them with the bow and arrow and "make believe" with guns; they drive toy-sledges and noisily keep in order imaginary teams of dogs. Now they raise the heavy skin-tent, and now they strike it, and now, as always and everywhere, they play at the most ancient of all games, the game of Mother and Child. And I must not forget, that here, as elsewhere, you find the fine old game of ninepins, as well known and as much practised as ever it was in an English playroom. Happy enough they are, and happier than many an English child; and yet their home, with its surroundings, is one of the most monotonous and dreary on earth.

Imagine, for example, a country where the giant of the forest is scarcely twelve inches high; where the gray-green creeping vegetation is only visible for barely three months in the year; where, to be sure, the tiny forget-me-not opens its sweet blue eyes for a summer month but so exhausts its strength in doing it as to leave none for leaves; where on no exposed ground, and only in the low moist valleys turning to the kindly South, is there the least sign of herb; where for nine months in the year there is nothing but ice and snow and the white bear; where rage the most violent

gales, the very breath of which is icy death; where falls that dark Arctic night, which waits three long deadly months for dawn. Here indeed is the end of things and the worst of places; yet even here you find, as all over the vast Russian Empire, the sturdy simple heroism of the Russian monk.

For the Apostle of the Nova Zemblans is not only a giant in physical strength, he is, and has to be, a hero to overlook the awful desolation of the life. Good Father John, with his flowing hair and great beard, his deep chest and gentle voice, is a volunteer, and so far back as 1887 came here to help these uncivilized savages to lose their fear of those numerous evil spirits which they believe beset their path. Health failed him once, and that once he returned to the Russian monastery which had trained him; but homesickness for Nova Zembla and its handful of inconsidered savages proved the worst disease; and with the breaking up of the ice he came back. Great is Father John, for he has a wonderful way with these people: he can bear a strong hand at any work that they can do; he can use a strong voice for them when the Government steamer comes each year; and, chief of all, did he not voyage out into the awful Kara Sea, where ice piles on ice and wildly drives hither and thither as foam flies before the wind, and did he not there, on a lonely island, defy and dare and splinter into a thousand pieces that huge solitary shaft of granite, the most sacred of Samoyad gods, who kept watch and ward over all the reindeer and gave them increase, and then, even then, returned with all of his company safe and unharmed? Yes, great is Father John, say the Nova Zemblans; and, knowing the living death to which he has given his years, I echo it.

Arthur Montefiore Brice.

COLONIAL MEMORIES.

BY LADY BROOME.

PART III.

Trinidad had nearly completed its first century of British rule when we went there in 1891, for it was in February, 1797, that the British fleet under Admiral Harvey came through the Bocas, eighteen vessels in all, with a land force of nearly 8,000 men under General Sir Ralph Abercromby. The Spanish Governor, Chacon, felt that no defence was possible, for he had only at his command a small, passing squadron of five ships and about 700 soldiers. So with an amount of practical common-sense and humanity which might be borne in mind with advantage at the Hague Conference, he surrendered to the tremendous odds brought against him. Not a single life was lost in this change of flags; but the Spanish Admiral, Apodaca, burned his ships sooner than give them up. Chacon seems to have been an excellent Governor, and to have done much for his colony before he had to yield to *force majeure*. Indeed, it always struck me in looking over the history of Trinidad that it had been exceptionally fortunate in its Governors. Colonel Thomas Picton was its first English pro-consul, and though, as might be expected, somewhat high-handed and hasty in his dealings, especially with the natives, the colony made great progress under his rule; but it only lasted six years, which was considered a short time to manage the affairs of a colony in those days. It is a fact, however, that when Sir Thomas Picton fell at Waterloo, he was practically under trial for the alleged murder of two slaves in Trinidad. The case was only standing over for further evidence. Certainly, things

—justice among other things—seem to have been done in a loose and free-and-easy way in the early days of this same century!

The Governor *par excellence* of Trinidad, however, is, and always will be, Sir Ralph Woodford, although Lord Harris and Sir Arthur Gordon run him very close in enduring popularity of the best sort. But Sir Ralph was truly a born empire-maker. He was so young, too—only 29—when he began (in 1813) his fifteen years of hard work in a tropical climate. It must have been dreadfully difficult to change the whole state of affairs, even the language—for it was not until his day that English was used in the Law Courts and that the minutes of the "Cabildo"—the precursor of our Legislative Council—were kept in the new tongue. Poor Sir Ralph died at sea on his way to England, and it is sad to think how completely his valuable life seems to have been thus early sacrificed to the ignorance of the commonest rules of health. But he would not leave his work in time, and so died in harness very shortly after he had been persuaded to leave his beautiful and beloved colony.

Lord Harris did not take up the reins of government until 1846, only eight years after slavery had been abolished, so he had to deal with as complex a state of affairs as Picton or Woodford. But he ruled splendidly and successfully until 1854, and it was delightful to hear, nearly half a century afterwards, how well the numerous reforms and systems he had started still worked.

All this time the various Governors had dwelt in many and various Government Houses, all more or less near

the site of the present one. Don José Maria Chacon, captain in the Spanish Navy, and his predecessors seem to have lived on the side of a neighboring hill, but it is difficult to trace even the foundations of that house, for when once "the jungle is let in" it soon covers up and does away with bricks and mortar. Then came a strange and ugly little dwelling where the pastures of the Government farm now spread, and that was succeeded by a house of sorts (of which I could find no pictured record) in the Botanical Gardens. That must have been near where the present beautiful dwelling stands, for whenever I said what a pity it was that the stables should be so near the house, I was always told that they were a survival of a former Government House in the same spot. But the jungle also seemed to have been let in on the minds of my informants, for I never could elicit any accurate information about that house. Sir Ralph Woodford lived in a large Government House in Port of Spain, now used as Government Offices, but the really historical Government House in Trinidad will always be the Government Cottage about a quarter of a mile away, still in the Botanical Gardens, where Sir Arthur Gordon lived and Kingsley wrote his "At Last." Nothing now remains of what must have been a picturesque and romantically pretty little dwelling but the swimming bath and an outbuilding used as a cottage for the house-carpenter. But I often used to go and look up the valley with "At Last" in my hand, and try to identify the trees described. The ravine or dell immortalized by Kingsley has, however, suffered many changes from the woodman's axe and bush-fires, for the only tree I could ever recognize is the big Saman outside the ball-room windows. *A propos* of the existing building, "I call this a tropical palace," was the remark made to me several times

a day by one of our numerous—shall I say globe-trotting?—guests, who certainly ought to have been a judge of palaces.

And there was some truth in the criticism as applied to the present Government House at Trinidad. Because the popular idea of a palace is that it is not a very comfortable dwelling, and chiefly constructed with a view to first impressions. This "palace," however, is really a beautiful house, and stands in the large Botanical Gardens of Port of Spain. It has a charming view over the wide savannah in front, and is sheltered from the cold north winds by the low, beautifully wooded hills behind. The natives say of this same wind, which is so alluringly fresh and cool, "*vent de nord, vent de mort*" and the chill it brings to the unwary, especially at night, is doubtless accountable for many of the local colds and fevers. Nothing can be much more beautiful than the first effect of the entrance hall to this Government House, and the long vista through the large saloon and ballroom beyond ends with a glimpse of that magnificent Saman tree on whose wide-spreading branches grows what Kingsley so aptly calls—speaking of this same tree—"an air-garden."

To my mind that tree was quite one of the sights of those beautiful gardens. Beneath it flourishes a small grove of nutmeg-trees, and tall, spreading palms, all of which seem mere shrubs and bushes compared to its lofty splendor. When it is loaded with its pink feathery blossoms, it attracts every bird and insect in the island, but our winter visitors never really saw that tree in its full beauty, for the wondrous air-garden growth did not develop until after the first heavy rains. Then it is indeed wonderful to see the sudden spikes of brilliant blossom, the fantastic orchid growth, and the marvellous wealth of ferns clustering and

drooping all along the massive branches. I endured great anxiety lest the weight of the wet verdure should break down those giant limbs, for the wood is rather soft and unsubstantial. However, no such calamity has yet occurred.

But to come back to the tropical palace. It was certainly an ideal house for entertaining. I always declared that the balls gave themselves, and there never was the slightest trouble in arranging any sort of party in the large rooms, which were always as cool as possible after sunset. The ball-room was lofty, open "to all the airs that blow," and possessed a perfect floor. Then when you have Kew Gardens for decorative purposes growing outside your windows, there is not much difficulty in producing a pretty effect. Indeed, the entire house was arranged for coolness, from the great hall which went up the whole height of the building, to the wide verandahs which surrounded it on three sides. But in the bedroom accommodation there is a woful falling-off, and I was often at my wits' ends to know how to house the numerous guests who flock to these "Summer Isles of Eden" every winter. There is no place in the house for English servants, and your own and your visitors' servants can only be put up in some of the guest-rooms.

There is one magnificent bedroom which is called "the Prince's Room," as H.R.H. the Duke of York inhabited it during his last visit, in 1891. But it is a very hot room, and if you are to coax any cool air into it you must resign yourself to keeping your doors wide open. The suite of rooms generally used by the Governor are at the end of another long corridor, and, though good, comfortable, and certainly the coolest in the house, are so close to the stables that one hears the horses stamping and fidgeting all night, es-

pecially when the vampire bats are tormenting them. The only back staircase in the house also passes close to these rooms, so they can hardly be described as quiet or private. Still, it was a very pretty house, and I took great pride and delight in hearing it admired.

The greatest daytime treat I could ever give my guests was to send them round the Botanical Gardens under the escort of the gifted Superintendent. They always returned hot and thirsty, but with their hands full of treasures. I think a freshly-gathered nutmeg, with its camellia-green leaves and its apricot-like fruit, enlaced with the crimson network we know later as mace, procured them the greatest joy of all. Then came breathless accounts of the soap nut with which they had washed their hands, of the ink galls with which they had written their names, of orchids growing beneath long arcades, "Out of doors, you know!" of palms of every size and sort and description, each more lovely than its neighbor, of strange *lianes* which, dropping down from lofty trees and swinging in the breeze, are caught and twisted by Nature's charming caprice into the most fantastic shapes imaginable.

There are many advantages connected with the Government House standing in these beautiful gardens, but it cannot be said to conduce to its privacy. I always pined for "three acres and a cow" to myself, but I never got it! A tiny iron fence, six inches from the ground, marked out the tennis-courts, and certain narrow limits beyond, which were supposed to be private, and little iron notice-plates repeated the idea. But if any enterprising tourist wished to enlarge his sphere of observation, none of these trifles stood in his or her way, and I have sometimes been awakened at daylight by vociferous demands, just outside my

bedroom window, to know "where the electric eel lived." Poor thing, it did not live anywhere latterly, for it had died; but there was no persuading the energetic visitor, who only had a couple of hours in which to "do" the Botanical Gardens, that I had not secreted it in my bathroom.

I must hasten to add, however, that it was only the tourist who sometimes harried us, for it seemed well understood by the people of the island that a certain small space round the Government House was private ground, and we never had the least difficulty with even the numerous nurses and babies who flocked, for whatever fresh air was going, to these charming gardens where the capital police band plays twice a week. We often strolled about this part of the gardens on Sunday afternoons, when most people were about, and I enjoyed it thoroughly, until it came to the final "God save the Queen," and then I confess I always felt surprised and indignant to see how few hats were taken off. Every white man, from the Governor downwards, stood bareheaded of course, from the first note to the last, so did the ever-courteous foreign visitor; but hardly a well-clad, well-fed young colored man followed their example. I was always deeply ashamed at visitors seeing this lack of loyalty or manners (I don't know which). I observed the elder black men nearly always uncovered, but the dark gilded youth of Port of Spain certainly did not.

One does not realize how close Trinidad is to Venezuela until one goes there. My very first drive showed me a fine mountain range blending beautifully with the fair and extensive landscape.

"I thought there were no really high mountains in Trinidad!" I exclaimed in surprise.

"But those are not in Trinidad," was the crushing answer; "they are on the

mainland, which is only twenty miles off, just there."

I little thought, that day, how anxiously I should watch the political horizon of Venezuela! But as the supply of beef depended on the numerous revolutions or threatenings of revolutions, I grew to take the liveliest interest in those social convulsions, and I became an ardent advocate of peace at almost any price—of beef.

I always longed yet never made time, I am sorry to say, to go up one of the many mouths of the Orinoco which run into *our* Gulf, the Gulf of Paria; many of our guests made the excursion, getting up as far as Bolivar in one of the comfortable, almost flat-bottomed river steamers which provide an excellent service. The accounts brought back were always so glowing that I longed to go, but home duties and home ties pinned me firmly down.

Venezuela seems to be a perfect land of Goshen compared to even our tropical luxuriance, and the cocoa-pods, bananas and plantains brought back from the mainland were, without the least exaggeration, quite twice as large as those grown on the island. "But then, what would you have?" I was asked. "Trinidad is only a little bit of South America which the Orinoco has washed off from the mainland." If this be so, then the mighty stream dropped several of the pieces on the way, for there are many islets, some five miles or more away from Trinidad, and towards the Bocas or mouths of the great river. These little islands are a great feature of Trinidad, and splendid places for change of air or excursions. They all have houses on them, and one tiny islet may, I think, claim to be the smallest spot of earth which holds a dwelling. It is just a rock, on the top of which is perched a small but comfortable and compact house. Beyond its outer wall is, on one side, a minute plateau about ten or

twelve feet in length, and that is all the exercise ground on the island. I was assured it was the favorite honeymoon resort, which certainly seemed putting the capabilities of companionship of the newly-married couple to a rather severe test! Fishing, boating, and bathing are the resources at the command of the islet visitors, and the air is wonderfully fresh and cool on these little fragments of the earth's surface. Whenever I could make time it was my great delight to take the Government launch with tea and a party of young friends to one of these islets, and it was certainly a delightful way of spending a hot afternoon.

Trinidad is a great place for cricket, and has a beautiful ground belonging to a private club. First-class teams often go out there to play matches, and I used to see incessant cricket practice going on on the savannah in front of Government House. Certainly that savannah is a splendid "lung" to the low-lying town, and the people of Trinidad may well be proud of it. On its southwestern side is a small walled enclosure; it is the graveyard of the original Spanish owners of the soil, and a large sugar estate once stood where races are run and cricket played nowadays. The living owners have all, long ago, disappeared; only the dead remain in their peaceful little resting-place under the shade of the spreading trees which grow inside the wall.

To return for a moment to the Botanical Gardens. Within the limits of the so-called private part is a small plot of ground planted with vegetables for the Governor's use. In my eyes it was chiefly remarkable for the three large, coarse sort of bean-vines which grew at its entrance, and which were further decorated at the top of the stick round which they clung (in very tipsy fashion) by an empty bottle and some tufts of shabby feathers. These aids to horticulture being quite new to me, I in-

quired their use, and was assured they constituted the Obeah police of the garden, and that so long as those vines grew there, no young lettuce, or tomato, or yam would be stolen from that garden; and certainly theft was never assigned as the reason for the scanty contents of the gardener's daily basket. It was always the time of year or the weather.

I used to feel very envious when some of the older residents would speak of these gardens as having been the home of the humming-bird. Alas! the lovely little creatures are seldom to be seen there now, in spite of the protective legislation of many years past. But the ruthless tourist will always buy a humming-bird's nest, especially with its two sugarplum-like eggs in it, so the enterprising black boy keeps a sharp lookout for these articles of commerce. Soon after we first went there, I found a wee nest on a low branch of a tree close to Government House, with a darling little bird sitting in it. I peeped cautiously very often during the next few days, and the young mother grew so accustomed to my visits that she would let me stand within a yard of the bough. At last some microscopic fragments of eggshell appeared on the moss beneath, and on my next visit when the little hen was away getting food, I beheld a thing very like a bee with a beak. This object seemed to grow amazingly every few hours so that in a week it looked quite like a respectable bird. Imagine my rage and despair when I found one morning the branch broken off and the baby bird dead on the ground. My sweet little nest had been taken for the sake of the sixpence it would fetch next time a tourist-laden yacht came in!

A much happier fate attended a humming-bird which built its nest in a small palm growing in a friend's drawing-room. I paid many visits to that

drawing-room during the bird's occupancy, and anything so interesting as its manners and customs cannot be imagined. Instead of bringing material from outside for the nest, the tiny builder requisitioned the floss silk from an embroidered cushion and the wool from a ball-fringe. The nest, unusually gay in color, hung down a couple of inches from one of the serrated points of the palm leaf; but when I was first invited to come and look on, it was not quite completed to the feathered lady's satisfaction, for she still darted in and out of the open windows and about the room.

The master of the house, at my request, seated himself in his usual arm-chair and opened his newspaper, and I made myself as small as I could in a distant corner. Our patience was soon rewarded, for there was the little bird balancing itself with its vibrating wings just above the newspaper. However, as no building material was forthcoming from that source, she flashed over to my corner, and, quicker than the eye could follow, had snatched a thread of silk from a work-table and was off to her work again. The little creature got quite tame, and her confidence was well placed, for nothing could exceed the charming kindness of her host and hostess. The eggs were laid and hatched in due time, and the master of the house told me he used to get up at the day-dawn and open his drawing-room window to let the little mother out to get food for her babies. This necessitated his remaining the rest of the morning in the drawing-room, as he thought it would not have been safe to have left it. I naturally thought he feared for the safety of his wife's pretty things, but oh, no—what he guarded was the nest, lest it should meet the fate of mine and be stolen.

It was on this occasion I found out what humming-birds feed on. The popular idea is that they live on honey,

and attempts have often been made to keep them in captivity on honey, or sugar and water, with the result that the poor little birds died of starvation in a day or two. The honey theory has sprung from seeing the birds darting their long bills and still longer tongues into the cups of honey-bearing flowers. What they are getting, however, is not honey, but the minute insect which is attracted and caught by the honey.

I never saw any but the commonest sort of humming-bird during my stay in Trinidad, and very few of those, and I was told that even in the high woods it was rare now to behold them. In spite of the stringent ordinance against killing *colibris*, I fear many skins are taken away every year by the tourist, especially by the scientific tourist. Never can I forget my feelings when, on bidding adieu to a delightful foreign *savant*, he informed me that he had enjoyed his trips into the interior of the island immensely, and had collected many interesting specimens of flora and fauna, including a *hundred humming-bird skins!* I nearly fainted with horror, but my one effort then was to prevent this dreadful boast reaching the Governor's ears, for I felt sure that international complications of a very grave character would have followed.

Pages might be written on the scientific value of the beautiful gardens which surround this tropical palace, as well as the opportunity they afford of studying insect life. At first it is disappointing to see so few flowers in them, but in the summer the large trees are covered with blossom, and, in fact, the flowers may be said to have taken refuge up the trees from the all-devouring ants. But the serious business of the gardens is really to make experiments in the growth and cultivation of the various economic products of the island—raising seedling canes, coffee and cocoa, and determin-

ing which variety would most successfully repay culture. It is a mistake to regard them only from the ornamental point of view, though their beauty is very striking, for they are chiefly valuable for their practical results.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE SAILOR-MAN.

Sure a terrible time I was out o' the way,
Over the sea, over the sea,
Till I come back to Ireland one sunny day,
Betther for me, betther for me!
The first time me foot got the feel o' the ground,
I was sthrollin' along in an Irish city
That hasn't its aquil the world around
For the air that is sweet, an' the girls that are pretty.

Light on their feet now they passed me an' sped,
Give you me word, give you me word!
Every girl had a turn o' the head
Just like a bird, just like a bird.
An' the lashes so thick round their beautiful eyes,
Shinin' to tell ye 'twas fair time o' day wi' them;
Back in me heart wit' a kind o' surprise,
I think how the Irish girls has the way wi' them!

Och, man alive! but it's little ye know
That never was there, never was there—
Look where ye like for them, long may ye go—
What do I care? what do I care?
Plenty as blackberries where will ye find
Rare pretty girls, not by two nor by three o' them?
Only just there where they grow, d'ye mind,
Still like the blackberries, more than ye see o' them.

Long, long away, an' no matther how far
'Tis the girls that I miss, girls that I miss.
Women are roun' ye wherever ye are,
Not worth a kiss, not worth a kiss.
Over in Ireland many's the one—
Well do I know that has nothin' to say wi' them—
Sweeter than anythin' under the sun,
Och, but the Irish girls has the way wi' them!

Blackwood's Magazine.

Moirá O'Neill.

"A GLANCE AT NIGERIA."

To present an adequate idea of the lower Niger region to any one unacquainted with the climatic conditions and chaotic admixture of races prevalent in Western Africa is a somewhat difficult task. There is little established order, for the customs of one tribe often differ as widely as their language from those of their neighbors in the adjoining swamp, and, in spite of the efforts of Protectorate officials and the hard-worked servants of the Royal Niger Company, still less law. The changes of surroundings are even more striking. In one district it is hard to find a yard of soil which will bear the human foot, and the tribesmen live in rickety huts perched above rotting mud, or sometimes in canoes, among a foul waste of putrefaction beyond the imagination of those who have not seen it. And just outside that belt of dripping mangroves one finds firm dry land crowned by stately palms and cotton-woods, where tall white lilies cover the steamy mould, and a wealth of gorgeous creepers hangs from the great boughs above. Also, there are lake-like river reaches ringed about with giant reeds and beaches of silver sand, and so the pen is utterly at fault, for one spot may appear a terrestrial paradise, and another much more resemble a corner of the lower regions. Of some the free-spoken traders say there is but a sheet of brown paper between that place and hell, while the heat upon the upper side is equal to that below. The writer ventures to quote this because it is a characteristic description met with all along the West African coast.

Still, roughly speaking, British Nigeria may be divided into two portions, the forest wrapped, reeking delta, and

the drier land beyond. The first commences by Lekki lagoon, on the Lagos border, and stretches some three hundred and fifty miles south and east to the Rio del Rey and the German Camaroons. Along this strip of coast dense jungle creeps down to the edge of the surf which eternally sweeps the yellow sand while its spray hangs like white smoke over the river mouths. There are many of these connected by uncounted creeks with one another and the parent waterway, each obstructed also by a thundering bar—the Benin whose dangerous entrance is seldom attempted; Forcados, which serves as a harbor for Lagos a hundred miles away, as well as a general gathering place for West African steamers; the Nun, upon whose mouth Akassa stands; the Brass which oozes past the swamps of the Nimbi cannibals; New Calabar, Bonny, Opobo, and Old Calabar; and last the international boundary, Rio del Rey. There are, of course, others less important commercially, and an endless succession of mangrove-shrouded creeks, many as yet uncharted and to white men unknown.

Among them lie the foulest swamps in the world, millions of acres of rotting mud and mangroves beneath whose twisted roots black slime comes drifting down, though here, too, are dry forests and strips of glaring sand intersected by yellow waterways whose smell is that of an open sewer. The European factories stand beside them, generally some five or six miles inland from the smoking bar, though a few are very much further, and one West African settlement is very much like another. There is the trader's dwelling, a damp-soaked wooden building, roofed with corrugated iron and

perched high aloft on piles, long white-washed oil and salt sheds about it, and a stockade running round, while each foot of land beneath them has been "made," sand being endlessly shovelled in among the roots of the felled mangroves, and the whole pinned together by the driving of heavy piles. A settlement generally consists of four or five of these, with a well-kept Consulate, and barracks for the black constabulary.

After several centuries of European trading they are not numerous, and commencing westwards extend as follows—Benin, just below the once blood-stained city of Ubin; Warri, a day's steam from Forcados river on the edge of a dry forest; and Sapelli behind it on a crystal river, luxuriant with the deceitful beauty of the tropics, for, though this is hard to believe, it is as deadly as any. Next comes Akassa, the Chartered Company's great depot, with its huge store-sheds and machine-shops, on the Nun river. Then there is Brass beside the next tide-waterway, with its hard-worked mission, and cannibal tribes close by; New Calabar; and Bonny, curious misnomer, where, beside the white factories and mission town, a large population, drunken, diseased and savage, dwell in filthy squalor among the mangroves. Here, some years ago, a sable ruler perpetrated a huge fraud on the good missionaries, obtaining heavy subsidies for the laudable purpose of spreading Christianity among his people, and it was evident they needed it. The subsidies were chiefly spent in gin, and more than one white preacher was glad to escape alive; but they have since made progress in Bonny. Next comes Opobo, whose inhabitants were lately notorious for fetiche cruelty. And last, but not least important, Old Calabar. As in the case of the rivers there are others of minor note, but most of them would come under the trader's

rough classification of "forsaken places."

Throughout the whole of this region, and there is no blinking the painful truth, white men die like flies, as they have done from the beginning. Common malaria, dysentery, cholera, the deadly blackwater-fever, jaundice, and even yellow Jack levy heavy tolls on them, and this is not surprising in a land which, for months together, is rolled in steam and swept by deluge, and then lies sweltering under a pitiless sun while foul swamp and muddy river give up their poison. Of course, some men never take fever, but these are not numerous, and sanitary science may do a little, though one cannot drain the vast mudbank delta, and it will probably continue a black man's land. Nevertheless, much merchandise goes in and out, chiefly Hamburg gin, Manchester cotton and Cheshire salt, besides the sundries which appeal to the negro's mind, cast-off uniforms, brass jewelry and the like. It ships many thousand tons of palm-oil, more still of the little black kernels which are afterwards crushed for oil, and some rubber, while this trade resembles that of no other part of the world.

The black merchant takes the piece of cotton, case of gin, or bag of salt, and passes it on inland up leagues of river, or through tangled forest on the slave carrier's head, paying toll by portions to each robber King on the way, until at last the residue vanishes into the little known Soudan. Then he brings down palm-oil, kernels, or rubber, and the rights to the inland markets are sometimes grimly fought over, while white officers are kept busy with armed launch and black soldiers preventing some mutinous potentate murdering the carriers or levying such toll on his river that he closes it to trade. Almost incessantly this arduous work goes on, for there is always trouble somewhere in the bush, which general-

ly ends in the burning of stockades, and sometimes of white officers blundering into a murderous ambush. So the policing of the Niger delta is done at a heavy cost.

The white merchant also suffers grievously carrying on this trade. Heat, steam, rain and fever break his constitution down, and these are occasionally helped by native poisons. Still, and it shows the dogged persistence of the race, the commerce of the British West African colonies goes up by leaps and bounds, and most of the men who dwell there clearly recognizing they are near death treat their daily life as a lottery, and therefore do not hesitate in the matter of personal risk. Perhaps in no part of our dominions have more reckless things been done by handfuls of men than in the Niger Protectorate and the possessions of the Chartered Company. The true stories of some would surpass the feats of heroes of mediæval romance, while there have been few instances of self-sacrificing valor to equal that of the unarmed march to Benin. From what two of those who fell there told him, the writer feels convinced that most of the white leaders recognized that they were going to their death, and yet, in the forlorn hope of maintaining peace, they went, carrying no weapon. But this aspect of life in our dominions abroad must be left to abler hands.

Most of the delta's inhabitants, and those of the region adjacent thereto, the Jakkeries, Sobos, Idzos, Igarras, and other similar tribes, may still be described as—savages. They are traders, all of them, but they are robbers, too, and throughout the coastwise region human sacrifice, cannibalism, and horrible rites of fetiche worship are to-day prevalent. Neither is it flattering to recognize that the nearer one approaches the surf-edge the worse matters become, for nowhere is the contrast greater between a quasi civiliza-

tion and darkest barbarism. Within ten miles from the Government Consulate and white traders' factories, sometimes within one, you may find a fetiche village where the tribesman lives to-day as he did probably a thousand years ago, except that he drinks gin instead of palm wine, and waylays his neighbor with a flintlock gun. The officials do their best, and many perish attempting the impossible, but one sickly Vice-Consul and his score of Yorubas cannot be everywhere, and so, with the exception of a few mission villages and a crop of untrustworthy black clerks, contact with Europeans has so far done little to change the status of the deltaic negro. It is not a pleasant conclusion, but there is no use shirking it.

The history of this region is a varied one. The first comers seem to have been the Portuguese in the middle ages, and traces of their presence are still occasionally found. These sailed in search of the Niger mouth, and never recognized they had found it. When the avenging expedition marched into Old Benin articles of old sculpture were discovered, bearing rude representations of men in steel headpiece and armor, who, so tradition said, dwelt there in forgotten times. And yet, until a few years ago, but four or five Europeans had ever revisited the fetiche city. Four centuries afterwards other white adventurers came, sweltering and dying in their dismantled vessels as they slowly filled the holds, or building rickety factories among the creeks ashore. There they fought with the natives and also among themselves, died by scores of fever or spent their brief lives in wild riot, for many were fierce free-lances from Liverpool and Bristol slavers and privateers. But the trade was steadily growing, and after Lander, in 1830, first proved this was the Niger, there was a sudden influx of higher class British traders. In due

time many rivals combining founded the United Africa Company, which, in 1882, was changed into a still larger corporation, with sufficient English capital to buy, and probably edge, French intruders out, and this, in 1886, received a charter constituting it the Royal Niger Company, with powers of life and death over a great dominion. In 1885 a British Protectorate was established over the region south of the Benue confluence, and between Lagos and the Rio del Rey, and in 1893, after various treaties with France and Germany, this was formulated into the present Niger Coast Protectorate, whose boundaries and those of the Company, with the consent of France, were defined last year.

Now the Royal Niger Company has done much excellent work, keeping order among the tribesmen, exploiting the waterways, and opening up the vast northern region to British influence, and to do this its servants have spared neither blood nor money. Probably a simple relation of many of its officers' doings would not be credited. Also, while the British Government was supinely content to foster trade, or, as a few said, hamper it, with the unhealthy coast, the great Chartered Company was steadily working its way into the hinterland, a healthier region, peopled by intelligent races of Moslem faith. Still, independent traders complained bitterly about the monopoly, for to all practical purposes monopoly it was, and pointed out that this was too vast a district to be handed over to one company, while it was clearly evident to the thoughtful and those who had seen the system at work, that no commercial company, whose aim is after all dividends and not philanthropy, can use the powers of life and death so justly as the Government. Indeed, there were rivals who stated that the murderous raid of Akassa was provoked and partly warranted by high-

handed action on the Company's side, and curious stories have been told about the rough and ready justice administered by its officials. In all this there may have been exaggeration, as there was clearly animus, but when a white trader holds absolute power far up in the bush under some circumstances he is apt to lose his head. In any case, the great Company broke ground very thoroughly, and it was only fair for a time at least it should alone gather the fruit of patient labor, and in the end receive compensation for ceding its possessions to the Government.

And from the schedule submitted, the British Government will, on its consummation, secure a bargain control over a great region, extending roughly ten degrees four-square, at a price, when all is completed, of some £900,000. Also, so far we have only seen the worse side of the picture. It is probable that little of Nigeria is, for Europeans, exactly healthy, but the interior is much better than the coast. Instead of the reeking chaos of mangrove swamps, through part of it the Niger rolls down past park-like scenery, rolling prairie country dotted with groves of trees. In others it pours frothing through rock-walled valleys with sun-scorched peaks hanging over them, and there are great lake-like openings studded with fruitful islands and cultivated banks. Further, as one travels north, the character of the native changes, for there the teaching of Islam has set its usual stamp upon the negro race. Instead of naked devil-worshippers who, though they trade a little, spend most part of their time in blissful idleness or robbing each other, one finds an intelligent people, robbers also sometimes, but obeying a central authority, skilled in many arts and organized in arms. Physically, too, the hinterland negro Moslem is widely different. He may not have the great muscular develop-

ment of the Oil Rivers paddler, but he bears a certain stamp of capacity and mental superiority. It may be mentioned in reference to this matter that the Niger Constabulary, both of Government and Company, who keep order through the delta and bear the brunt of the frontier fighting are composed almost exclusively of Yorubas from the Lagos hinterland, and Haussas of Sokoto.

The eyes of the adventurous have of late been turned longingly towards northern Nigeria, and though even yet a portion of it is but little known, it is generally granted to be a land of promise. Twice in earlier ages it was a power in Africa when the kingdom of Songhay and its neighbor of Bornu made their power felt westwards towards the Gambia and eastwards towards the Nile, when there seems to have been a high degree of civilization prevalent. Then after a lapse of long years Sokoto rose from the wreck of Songhay, and the name of Emir Othman was feared and respected throughout the Western Soudan. Once more Sokoto has fallen from its former glory, but traces of its military prowess and laws remain, and there is more than a prospect that under judicious rule its people may be lifted to a state equaling that of olden days.

It must never be forgotten that these are not negro savages, but men of mixed extraction, with Moorish and Arab blood in their veins, whose forbears, if some records do not lie, did much the same for the land they invaded as their kinsmen in Spain. Even now their caravans travel all over northern Africa, there are powerful merchants whose commerce extends from Fezzan to Guinea, mosques and schools, for, whatever be the faults of the Arab and his relations hitherto, he has done more than any white man to open up the wastes of Africa. It is an old story dealt with many times before,

but the teachings of Islam, even when proclaimed with sword and brand, possess a power of raising the negro from a state of naked savagery, and making him a useful producer, or at least a soldier.

France has clearly recognized this, and her officers have been tirelessly exploiting the hinterland, while our Government, after listening often to deputations of merchants, who greatly desired to make the situation plain, has in this respect, of late years, done mainly nothing. Now the result is apparent. The Gambia, Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast have been cut off from the inland region where alone there is any hope of founding a white man's colony, and save for the foresight of the Chartered Company upper Nigeria might also have fallen into the hands of France. When one hears old stories of Emir's cavalry bodyguards wearing silver corselets and splendidly mounted on desert horses, of one Sultanate ruling a thousand miles of hinterland so well that costly merchandise might be laid anywhere beside the trade roads and no man dare touch it, and others of the kind, even if all are not wholly true there is hope for the restoring of a great province. And again an advancing tide of Islam is rolling south, for the Mallah have already passed Lokoja, while it is not flattering to remember what they have done in the north, and then to contemplate the state of things just outside Bonny town, or to hear what the Brass cannibals, whose haunts lie behind a British Consulate, did when they sacked Akassa.

To give an idea of this region would require a book in itself. Even on its southern borders, moving north along the river, it has many large trading towns, where the native population live, to some degree, in peace and order, but being Company's stations, Abo, Asaba, Onitsha and Lokoja are perhaps

known the best to Europeans, and Lokoja, at the confluence of the Niger and Benue, is the first Moslem town. It holds the gates to much of the Western Soudan. Men of many shades of color and languages throng its streets, from the white and blue clad merchant of the semi-civilized north to the half-naked heathen trader of the deltaic swamps. Also a great military depot has been established there, and in any future troubles along the frontier the name of Lokoja will be prominent. Indigo is largely grown in the upper portions of Nigeria, and a beautiful native cotton cloth dyed with it is spun which commands a higher price than the Manchester product. Wide tracts are cultivated with high skill and method, and many other industries, including leather-work and metal forging, are practised. There is much rubber in it, and also ivory, though the latter sometimes travels south by a circuitous route to the French Gaboon. Besides others of lesser note, there are Kuka, Kano, Sokoto, whose names are known over northern Africa, which, though partly ruinous, still show what they have been, but it may yet be said that few Europeans have much acquaintance with them. One result of a monopoly is, that the holders of it do not encourage their servants to talk freely of the things they have seen. Now, however, when the door may be opened wide to every comer, there will probably be a sudden development of this part of Africa.

The first necessity is the building of light railroads, such as that which is started from Lagos towards the Yoru-

ba country, for the great obstacle in the way of West African commerce is the lack of transport. Every pound of produce that goes in or out is carried on slaves' heads along foot-wide trails, sometimes ambushed by spear-armed marauders, or, at least, only safely passable on the payment of a heavy toll, or very slowly in dug-out canoes down muddy rivers, with the chance that some of the craft will never come out at all. And it would be interesting, even close down to the coast, to figure exactly how many stockades have been blown up and how much blood of white officer and black soldier is poured out every year in the Niger delta to keep these trade-routes open.

There are sanguine traders who compare the northern Sultanates to a new India, while others predict we shall have both hands full before we break the power and check the depredations of every mutinous Emir, and then be saddled with a profitless burden after all. The former at least can point to what this land has been twice before, and they have tangible grounds to hope that with the building of steamers and railways, the maintenance of order, and equal justice, a still greater British Province may be built up upon the ruins of its fallen power.

Many Englishmen, some with full knowledge, and others with but dim glances into futurity, have died working for this, or have dragged out weary lives in sufferings manifold. What the full result of their toil will be no man as yet can say,—that only the future can show. But part, at least, will ere long be made clearly manifest.

Harold Bindloss.

SHEER ENTERTAINMENT.*

"With his legs horizontalized on his lodging-house sofa." This is almost the first quotation in the new part of Volume V. of the "New English Dictionary." It occurs to us that a great many of our readers who are now horizontalizing their legs on rural and seaside sofas could wish for no more entertaining reading than Dr. Murray's great dictionary affords. We are quite serious. Before now we have shown how easily enjoyment may be sucked from its pages. And although the size and make of the parts in which the dictionary is issued do not precisely recommend it for the shingle, or a nest in the heather, yet if entertainingness is the important quality of holiday reading, then you have it here without stint or doubt. Besides which, the work affords to the resting man the spectacle of an industry so colossal that his sense of idle anchorage and of release from the hurly-burly must be deepened as he runs his eye down these wonderful columns, ranging through abstruse philological inquiry to gay quotation and curious analogy.

We have just used the word hurly-burly. It is one of the words dealt with in the present instalment, and its history is curious enough. In all reasonableness it ought to be nothing more than a sort of "initially-varied reduplication" of the word "hurly," meaning a commotion, an uproar. The odd thing is that "hurly-burly" is found in English literature more than half a century earlier than "hurly." Thus "hurly" first starts up in 1596, in "The Taming of the Shrew." Petruchio says:—

Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverent care of
her.*

Whereas "hurly-burly" occurs as early as 1539 and 1545. Hall (1548) writes in his Chronicle: "In this time of insurrection and in the rage of horley-borley." As a verb the word is found in a political ballad of 1678:—

This hurly-burles all the town
Makes Smith and Harris prattle.

Lindley Murray admonished his young grammarians to avoid "low expressions, such as topsy-turvy, hurly-burly, and pell-mell," forgetting, perhaps, that Shakespeare had written:—

When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won,

and not foreseeing that De Quincey, that verbal epicurean, would write six years later: "In the very uttermost hurly-burly of the storm."

In the same column "Hurrah" catches the eye. It is a later substitute for "Huzza." We are told that "hurrah" was the battle-cry of the Prussian soldiers in the War of Liberation (1812-13), from which time it became a cry of exultation, though in practice "hooray" is the word that is shouted. Yet "hurrah" is found in Addison's "Drummer" (1716) as "whurra!" and in "She Stoops to Conquer," some one shouts "Hurree, hurree, bravo!" Earlier than this, "hurrah" was used to denote a cry of joy, but the actual exclamation in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was "Huzza!" Thus, in Farquhar's "Recruiting Officer:" "Huzza then! huzza for the queen and the honor of Shropshire!" "Huzza!" is thought to have been originally a seaman's

* A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. Vol. V.: Horizontality—Hywe. (Clarendon Press. 5s.)

word. In a London Gazette of 1679 we may read: "At his passing over the Bridge the Castle saluted him with . . . three Hussaws, Seamen like," and various early writers connect the word with the sea. Dr. Murray suggests a connection with "helsau!" "hissa!" which were hauling or hoisting cries. One is only surprised that the sibilant in "Huzza" was tolerated so long. In a short-lived allusive sense "huzza" stood for a riotous young fellow and a gallant. Thus Wycherley's Dancing Master says: "We are for the brisk huzzas of seventeen or eighteen." And the party politics of Defoe's time crystallized one of its phases in "huzza-men," men paid to shout "huzza." An entry in a Flying Post of 1715 says: "For scores of huzza-men, £40."

Less jubilant, though not less eager, kinds of shouting are those connected with the word "hue" in hue-and-cry. "Hue" stood alone once. As late as 1779 we read in the Gentleman's Magazine: "As soon as M. Lally appeared, a hue was set up by the whole assembly, hisses, pointing threats and every abusive name." Poor M. Lally! And Drayton wrote:—

Like as a Heard of over-heated Deere
With Hues and Hounds recov'ed
every where.

Dr. Murray says there is some reason to believe that *hue*, as distinct from cry, originally meant inarticulate sound, including that of a horn or trumpet, as well as of the voice. This seems to be borne out by Blackstone, who, in his "Commentaries," says: "An hue . . . and cry, *hutesium et clamor*, is the old common law process of pursuing, with horn and with voice, all felons." And until 1839 the English Police Gazette used the phrase in its sub-title, which still survives in the Police Gazette; or, Hue-and-Cry, published every Tuesday and Friday for Ireland. Dickens often

used the phrase, and every one knows how "six gentlemen upon the road" raised the hue-and-cry against poor Gilpin. In 1734 a critic of the Northern Examiner said he had made "hue-and-cry" all over some unlucky author's book, and found not what he sought. Reviewers might note the phrase.

"Humbug" is an instance of a word which sprang no one knows whence, and has survived by its own vitality. It dates from about 1750, when, in a paper of the time, it was noted:—

There is a word very much in vogue with the people of taste and fashion, which though it has not even the "penumbra" of a meaning, yet makes up the sum total of the wit, sense, and judgment of the aforesaid people of taste and fashion! . . . I will venture to affirm that this Humbug is neither an English word, nor a derivative from any other language. It is indeed a blackguard sound, made use of by most people of distinction! It is a fine make-weight in conversation, and some great men deceive themselves so egregiously as to think they mean something by it!

Three years later in the *Connoisseur*, Earl Orrery wrote: "Single words, indeed, now and then broke forth—such as *odious, horrible, detestable, shocking, Humbug*. The last new-coined expression, which is only to be found in the nonsensical vocabulary, sounds absurd and disagreeable whenever it is pronounced." Evidently the new word hit hard. It was jeered at as belonging only to the pretenders to wit. And for a time the word was used to denote a witticism. Killigrew's *Universal Jester* (1754) contained "a choice collection of . . . bonmots and humbugs," and elsewhere we read of "sprightly humbugs and practical jokes." And in the north, and in Gloucestershire, a humbug was a sweetmeat.

Disraeli wrote in *Coningsby*: "A gov-

ernment of statesmen or of clerks? Of Humbug or of Humdrum?" The words are subtly antithetical, humdrum being always allied to respectability and lack of enterprise. It is doubtful, says Dr. Murray, whether the "drum" has any connection with "hum" except by a very usual reduplicating process. "Humtrum" occurs as early as 1553; but the word begins to be frequent only in the eighteenth century. Its meaning is admirably suggested by Addison in his ninth Spectator: "The *Hum-Drum* Club . . . was made up of very honest Gentlemen, of peaceable Dispositions, that used to sit together, smook their Pipes, and say nothing till Mid-night." As a noun, denoting a dull person, the word occurs in Jonson's "Every Man in His Humour," and Mr. Blackmore says in "Perlycross:" "There are none but hum-drums and jog-trots." "Humdrum" seems to have been suggested by the humming and sleeping of a top, and by low buzzing sounds conducive to slumber. The odd thing is that the same associations of rapid, indistinct sound have caused the word "hum" to carry the opposite sense of activity. Mr. Kipling writes in "Many Inventions:" "The whole country was humming with Dacoits," and in America, and now in England, the significance of the word has been so forced up that to "make things hum" is to make them very lively indeed. Thus a new meaning becomes hostile to an older one. To "hum and ha," to hem and stroke one's beard, is to provoke the antagonist who wants to "make things hum." The question arises, did this intensification of the word hum take place in America? As in so many cases the answer is no! It is but a return to an old English sense. For while "hum" kept its associations of sleepiness and hesitation, or, at the most, a suppressed activity, the participle "humming" quite early detached itself for other duty. Thus, "caught in

a humming lie" occurs in Gayton's "Notes" (1654), and a century later Horace Walpole notes that "*Humming* is a cant word for vast. A person meaning to describe a very large bird, said, 'It was a *Humming Bird*.'" Could there be a quainter instance of the quarrels and divergences of words of the same family? Humming, as applied to liquor, meant effervescing and hence strong, intoxicating. "The wine was humming strong," says Sir Harry Wildair. But here the child had been forestalled by the parent. "Hum" meant strong, or double ale, long before Sir Harry Wildair's days. It is so used in Ben Jonson's "The Devil an Ass," and Cotton writes, in 1670: "The best Cheshire hum e'er drank in his life." Hence, "hum-cap," a cant word for old mellow beer and—possibly—humpty-dumpty in its old meaning of ale boiled with brandy.

A phrase with a curious history is "humble-pie." Why humble pie? Pies are not humble dishes, nor do most people feel humble when they are helped to pie. Eating the leek is quite another matter. We may not all be, like Pistol, "qualmish" at the smell of that wholesome vegetable, but his swallowing it under the blows of Fluellen is a picture which will forever elucidate and consecrate the phrase. The explanation of "humble pie" may still be new to many. "Umbles" are the heart, liver and other inward parts of the deer, and were the huntsman's perquisites. Dr. Brewer says: "When the lord and his household dined, the venison party was served on the dais, but the humbles were made into a pie for the huntsman and his fellows." It seems reasonable, and Dr. Murray suggests that "humble pie" combines the two notions in a jocular way. According to Peacock, in "Maid Marion," Robin Hood helped the sheriff to "numble pie . . . and other dainties of his table," but our impression has always

been that the sheriff received on his platter the choicest cuts, and was made to eat "humble pie" only when his stomach was rejoiced and full.

It is interesting to find that "hush" as a substantive, meaning silence, was rarely used before this century. Dr. Murray suggests that Byron popularized this poetic use of the word. Thus, in "Childe Harold:"—

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk,
yet clear.
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly
seen,

The Academy.

Save darken'd Jura, whose capt
heights appear
Precipitously steep, etc.

Before Byron only two such examples are given, but later there are many. One might ramble on for hours in this well-ordered garden of words, facts, legends and conceits. It is a harvesting of the past that Dr. Murray has undertaken, and not an ear of his gathered corn is empty or useless. But having set out to entertain, it becomes us not to weary. Abruptly, therefore, we horizontalize our pen.

THE FOOLISH DOINGS OF AMY FINCH.

Miss Amy Finch and her new friend, Mrs. Bagnall, sat in the window making the most of the fading daylight. The matron, personally conducted by the spinster (whose local knowledge was naturally of great value), had just purchased at the annual cheap sale two dozen best pocket-handkerchiefs. It was obviously desirable to get them marked at once, and as Amy was justly celebrated for her ornamental letters, and had lately evolved a very prepossessing B, they turned into the spinster's room, and proceeded one to mark, and one to learn.

Tea was presently brought in by Mary, the chubby little maid-of-all-work, and while they sipped the two friends chatted in peace and gratulation. This raid had certainly been very successful. The reductions, Amy was well assured, were no commercial fiction. As recently as the week before last, eightpence halfpenny had been firmly refused for these very handkerchiefs, and the offer came from Kirk-

holm's one lady of title, who naturally expected some concession to her rank. At sevenpence three-farthings, therefore, with full allowance for the stain on one outside (which might be due to Lady Butson's gloves, or fingers) the hankeys were an unusual bargain. Nor had diplomacy denied Miss Finch a personal satisfaction. Even from the emporium door, whither she had advanced, not angry but surprised, Amy had been entreated back. "Compliments from the Fancies," said Cash, "and three-halfpence sha'n't part you." So she had got the Rhine Violets at her own price, though ready, if need must, to give the three-and-three. She had even dropped an empty envelope that she might return to the counter with self-respect, and yield in an afterthought.

The ladies had suffered some extremity from elbows and baskets, and Amy's back was so bad that at the substantial tea that would honor her friend's departure, she meant to fly to potted

meat. In all things, however, there is give and take, and the take had been a right good catch.

They sank into contemplative silence. Suddenly Mrs. Bagnall looked up and said, "Amy, did you ever have an offer?"

"No," Amy answered quite simply, "I never did."

"They say that every woman has had one chance."

"I don't know what became of mine then."

"Some other woman got two, I suppose. Were you ever at all pretty?"

Mrs. Bagnall was certainly a most uncircuitous person. But she asked her blunt questions with a chirpy innocence that almost gave her the immunity of childhood.

"Yes," said Amy, stimulated to unconventional candor; "yes, I think I was."

"Ah," Mrs. Bagnall answered, "there's no telling. One claims, after a certain age, the right to have been a beauty. It's the brevet rank we receive on retiring. Of course," she added, "one need not be pretty to be pleasing. Yours, my dear, is a very *good* face."

That dry and belated crumb of comfort did not content Amy.

"I wish you would believe me," she said; "I tell you I really was."

She rose and opened an old mahogany desk that stood upon the table.

"There now," she said, blushing rather prettily, "judge for yourself," and she placed a photograph in Mrs. Bagnall's hand.

It had been taken in London fifteen years ago, during Amy's historic plunge into the deeps of fashion. An early example of some permanent process, it was quite fresh and unfaded. It represented Amy in a Dolly Varden dress—the livery of a certain splendid bazar.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Bagnall, in hushed surprise. "What owls the men

must have been! You were a lovely child—absolutely lovely."

"I certainly was pretty," Amy answered. "But you know there were troubles. Papa got into difficulties . . . and I had a long illness . . . and they made me wear glasses . . . and . . . it's all fifteen years ago. What with one thing and another—well, you see what happened."

Amy dropped a curtsy and laughed, but her spectacles grew misty all the same. She stooped down and poked the fire.

"My dear," said Mrs. Bagnall, "you are very well as you are. And what, after all, are looks? Good looks do not make good people. We must not look at looks."

At this point the maid fell in with the lamp, and Mrs. Bagnall became conscious of urgent claims at home.

"Come again tomorrow," said Amy, as she kissed her bosom-friend, "and we'll go on with the marking."

The photograph lay upon the table. Amy took it up and looked upon it long. Then, moved by what thought who shall say?—in farewell or in assertion of identity still maintained: in sad surrender or in sadder clinging—Amy brought a pen and on the white border of the picture inscribed her name. Her calligraphy was her greatest accomplishment. It suggested, as calligraphy sometimes does, delicacy and grace, which Amy's voice and presence quite failed to convey. **More often than not** handwriting is a mere misfit, belying all the contours of character. Once in a way it is their very essence and distillation. It expresses the soul as does the tremendous allegory of an Eastern faith the astral body—that body which is a man's veriest self, the fabric of all his deeds and dreams and desires.

Having thus impressed her sign-manual upon the old portrait, Amy put it away, and clearing her mind of cobwebs, took out the potted meat.

The next day when Mrs. Bagnall returned to the charge upon the pocket-handkerchiefs she noticed something unusual in Amy's manner. It was nothing very striking—only a kind of half-abstraction, and, once and again, the hovering of an inward smile.

"Amy," said Mrs. Bagnall, when her friend had lapsed into silence with her needle threatening society in the thickness of an unfinished B, "there is something on your mind. Are you in love?"

Amy started. "What do you mean?" she said, blushing a little.

"Dear me!" exclaimed her friend. "I meant with your own picture; but really, my dear, I shall think it is with somebody else's."

"I was going to ask you a question," Amy said after a short pause, "but I think I sha'n't now."

Mrs. Bagnall applied the expected degree of cajolery, and Amy drew from a drawer a postal wrapper.

"It is mere curiosity," she said, "but should you call this a lady's or gentleman's hand?"

"Oh, a lady's—no, a gentleman's. Really, I could not be sure. It's a very pretty hand, anyhow. Dear me, Amy! how interesting. Would it be discreet to ask how the correspondence began?"

"Oh, it is not a correspondence at all. We arranged an exchange of papers through the 'Bazar.' She—"

"Oh, Amy, don't let the romance ooze away like that."

"Well, then, the person. The person sends me Black and White in return for the Graphic. The only thing that matters is the address. It would be very awkward to write Mrs. H. Austin if it really were a gentleman."

"You must be satisfied with H. Austin."

"But that sounds rude."

"Oh, never mind," said Mrs. Bagnall. "It will goad him on to declare himself."

"Really, Emily," answered Amy, as

she rose and secreted the wrapper, "What things you do say."

"My dear," said Mrs. Bagnall, "I only meant his identity."

From that time forward Miss Finch's *ami inconnu* became a favorite theme of delicate banter.

Messages were intrusted to Amy to be faithfully given when next she was writing to Henry, Hubert, Hugh, or Harold. The postman was made accessory to much circular archness relating to furnishing and to continental tours. Volumes containing respectively "Mr. H." and "The Lang Coortin" were pressed upon Amy's perusal. Altogether she enjoyed quite an Indian summer of matrimonial allusion.

It must not be thought that any vulgar publicity attached to these proceedings. They were esoteric and discriminating, and strictly kept from masculine profanation.

It happened one afternoon, however, that Mrs. Sedgwick, having occasion to despatch her son Augustus to Amy's rooms with a basket of Jerusalem artichokes—a present wherewith she was wont inexpensively to promote the gaiety of her friends—thought it would greatly heighten the humor of a sly innuendo to make the innocent youth her medium. Articled clerks, in Mrs. Sedgwick's view, were exceedingly innocent. Mind you she was not so confident about solicitors.

"Bring back the basket," she said, "and give her my dear love; and I wish she would lend me Byron's enigma on the letter H. Say it begins,

"It was whispered in heaven'."

"It is not Byron's," said Gus, "it is Miss Fanshawe's. But what's the point of the allusion?"

"Goodness!" exclaimed his mother, amazed at the learning and acuteness that she had evoked—"What is the boy talking about?"

"Why, the handle is tied up with

string," said Gus inconsequently; "really mother, I think this mission would be better discharged after nightfall. However, as you please."

With good-natured disgust the lad took up his mother's bounty and departed.

Asked to wait in Amy's room (while the maid threw the artichokes away) Augustus looked round for means of amusement. On the table lay the works of Charles Lamb. He took the book up, and it opened at "Mr. H." "Ah," he thought "H. again. There's a mystery about this. More is meant than meets the—halloa!"

Gus's eye fell upon a postal wrapper whereon the address was hardly dry. It lay upon a Graphic which had been rolled up, and then allowed to uncurl. It was obviously designed for the post. The address, in Amy's beautiful hand, was, "H. Austin, The Nest, Ripon."

"Oh, ho!" said Gus. "This lets the cat out of the bag. Good old Amy. What a lark. The Nest, too! That beats Jerusalem artichokes. Go in and win, Amy, and you'll have the little teapot that's spoiling in mother's box, and live very happy ever—"

Again the lad's meditation was cut off short. Half-hidden under a little lady-like inkstand there lay a photograph.

"The plot thickens," he said, and dragged the thing out.

"Well, I'm shot!" exclaimed Augustus, as he recognized the face. "I never suspected that old Amy had been a beauty in her day. If only I had been twenty years earlier in the field, I should have lost my heart. Where were the men's eyes, I wonder?"

He was just about to return the portrait to its lurking-place when a thought leaped into his brain. Slightly curving the photograph, that it might not resist the rolling that would follow, he slipped it into the heart of the Graphic, and turned away from the

table. Miss Finch, hurrying in a moment later with the empty basket, found him studying intently "The Monarch of the Glen."

"How kind of your mother," said Amy. "But she must not rob herself, you know."

"Oh, don't be afraid," Gus answered. "Mother is very honest in that way. She gave me a message for you, Miss Amy—it was—something about—never mind! you can ask her to-morrow."

And rather red and confused, Gus made for the door.

"Oh dear," said Amy, "he has forgotten the basket. I must take it up this afternoon, I suppose. How queer he was about the message."

Conscience had made a coward of the artied clerk. Any reference to the letter H seemed like confession of the Graphic's secret enclosure.

That evening the young fellow encountered Miss Amy at the post-office. She was forcing into the box a stubborn and protracted roll. As he raised his hat he reddened again, and felt an inward questioning.

"Practical people," he said, "should be kept out of the joke department."

It was almost an epigram, and he made a note of it.

Two days later Amy Finch stepped into Mrs. Bagnall's drawing-room with the look of a woman walking in her sleep.

"Emily," she said, "am I mad? Read this, and tell me."

"Well," said Mrs. Bagnall, when in silence, save for inaudible ejaculations, she had extracted the essence of a four-page letter, "that depends on the answer you mean to give."

"Then it is—it really is—what it seems to be?"

"That again depends. If it seems to be an offer of marriage, there is no doubt it is what it seems. 'Hubert Austin.' You see I was right. Oh, Amy, I am so glad."

"But, Emily, it is so sudden, so strange altogether."

"Why, you poor little thing, you are shaking like a leaf. Sit down here and I'll rub your silly cold hands. Why, I daresay it is not so sudden as you make out. How long have you been writing to one another?"

"We have never written a word except our mutual address—I mean our two addresses. The most that ever we have done has been to mark a passage that we liked."

"All about love, of course."

"You know, Emily, I wouldn't do anything of the kind. I should not have gone so far as I did . . . it was only criticism of books . . . if I had known for certain that it was a man."

"Well, you know now," said Mrs. Bagnall, "and that is enough. Of course you saw the line written across?"

"No," answered Amy. "What does it say?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Bagnall, "nothing of any importance, only, 'I shall arrive tomorrow at 12.30.'"

"Oh, dear, dear," said Amy, with tears in her eyes, "what shall I do?"

"First," said Mrs. Bagnall, "you will take a glass of sherry and a slice of cake. And then you and I will walk back to your house. Why, bless you, if you had only refused them once and twice a day as I used to do in India, you would not worry yourself about an offer."

"Then I suppose I must refuse him, you think?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Bagnall, "we are not in India, and . . . we'll see. Give the poor man a hearing; I tell you, we'll see."

So they went to Amy's room and waited.

The knock came. Then Mrs. Bagnall pressed her friend's hand and withdrew upstairs.

"Mr. Austin," said the maid, with

awful curiosity rounding her eyes, and there stepped into the room a young man of twenty-eight or so. A pleasant-faced fellow, frank and kindly; a gentleman all over.

The room was dark under the brightest conditions, and that was a day of cloud. Amy, sitting at its faintest extremity, was only dimly visible from the doorway.

"Forgive me," said the young man, as, hardly sure of his way, he advanced slowly; "I ought to have prepared you. Say that you forgive me."

He stood, and tossing away his cap, held out his two hands.

Trembling and in silence Amy came to meet him. But there was such generous sweetness in the impulsive face as made her feel that she should not long be afraid. She put her hands into his, and let her eyes fall. Then she felt the hands that held hers close with a convulsive clasp.

She looked up, and fancied that the young man's face had grown a little pale. Then, before she could say anything, before she could even think anything, Austin was pleading his cause, as ardently as the most exacting maiden could desire.

"Amy," he said, "it is not so sudden as it seems. I believe in impulse. Impulse is a pigeon flying home, and reason is a blind man tapping on the pavement in a strange street. But I have not trusted impulse alone."

"Why, what could you know about me?" Amy said.

"Oh, almost everything," he answered. "Your handwriting told me a great deal. I have studied graphology, and a letter is like a living presence to me. As I read it I hear the tones of the voice and see the changes of the face. But your writing, Amy!—It is a perfect revelation of yourself! If you want to keep your secrets you must employ a secretary."

"Do you really think that?" Amy

asked in some alarm. "Not, of course, that I have any secrets."

"Oh you must not take me quite literally. But in soberest truth there is a singularly personal quality in your hand. It has a perfume of its own. It made me think of violets."

"I daresay," Amy remarked. "Rhine violets."

"No, no, it was purely spiritual suggestion. As a matter of fact I hate the smell of violets—you might as well put mud upon your handkerchief."

"Oh dear," said Amy, "I got a new bottle to-day!"

"Why do you say 'Oh dear?' From this time forth you will not smell of violets, but violets will smell of you."

"I don't like compliments," said Amy, unsuspicious of a plagiarism from Her-
rick.

"When the truth is a compliment you must learn to bear it. But, Amy, it was not only your writing that made me love you. You talked to me in little crosses with blue pencil. I never knew such judgment as yours. You drink the spirit of a book like wine."

"I never drink wine," said Amy. "All our family were abstainers."

"Yes, yes," Austin answered; "but that is not the point now. You are the very pope of critics, and infallible whether you speak from chair or sofa. That made me love you, Amy—your amazing literary instinct—for good books are my life-blood. I want to write a good book myself. You will help me, won't you?"

"Oh dear," said Amy, "I am very slow and dreadfully shallow."

"It is at your slow and shallow feet—"

"Oh, my feet are well enough," said Amy.

"Yes, yes; but figuratively. Let me sit at the feet of a good woman while the critics snarl and wrangle. I believe in the wisdom of the pure heart."

"I think you are very impulsive," Amy said, after a momentary pause.

"Did I not begin by confessing that? But I have shown you that I am calculating, too."

"I think . . . if I were to . . . you would be sorry by-and-by . . . I have no money, except . . ."

"Money! If I had been a fortune-hunter do you suppose I should have made no inquiry?"

"I only wanted you to know how things are. And then I am older than you—a great deal older, I should think." Amy hesitated for a moment, and then went on with a little gulp of difficult resolution. "My birthday will be on Tuesday, and I shall be—"

"Don't tell me," Austin broke in, "I won't hear;" his fingers went up to his ears—"positively and absolutely I won't. Amy, your present shall be the engagement-ring."

"Nonsense," said Amy, "I will save you from your own rashness. Besides I shall want a long time to think."

Yet on Tuesday the ring came—and stayed. For the two young people had met many times, and Mrs. Bagnall and Mrs. Sedgwick, having made searching inquiry, both of the lover himself, and also of lawyers, bankers, and a clergyman or two, had with one voice delivered their judgment.

"Amy," this emphatic pronouncement ran, "if you don't say 'Yes,' an asylum is your place."

So the engagement was announced, and Kirkholm almost lost its head. Never since Carry Whitworth "went off" with that disreputable reporter had there been such talk. Excitement and tea ran high. Scones and wigs and apple-cake, pairs of fowls and ham with pink frills, made the hospitable tables groan—possibly also one of the guests.

But, groaning or gay, Mr. Austin made an excellent impression. He gave himself no airs, professed his devotion

to wigs, admired the neighboring scenery, and was exactly enough in love.

During this period the behavior of Gus Sedgwick excited some remark; not a great deal, for Mr. Austin and Amy Finch were as much as most people could manage. His mother, however, and Mrs. Whitworth observed and denounced him. He sat where he could watch the affianced pair, and chuckled. Now, as his affectionate friends justly remarked, that was not the way for a young man to behave.

In a month the festivities were over, and life paled down to its cold and normal gray. The tables lost their rosy frills: Mr. Austin was back at Ripon. Mrs. Whitworth had neuralgia.

But Amy! Oh, it was worth one's while to look at Amy. Her month of life had been put back. If this was not April come again, surely it was a time almost as fair, and tenderer and sweeter. The record of the pinching years seemed half erased. The hard and prim little lines softened into gracious curves. Her hair, always rich and beautiful, caught a ripple and a gleam. Her light-gray eyes grew dark and full of dreams. Her very figure ripened.

Gus Sedgwick ceased to chuckle. He gazed at Amy still, but he gazed in a kind of awe. So might the conjurer gaze from whose apparatus of deceit had sprung in very deed a gracious miracle. During Austin's stay, this singular change in Amy had been less obvious. Perhaps excitement overlaid it. Perhaps it needed time to strike its roots into the heart before it blossomed in the lips and eyes. Looking at Amy now, many a portly bachelor fluttered his watch-chain with a sigh, and said, "How blind I must have been!"

So time went on and there was talk about the wedding—not as an event urgent and imminent, but as of something that was surely stealing on. Already Mrs. Sedgwick's tea-pot had ar-

rived, thoroughly scoured, not to say scratched, and bearing this inscription: "Humble, I know, dearest Amy, but let me be the *first*."

It was in the late spring, when the engagement was about six months old, that Austin came to pay his second visit. Possibly he came to make arrangements for the great event. At any rate Mrs. Whitwell leaped to that conclusion and a lacquered card-tray. Perhaps one should say *the* lacquered card-tray, for it was a well-known feature of Kirkholm commerce. Amy had asked its price at three successive sales, and had really meant to buy it when it had come down another rung or two.

One day Amy, instigated by Mrs. Bagnall, gave her lover a little dinner. That friend was the only other guest, but still anxieties were deep and pitfalls many. There was the cracked soup-plate, and there was the landlady's temper, and there were Mary's thumbs. But all these difficulties were negotiated or surmounted. It really was going to be a very nice little dinner. Mrs. Lewthwaite (so was the landlady named) had come out with unexpected gusto. The dining-room, which she had generously lent, did exceedingly well. Mr. Lewthwaite's slippers were not obvious, and when it was certain that his lady would not be looking in again, Amy would run up and whip away the white embroidery antimacassars.

* * * * *

It was done. All was perfect, except the smell of baked plates.

* * * * *

It was over. Nothing could have been better. If Mary *had* nudged to call attention to things that she was handling, that was an hospitable weakness.

Austin had been left to the enjoyment of the claret over a cigarette.

"Yes, and he did enjoy it, too," said Mrs. Bagnall, who had presented the

wine and the salmon. "It was good, though I say it."

So there was a delightful flutter of congratulation while Amy began to think about the tea.

Suddenly she remembered something. Hubert had asked her to sew a button on his glove: the glove would be in his coat pocket: she would get the thing done ready for his return.

With a strange sense of daring intimacy, Amy felt about in the many-pocketed masculine garment. Pockets, pockets everywhere, yet not a glove to . . . Yes; here it was. No! another cigarette-case—or might it be a receptacle for gloves? There seemed to be no other possible lurking-place. She took the slender case into her hands, and glanced within its compartments.

A photograph. Well, she was not jealous; but whose picture did he carry about?

Not hers anyhow, for Hubert had never wished to have it taken.

She must look.

Guiltily, yet not without a sort of inward justification, Amy took the photograph out and held it up to the hissing hall-light.

It was her own picture—that picture which, seven months ago, had so mysteriously disappeared.

How on earth had it come into Hubert's possession?

At first Amy's mind had room for nothing but that wonder.

Then the beauty of her own face mastered her, filling her with memories and wistful dreams.

And then—swift and sure as a shaft of light—the truth smote into her heart.

Some one had sent Austin her picture, and he had fallen in love with that. And when, for the first time, he saw her living face, desecrated by the trampling feet of fifteen pitiless years, he had felt the keenest stab of disappointment. That momentary falling of his countenance and that swift recov-

ery had told all the story. A very tragic comedy had been acted within two beats of the heart.

How gallantly, how chivalrously, he had behaved! Amy loved him better than she had ever loved him yet, now that it was borne in upon her heart that Hubert did not love *her*. How plainly the road which had been traversed with undistinguishing eyes unrolled itself before her now! In that cocoon of self-beguilements, whereby Hubert, intent at first on cheating only her, had finally all but cheated himself, she saw the spinning of every thread. When he looked upon the faded original of the picture, he had felt with instinctive nobility that one thing must be done. The ill-fruit of his romantic folly must be gathered by him alone. The woman must not eat of its bitter ashes.

Never to tell her; not to let her know.

That line from Hubert's beloved Enoch Arden, upon which his voice always seemed to tremble and break, rose naturally in Amy's mind.

He was so completely saturated with Tennyson, that his resolution, Amy thought, might have shaped itself to that piteous refrain.

Sometimes the rôle had been difficult acting; sometimes he had lost himself in his part; but he had never loved her. Well, the last lines would soon be spoken, and the lights put out.

"Oh," thought poor, desolated Amy, "if for one hour he had loved me I could have borne it better. But the girl whom he loved was dead long ago. I was only her ghost. When he wanted to be fond of me, he had to read the picture into my face."

"Amy," came a voice from the stairs, "what on earth are you about? Mr. Austin and I are abusing one another like pickpockets; come and make peace . . . and tea."

"All right," Amy answered. "I had to

do something." She replaced the picture and the case. Then she moistened her lips and hummed a little tune, and ran lightly upstairs.

Act? Why, if it came to that, women could act as well as men. Better perhaps; God help them!—they had more practice.

"Amy," said Mrs. Bagnall, "we are quarrelling over Enoch Arden. Was he a hero or a fool?"

"Both," said Amy; "good men always are."

"Dear me!" remarked Mrs. Bagnall, "how epigrammatic some folks are! Let us run downstairs, Mr. Austin, and come back clever."

All through that sleepless night, salt with tears, acrid with humiliation, Amy groped her way toward a resolution. It was not the resolution to give her "lover" up, for that had been taken on the instant of discovery.

The mode of emancipation was the difficulty; for her slave would most certainly refuse his freedom. All his chivalry and all his self-delusion would urge him to make jewels of his chains.

"Never to tell him; not to let him know." Enoch Arden's resolution was capable of feminine adoption. She must save Hubert from the teeth of that remorse which would prey upon the knowledge of her knowledge.

But how was the thing to be done?

Happily—for to Amy's direct and unimaginative nature the burden of duplicity was heavy to bear—Austin was leaving Kirkholm the next day. To send him away without decisive settlement of the wedding-time was natural enough.

In that matter, to be indefinite is to be maidenly.

During the hours of their last evening she did not betray herself. Pale-ness and a few tears became the occasion well enough. When next day Amy waved from the platform, her lover

never divined what gave the fluttering handkerchief its little touch of tragedy.

As soon as the sharpest need for deception was over, Amy's part was poorly played. At first her friends believed that Hubert's departure might well account for the pale cheeks and swollen lids. But very quickly it became evident that something had gone wrong.

Good little Mrs. Bagnall burrowed gallantly towards the core of the mystery, but, somehow or other, always missed the way. There had been no quarrel; the engagement held, and Amy was only a little worried; and Mrs. Bagnall could not help her—save by leaving her alone. But Gus Sedgwick, as often as the chance occurred, stared at Amy. He did not chuckle, but often whistled between his teeth—a meditative whistle.

One day, a month after Austin's departure, Augustus poured into a basket a quart of gooseberries, designed for the morrow's tart at home, and slipped out by the back-door. The basket, he hoped, would give him the *entrée* of Amy's room, and there was something that he must say to her.

His plan succeeded. Amy came in looking so white and fragile, so weary and old, that Gus's heart bled for her. "I am so much obliged," she said, holding out her hand, and calling up the ready piteous smile. "What beautiful—"

"Hang the gooseberries," interrupted Gus. "Miss Amy, I can't bear to see you like that. I once thought I had done such a mighty clever thing, and now—I wish I'd cut my hand off first."

"Oh Gus," said poor Amy, forgetting her own trouble for a moment at the sight of the lad's distress, "you have not been betting again?"

"No," said Gus, "didn't I promise? Oh, Miss Amy, it was I who shoved it in. Just for a lark, you know, in the 'Mr. H.' days."

"Shoved what?" asked Amy, too much puzzled to reject the vulgar word.

"Why, the picture, Miss Amy—the confounded—I mean the beautiful picture."

"Oh, Gus," said Amy, pressing her hands together, "was it you? I think I must sit down for one moment. I don't feel quite well."

In a moment Gus was on his knees at her feet.

"Miss Amy," he blurted out, with many sniffs and gulps, "I know all about it. You've had a regular bust-up, and he has chucked you, and it is breaking your heart."

"No, no," said Amy, "you are quite wrong."

"Bosh," answered Gus: "you don't gammon me. It's just killing you; why, your hand"—he caught it in his own—"is like an egg-shell. Well, look here; as soon as I've got money for the fare, I'll go to Ripon and horsewhip the beastly sweep. I will, I swear I will; so that's settled. And now, Amy, this is what matters most. Don't you cry. There are other fellows besides him. Amy—I don't mind a bit: upon my word, I don't—I'll marry you."

For the first time during many days Amy's eyes brightened with a smile. Forgetting her propriety, she laid her hand on Gus's hair.

"Thank you, Gus," she said; "you are a dear good boy."

"I suppose you'll like it to be soon?" he asked stoutly, if a little ruefully.

The Leisure Hour.

"Well, no," she answered; "I am deeply grateful, Gus, but I think I cannot—"

Her speech broke off. The merri-ment in her eyes changed into resolution.

"Gus," she said, "I accept your offer—"

"All right," said Gus, buttoning up his coat. "Upon my word, I don't mind."

"So far as this. I will be engaged to you for one week."

"What's the good of that?" said Gus. "Blest if I understand."

"Don't try," said Amy. "But, believe me, you will render me a great service."

Suddenly a keen look flashed out of the lad's eyes.

"You are going to humbug Austin," he said. "It is you who want to break it off."

"Yes," she said solemnly, "I want to break it off."

"Why, Miss Amy?" he asked, moved by her manner. "Tell me why."

"Because I love him, Gus; because I love him."

"Don't tell me any more," said Gus, reddening and turning away.

Then he advanced to Amy with a soft brightness in his eyes.

"Not because of our week's engagement," he said, "but . . . for other reasons . . . will you give me one kiss?"

Amy threw her arms around him, and cried as though her heart would break.

Frederick Langbridge.

THE ALCALDE WHO WAS A CHARCOAL-BURNER.*

I.

Another day I will narrate the tragic events that preceded the entrance of

the French into the Moorish town of Guadix, in order that it may be seen how its infuriated inhabitants maltreated and killed the mayor, Don Francisco Trujillo, who had been accused of not having dared to go out to face the

*Translated for *The Eclectic Magazine* by Jean Raymond Bidwell.

French army with his three hundred countrymen, armed with guns, swords, knives and slings.

To-day, with no other purpose than to indicate the state in which affairs were when the heroic episode, to which I am about to refer occurred, I will say that his Excellency, the *Señor Conde* Don Sebastiani, as the traitors called him, was Captain General of Grenada. The governor of the district of Guadix was General Godinot, successor to the Colonel of Dragoons, Monsieur Corbineau, who had the glory of occupying the city on the 16th of February, 1810.

Two months had passed since that detested date and Napoleon's troops continued to maintain good order in Guadix, and that town, famous for revolt and guerilla warfare, was already as quiet as a pool of oil. One scarcely even saw a good patriot hanging from the balcony of the town hall. The populace began to jabber French, and even the children knew how to say "didon" in speaking of the conquerors, which was a clear indication that the assimilation of the Spanish and French had made great progress. This led the dwellers beyond the Pyrenees to hope for a speedy union of the two countries. Already the grandmothers danced (the grandmothers of the grandsons of traitors, not mine, thank heaven!) they danced, I say with the conquering officers of Marengo, Austerlitz and Wagram, and it is said that some idle beauty had even looked with kindly eyes at this or that grenadier, dragoon or hussar born in distant lands.

All public documents of the reign of Fernando VII. had the following note added, "Preserved for the reign of our king, Señor Don José Napoleon I." Those sons of Voltaire and Rousseau deigned to hear mass on Sundays and feast days, although the generals and superior officers listened, like atheists of the highest rank, lolling upon the

chairs in the chancel and smoking huge pipes. The friars of San Agustin, San Diego, Santo Domingo and San Francisco had consumed all the sacred Host and had been driven from their convents in order that the latter might serve as quarters for the Gauls. In fact, all was peace, official joy and enthusiasm, under penalty of death, in the old court of those enemies of Christ, who reigned in Guadix by the grace of Allah and his prophet Mahomet.

II.

Under these circumstances, the butcher of Guadix was obliged to close his doors because there were no more beasts to kill. The cows, oxen, calves, sheep, lambs and goats,—in fact, all the live stock of the territory had been devoured by those foreigners, besides all the hams, turkeys, chickens, fowls, pigeons and tame rabbits of the city, for no one had ever before seen human beings eat so much.

The country people, always frugal, kept on eating vegetables, raw, boiled or fried. But the conquerors needed meat—fresh meat, a good deal of it and that right soon.

In this dilemma, the French general remembered that the district of Guadix was made up of numerous towns, and that the greatest part of them were as yet unsubdued.

"It is necessary," he said to his troops, "that the protection of the Empire be extended throughout the country. March into all the cities, villages and farms under my command. Take them the good news of the arrival of Don José I. upon the throne of San Fernando. Take possession of them in his name, and bring me, upon your return, all the live stock that you find in their corrals and sheepfolds. Long live the Emperor!"

In obedience to this order, there

marched ten or twelve columns of two hundred men each, in the direction of the Marquisate of Zenet, towards Gor, Los Montes and the towns situated upon the northern slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Among the latter—and here we have the episode to which I referred when I took up my pen to-day,—nestling at the foot of the lofty snowy Mulhacem, lay the very old town of Lapeza, famed twenty leagues around for the indomitable character of its inhabitants, their Arabic appearance and half savage customs. It was celebrated in the Moorish wars, and its half ruined castle still brings to mind the name of its valiant governor, Bernadino de Villalta, a worthy adversary of the followers of Aben-Humeya.

It was the 15th of April in the year 1810. The town of Lapeza presented a strange appearance on that day: an appearance both ridiculous and grotesque, and yet capable of inspiring admiration and terror. Every approach to the town was shut off by a barricade of the trunks of oaks and other gigantic trees that the entire population had brought down from the neighboring hills; and with them they had made barricades not easily surmounted. As the greater part of the neighborhood was composed of charcoal-burners, and the remainder of wood-choppers and shepherds, this work was accomplished with an intelligence and celerity truly astonishing.

This stout wall of wood formed a kind of tower across the road leading from Gaudix, on the outskirts of the town. Upon this tower the people of Lapeza had placed a formidable cannon, constructed by themselves from a huge trunk of oak which had been hollowed out by fire, bound with strong ropes and doubled wire. It was loaded to the muzzle with pounds of powder, a great number of bullets, stones, pieces of old iron and other projectiles of that sort. There were gathered here

all the available arms of the village, consisting of a dozen muskets, more than twenty blunderbusses, a knife, dagger or razor for each person, three or four dozen wood axes, huge piles of good-sized stones, and a veritable forest of cudgels and heavy-knobbed sticks.

As to the garrison, all contemporaries agree that there were about two hundred men. They could be called men only by excess of courtesy, because they seemed more like orang-outangs. Among the foremost in rank, deserving special mention, and one who gives an exact idea of the others, was the General of the Army, the Governor and the Alcalde of Lapeza, Manuel Atienza. Long may he rest in glory! He was highest in authority in the town, a man between forty-five and fifty years of age, tall as a cypress, raw-boned or gnarled (that is the true word) as an ash tree, and as strong as an oak. To tell the truth, his long employment as a charcoal-burner had so burned and blackened him that he looked more like an oak turned to charcoal. His finger-nails were like flint, his teeth like mahogany and his hands of bronze. His hair, disordered and filled with straw, was like undressed hemp both in quality and color. He had the neck of a wild boar. His breast, exposed by the unbuttoned shirt from shoulder to shoulder, seemed covered with horse-hide that had become wrinkled and hardened over the red-hot coals, and the bristly hair on his chest, and his heavy eyebrows as well, had been scorched and singed. This was because the Señor Alcalde was a charcoal-burner or a farmer of the hills, as they called themselves, and had spent all his life in the midst of a fire, like the souls in Purgatory.

With respect to Manuel Atienza's eyes, no one could deny that he saw, but no one would have dared to assert that he had ever looked one in the face.

With intelligent ignorance added to a monkey-like malice and the caution of a man advanced in years, he never permitted himself to gaze at his interlocutors, lest they discover the limitations of his knowledge. If his glance was held for a moment, it was so vague, so mistrustful, that it seemed as if those pupils gazed inward, or as if the man must have eyes behind his ears like the lizards. His mouth was like that of an old mastiff. His forehead disappeared under the encroachments of his hair, and his face shone like tanned leather. His voice, hoarse as the report of a blunderbuss, had certain harsh, brusque notes like the blows of the axe upon wood.

His dress was like that of the better class in those towns, and consisted of rude leather sandals, woollen stockings, short breeches and jacket of coarse dark cloth, a blue satin vest embroidered with yellow, a cartridge belt instead of a sash, and an enormous hat with a plush-covered brim. I will here add that his alcalde's staff was as high as his shoulder, and two black tassels, as big as oranges, testified that he was a man of authority. Such was the Alcalde of Lapeza, and all subordinates were under his rule. If you think the description exaggerated, remember that the race of *Lapezeños* has not degenerated with years. Go there, and you will be astounded as I was, that in Spain, in the middle of the 19th century, there should exist the wonders of Southern Africa.

III.

The work of fortification was finished and the arms distributed. Atienza had sent Jacinto, the constable, to his house for a very old drum that was used in processions and when proclamations were made.

"Fall in," shouted Sindico, a man well skilled in the art of warfare, as

he had served Carlos IV. in a company of huntsmen. The two hundred *Lapezeños* formed in line in front of the town hall.

Atienza grasped a large old sword with long cross-bars, thrust a pistol into his belt, and took his Alcalde's rod in his left hand like a marshal of France. Followed by his staff, composed of the town crier, the constable and the notary public, he reviewed his formidable hosts, who presented arms and then tossed their caps in the air.

"Long live the Señor Alcalde!" shouted those future heroes, to which Atienza replied: "It doesn't matter about the Alcalde. Long live God and Lapeza! Long live the Spanish independence!"

Having exchanged this warlike salute, his Excellency ordered Jacinto to play a quickstep, then he called the town crier to him, who repeated, very slowly, one by one, the words of the commander, the following proclamation—not written—

"Through the report of Uncle Piorno it has been learned that the enemy of the country is coming to-day to Lapeza to attack us and steal our possessions, but we, with the blessing of the priest and by the help of our patron saint, the Virgin of the Rosary, are going to defend ourselves like good Spaniards, and to show the town of Gaudix that if it has surrendered to the French, the men of Lapeza know how to die as the soldiers of Madrid died on the second of May, or to conquer as the soldiers of Ballen conquered two years ago, and therefore, the Alcalde wishes these men to know that he who does not die defending his honor will be declared an unworthy Spaniard—a traitor to his country—and he shall die as he deserves, hanged to an oak on the hillside."

"In testimony thereof, not knowing how to write, his Honor makes the usual cross, which the Notary will cer-

tify. Long live God! Long live the Virgin! Long live Fernando VII.! Death to Pepe Botellas! Death to the French! Death to Godinot! Death to the traitors!"

This warlike proclamation produced an extraordinary effect upon the men of Lapeza. Manuel Atienza made the cross with his fingers and kissed it. The secretary nodded his head. The town crier complimented the Alcalde upon his extemporaneous discourse. Jacinto again beat the drum, and shouts, dancing and patriotic hymns ended the almost comic prologue of a veritable tragedy.

"Each one to his place!" exclaimed Sindico. Some of the men climbed upon the wooden fortress, others guarded the cannon, which was provided with a long fuse. The shepherds, more dexterous in the management of the sling, climbed the Moorish castle. The gunners started out boldly on the Gaudix road, while the Alcalde stationed himself upon a height that overlooked the future battlefield. Jacinto was by his side, so that by a quick beat on the drum, he might give the signal to fire.

In the meantime, the priest once more blessed and absolved his courageous parishioners, and then with the aid of the sacristan and gravedigger, he set about preparing bandages, holy oil and litters for the succor of the wounded and dying.

Nearly all the women were praying in the churches. As for the children, it had been arranged that morning to send all to the top of the Sierra Nevada, so that their lives would not be in danger, and that they might serve, in future years, to repel another foreign invasion.

At three o'clock a cloud of dust betrayed to the *Lapezeños* the proximity of the enemy. Shortly after came a few shots from the vanguard. The *Lapezeños* jumped with enthusiasm, and, at the same time, by the final or-

der of the Señor Alcalde, they raised two or three flags, made of black kerchiefs, upon the old Moorish castle and the oak parapet.

The bells rang loudly, the old women began to scream and the boys to whistle. Stones were thrown and musket shots were heard in the road. A moment later the men fell back towards the town, reloading their guns. The first helmets and bayonets of the invading force glittered within range of the blunderbusses.

"How many are coming?" asked Manuel Atienza of one of his men.

"There are two hundred," he responded.

"We have equal forces," exclaimed the charcoal-burner, with disdainful arrogance, regardless of the fact that two hundred poorly armed countrymen did not mean the same thing as two hundred veterans, skilled in warfare and provided with excellent arms.

"But they have cavalry," said a second gunner.

"I repeat we are equal," said Manuel Atienza. "Now, Jacinto, beat your drum. Spain! and at them! Long live the Virgin!"

Jacinto gave the desired signal, and a shower of stones and bullets fell upon the Frenchmen.

A moment later they returned fire, killing five *Lapezeños*.

"Stop firing!" shouted the Alcalde. "They are still far off. Let them come nearer. You know the cannon is kept for the last resort. Don't touch the fuse until I wave my hat. You, ladies, be quiet and take care of the wounded."

"They are coming again!"

"It's nothing—they are quiet."

"They are aiming."

"Lie down, everybody!"

A second discharge was fired against the oak trunks, and the French advanced within twenty paces of the opposing forces. The foot soldiers fell

back on each side of the road, leaving the cavalry to pass on.

"Fire!" exclaimed the Alcalde in a voice of thunder, as he waved his hat. He was exposed to the greatest danger.

Then what happened was horrible, inexpressible! Frenchmen and Spaniards fired at the same time, strewing the ground with corpses. The cavalry took advantage of this moment to approach the foot of the fortress, doubtless thinking they could easily destroy it.

Hundreds of stones were hurled down upon horses and riders, who began, on their part, to fight desperately. In the midst of that tumult and whirlwind of confusion, came the tremendous roar of the fearful cannonade, bringing death to besiegers and besieged. It seems that the cannon had burst as it was fired, and the oak trunk, rent in fragments, scattered the shot in all directions, in front, behind and on both sides. The explosion of so much powder had displaced the tree trunks upon which the cannon rested. These trunks fell and crushed Spaniards and Frenchmen together. There was a chaos of smoke, powder, groans, lamentations, shouts, flames and blood. There were dismembered corpses whose limbs were blown through the air and fell to earth with the balls, stones and other projectiles. Struggling, kicking horses tried to escape. The men of Lapeza who were still on foot, struck blindly at friends or foes with their daggers, while from above came showers of bullets and stones. It was as if the end of the world had come.

In the midst of this tempest, in this Inferno, while the French cornet played the retreat, and the drum of Lapeza beat the general call to arms, the invincible Alcalde, the unconquerable Atienza could be heard shouting frantically: "Give it to them, boys! Don't leave one! There can't be many left now!"

That was true enough, but it was also true that there were fewer Spaniards. The oak cannon had destroyed more Spaniards than Frenchmen, nevertheless, as the latter were ignorant of the means of defence that those "demons" still had in reserve, and were also ignorant of their number, besides being terrified by them, they thought only of saving themselves and beat a hasty retreat. The cavalry was mixed with the infantry—all was disorder. The soldiers, heedless of their officers' commands, attempted a retreat that greatly resembled a flight. They were pursued by those shepherds who still had ammunition for their slings and the gunners who possessed cartridges.

The conquerors of Egypt, Italy and Germany entered Gaudix that night at eight o'clock, having left one hundred comrades in Lapeza and on the road. They were wounded by stones and bullets, blackened by powder and covered with blood and sweat. That day an inferior force of shepherds and charcoal-burners had beaten them.

IV.

A fearful epilogue followed the drama to which we have just referred.

Imagine the surprise and wrath of General Godinot when he learned what had happened in Lapeza.

"I shall not leave one stone upon another!" exclaimed the revengeful Gaul.

Four days later, two thousand, four hundred men started for Atienza's town under the command of a general, and with provisions and ammunition enough to besiege a fortified town.

That large army came in sight of Lapeza at nine o'clock in the morning. No one was to be seen in the road, not a shot was fired, not a stone thrown. All was silence and solitude in the deserted city. The fortress of old trunks had not been rebuilt, and the church bells gave no signal of the enemy's ap-

proach. Thus the infuriated invaders entered the town. It may have seemed to them a sort of prophecy. Lapeza was not more deserted than was Moscow when entered by Napoleon the Great.

Even the wolves, surfeited with plunder, had returned to their lairs in the hills. Only a few women, who had come down that day to their abandoned homes in search of food, were found in the church where they had sought shelter, believing that the illustrious conquerors would respect the sanctuary.

But, no! Instead of strong men to conquer, the fortune of war had given them virtuous wives and innocent maidens to scoff at and maltreat. Let us not dwell on those infamies, so many times repeated by the European conquerors during their rule in Spain. Malediction upon those who added crime to victory!

Pleased and satisfied with themselves, these heroes were returning to Gaudix, carrying with them as their only prisoners a feeble old man, whom they had found in a hut, and a young boy who was attending him. Suddenly, there rushed down the mountain-side, like a precipitous torrent, the infuriated fathers, brothers and lovers, who had just learned, from an escaping fugitive, of the horrors committed.

Then began a tremendous conflict between the hundred men still under Atienza's orders and the twenty-four hundred French soldiers. Having made the challenge and started the fight, the men of Lapeza began to beat a retreat, hoping that the enemy would follow them into the dense forests of the mountain.

The Frenchmen were imprudent enough to fall into the trap, and, although it is true that their terrible arms almost annihilated that handful of men, they paid for each life with ten of their own men.

The crags, the ravines and woods were strewn with French corpses. It was one of those skirmishes of the French army of which little is really known, and where the losses were not counted in the list of great battles, but which gave, at the end of the war of Independence, the enormous total of half a million imperial soldiers lost or dead in our peninsula.

Let us finish. Atienza, the invincible charcoal-burner, who had fought two battles in four days with Bonaparte's troops, stood on a high cliff surrounded by the French. He was lost! He loaded his blunderbuss with the last bullet. His head was bandaged, and he was covered with blood from a recent wound in the chest, but he still wore his judicial staff thrust through his belt like a muleteer. He responded to the suggestions of the French that he should surrender with outbursts of savage laughter that echoed far over the mountains. Bullets whistled around him, but he dodged them, jumping from one side to the other, leaping up, crouching down. Agile, swift, elastic as a tiger in his ceaseless movements, he inspired terror in his resistance as well as in his attack. He had fired his last shot when a ball struck him in the abdomen. A deep groan escaped his lips. He knew he was about to die. He threw away his blunderbuss, not without a look of anger at its uselessness, drew the long staff from his belt and said to a French colonel, who was urging him, in very bad Spanish, to surrender: "I will not surrender! I am the town of Lapeza. I will die rather than yield it!"

Breaking his staff, he tossed the pieces into the Frenchmen's faces. Then he threw himself backward and was dashed against the rocks of a deep ravine.

The enemy never obtained possession of his body.

Pedro Antonio de Alarcón.

THE FLIGHT OF THE JUNGLE-FOLK.

Kreting, the old Sakai slave-woman, first told me this story, as I sat by her side on the banks of the Perak River, and watched her deft management of her long native fishing-rod, and listened to her guttural grunts of satisfaction when she succeeded in landing anything that weighed more than half an ounce. The Malays called her Kreting (woolly-head) in derision, because her hair was not so sleek and smooth as that of their own women-folk, and that was the only name by which she had been called for well-nigh half a century. When I knew her she was repulsively ugly, lean and bent with years and many burdens, with a loose skin that hung in pouches of dirty wrinkles, and a shock of grizzled hair which, as the village children were wont to cry after her, resembled the nest of a squirrel. Even then, after many years of captivity, she spoke Malay with a strong Sakai accent, splitting each word up into the individual syllables of which it was composed; and even when she told the history of her life's tragedy, she was far from fluent or eloquent. By dint of making her tell me the story over and over again, however, by asking countless questions, by fitting what she said and what she hinted on to my own knowledge of her fellow-tribesmen and their surroundings, I contrived to piece her tale together into something like a connected whole. For the rest the Sakai people of the upper Plus, into whose country duty often took me in those days, told me their version of the facts, not once but many times, as is the manner of natives. Therefore, I think it probable that in what follows I have not strayed far from the truth.

among the little straying spurs of rising ground, which wander off from the mountains of the main range, and straggle out into the valleys on either hand. In front of the camp a tiny nameless stream tumbled its hurried waters down the slope of the plain below. Across the slender rivulet, and on every side as far as the straitened eye could see, there rose forest, nothing but forest, crowding groups of giant trees, underwood twenty feet in height, a tangled network of vines and creepers, the whole as impenetrable as a quick-set hedge. It had been raining heavily earlier in the day, and now that evening was closing in, each branch and twig and leaf dripped slow drops of moisture persistently with a melancholy sound, as of Nature weeping furtively. The fires of the camp smouldering sullenly above the damp fuel, crackled and hissed their discontent, sending wreaths of thick blue smoke curling upwards into the still air in such dense volumes that the scarlet of the flames was hardly visible even in the gloom of gathering night. In the heavens, seen overhead through the interlacing boughs, the sunlight still lingered, but the sky looked wan and woe-begone, pale and sickly.

There were a score and a half of squalid creatures occupying the little camp, men and women, and children of various ages, all members of the down-trodden aboriginal tribes of the Peninsula, creatures melancholy and miserable, thoroughly in keeping with the sodden, dreary gloom of their comfortless resting place. All the children and some of the younger women, were stark-naked, and the other inhabitants of the camp wore no garment save a narrow strip of bark-cloth twisted in a dirty wisp about their loins. Up here

The Sakai camp was pitched far up

in the hills it was intensely cold, for the rain had chilled the forest lands with a dank rawness. The rude shelters of leaves and branches, under which the Sakai had sat huddled together while the pitiless sky poured its waters upon them, had afforded no real protection from the weather, and everything in the camp was drenched and clammy. The Sakai squatted on their heels, pressing closely one against the other, with their toes in the gray ashes, as they edged in nearer and nearer to the smoky fires. Every now and again the teeth of one or another of them would start chattering noisily, and several of the children whimpered and whined unceasingly. The women were silent, but the men kept up a constant flow of disjointed talk in queer, jerky monosyllables. Most of the Sakai were covered from head to foot with a leprous-looking skin disease, bred by damp jungles and poor diet; and since the wet caused the irritation to be excruciating, they tore at their skin with relentless finger-nails like apes. The men smoked a green shredded tobacco, soft and fragrant, rolled into rude cigarettes, with live leaves for their outer coating. A few yams and jungle-roots were baking themselves black in the embers of the fires, and one or two fish, stuck in the cleft of a split stick, were roasting in the centre of the clouds of smoke.

Of a sudden the stealthy tones of the men ceased abruptly, and the women fell a-quieting the complaining children with hurried maternal skill. All the folk in the camp were straining their ears to listen. Any one whose senses were less acute than those of the Sakai would have heard no sound of any kind, save only the tinkling babble of the little stream, and the melancholy drip of the wet branches in the forest; but after a moment's silence, one of the elder men spoke.

"'Tis a man," he said, and a look of

relief flitted over the sad, timorous faces of his companions. Even the Sakai, whose place is very near the bottom of the scale of humanity, has his own notions of self-esteem, and he only speaks of those of his own race as *men*; all other human beings are *gobs* (strangers).

Presently a shrill cry, half scream, half hoot, such as you might imagine to be the war-whoop of a Red Indian, sounded from the forest about a quarter of a mile down stream. Even a European could have heard this, so clear and penetrating was its note; and he would have added that it was the cry of the argus-pheasant. A Malay, well though he knows his jungles, would have given the sound a similar interpretation; but the Sakai knew better. Their acute perceptions could detect without difficulty the indefinable difference between the real cry of the bird and this ingenious imitation, similar though they would have seemed to less sharpened senses; and a moment later an argus-pheasant sent back an answering whoop from the centre of the fire, over which the old man who had spoken sat crouching. The yell was immediately answered from a hill-top a few hundred yards up-stream, and the old fellow clicked in his throat, like a demoralized clock-spring. It was his way of laughing, for a wild bird had answered his call. It had failed to detect the deception which the Sakai could recognize so easily.

In about a quarter of an hour two young Sakai, with blow-pipes over their shoulders, rattan knap-sacks on their backs, and bamboo spears in their hands, passed into the camp in single file. They emerged from the forest like shadows cast upon a wall, flitting swiftly on noiseless feet, and squatted down by the fire without a word. They rolled cigarettes, lighted them from a flaming firebrand, and fell to smoking them in silence. Then the old man

who had answered their signal, spoke a question in jerky monosyllables, without even glancing at them. The elder of the two new-comers grunted a response, with his eyes still fixed upon the smoky fire.

"The Gobs were at Legap, three, and three, and three, many Gobs," he said. The Sakai's knowledge of notation does not extend beyond the numeral three; a larger number than that must be expressed by *kerp'n*, which means *many*.

"May they be devoured by a tiger!" snarled the old man. It is the worst curse of which the Sakai, who fears his house-mate, the tiger, more than anything on earth, has any conception.

"They are hunting," went on the youngster; "hunting men, and To' Pangku Muda and To' Stia are with them." The speaker split up these Malay names into monosyllables, suiting the sounds to the disjointed articulation of his own people.

The listening Sakai grunted in chorus, in token of their dissatisfaction at the presence of these men among their enemies. To' Pangku Muda was the Malay chief of the village of Lasak, the last of the civilized settlements on the banks of the Plus River. His title in Malay means the Junior Lap, because he is supposed to be in charge of the Sakai tribes, and it is upon his knees that the childlike jungle-folk are said to repose, as an infant lies in the lap of its mother. Malays have a fondness for notions of this kind, though their attitude toward the forest-dwellers has never been one of either gentleness or protection. Although To' Pangku Muda was a Mahomedan, he had, like most of the Malays of the Plus Valley, a strong strain of Sakai in his blood, and this made him formidable in the jungles, when he led the annual raiding party in person. Moreover, he was greatly feared, by Malays and Sakai alike, for the knowledge of magic

and the occult powers which were attributed to him.

To' Stia, on the other hand, was a Sakai born and bred, but he belonged to the same tribes, who, in order to save themselves and their women and children from suffering worse things than usual, were accustomed to throw in their lot with the Malays, and to aid them in their slave-raids. The presence of these two men with the party now upon the hunting-path boded ill for the cowering creatures in the camp, for the Sakai's only chance of escape on such occasions lies in his sensitive hearing and in his superior knowledge of wood-craft. But To' Pangku Muda and To' Stia, as the Sakai knew full well, could fight the jungle-dwellers with their own weapons.

The old Chief Ka' (the Fish), who had taken the lead in the conversation since the arrival of the scouts, presently spoke again, still keeping his tired old eyes fixed upon the smouldering embers. "By what sign did you learn that To' Pangku and To' Stia were at hand?" he asked. It was evident from his tone that he was seeking comfort for himself and his fellows in the hope that the young scouts might perhaps have been mistaken. Laish (the Ant), the younger of the two youths, who had until now sat by the fire in silence, answered him promptly.

"We saw the track of the foot of To' Stia on the little sand-bank below Legap, and knew it by the twisted toe," he said. "Also, as we turned to leave the place, seeking you others, the Familiar of To' Pangku called from the jungle thence," and he indicated the direction by pointing with the tip of his outstretched chin, as is the manner of his people.

The poor crouching wretches shuddered in unison, like a group of tree-tops, when a puff of wind sets the branches rustling.

"The Grandfather of Many Stripes!" snarled Ka' under his breath in an awed whisper. Every man and woman present knew of the Familiar Spirit, which, in the form of a tiger, followed his master, To' Pangku, whithersoever he went, and even the little children had learned to whimper miserably when their elders spoke of the Grandfather of Many Stripes.

An old crone, shivering in her nakedness, beat her long, pendulous breasts with palsied hands, and whimpered plaintively, "*E! ke-non yeh, E! ke-non yeh!* (Oh, my child, my child!)," and a young girl who squatted near her pressed softly up against her, seeking to comfort her. The hard tears of extreme old age oozed with difficulty from the eyes of the crone, as she rocked her body restlessly, but the girl did not weep; only her gaze sought that of Laish. She was a pretty girl, in spite of the dirt and squalor that disfigured her, with crisp, wavy hair, and a shape lithe and slim and graceful; but her face, which should have been bright and laughing wore the same frightened, hunted expression as that which was to be marked on the features of all the inhabitants of this unhappy camp.

Laish seemed to swallow something hard in his throat, before he turned to Ka' and said "What shall we do, Grandfather?"

"Wait till dawn; then shift camp, up-stream, always up-stream," grunted the Chief.

The Sakai pressed in more closely than ever about the fire, and the two scouts emptied the contents of their rattan knapsacks onto a couple of large banana leaves. Roots of many kinds were there, some sour jungle-fruits, and a miscellaneous collection of nastiness, which Ka' divided among all the folk present with extreme nicety. Food is so important to the wild Sakai, who never in human memory have had suf-

ficient to eat, that the right of every member of the tribe to have a proportionate share of his fellows' gleanings is recognized by all; and in time of stress, if a cob of maize has to be shared by a dozen, the starving creatures will eat the grain row by row, passing it from one to the other, that each may have his portion.

As the night wore on the Sakai settled themselves to sleep in the warm gray ashes of the fires, waking at intervals to warm themselves afresh, to talk disjointedly, and then once more to stretch themselves to rest. The younger men took it in turn to keep watch in the tree-tops on the down-river side; but no attempt to disturb them was made by their enemies, and at dawn they broke camp and once more started on their weary journey towards the interior. It was their object to throw the Malays off their track, so they walked up the bed of the little brawling torrent, swollen and muddy from the rain of the previous afternoon, and took care never once to set foot on the banks of the stream. It was miserable work, for the water was cold as ice, and the rivulet's course was strewn with ragged rocks, and hampered with fallen timber, but the Sakai passed through all obstructions like flitting shadows. They crept through incredibly narrow places: they scrambled over piles of dry or rotten timber, without breaking a twig or apparently leaving a trace; and they kept strictly to the bed of the stream until it had nearly reached its source in the lower hills. The men carried their arms, and most of their few and poor possessions; and the women toiled along, their backs bowed beneath the burden of their rattan knapsacks, in which little babies and carved bamboo-boxes jostled rude cooking-pots and scraps of evil-looking food. Children of more than two years old fended for themselves, following deftly in the footsteps of their elders,

many of them even helping to carry the property of the tribe. The oldest woman in the camp, Sem-pak, the Durian, who had cried out in her terror when To' Pangku's Familiar was named by the scouts, tottered along on palsied feet, her lips mumbling ceaselessly, her tired old head shaking from side to side, her eyes restless and wild. She alone carried no burden; it was all that she could do to keep up with her fellows, unhampered by a load, but Te-U (Running Water) her granddaughter, bore upon her strong young shoulders a pack heavy enough for them both, and on the march her hand was ever ready to help the feeble steps of the older woman. Te-U, had times been better, was to have been married to Laish a few days earlier; but the camp had been broken up hurriedly before the simple wedding-ceremonies could be completed, for the news of the slave-raiders had driven all thought of anything less urgent than the saving of life and liberty from the minds of the harassed jungle-folk. In their own primitive way these two half-savage people loved one another. Laish was filled with fear for the girl, more even than for himself, and she looked to him for protection if the worst came to the worst. Their attraction for one another was strong, but, for the moment, the girl's heart was really more occupied with her old grandmother than with her lover; and it never occurred to Laish to offer to carry any portion of Te-U's burden, nor did the girl expect him to make such a suggestion.

The long procession wound its way up the little sinuous stream until the midday sun showed clearly over their heads through the boughs and branches of the trees. They all walked in the same manner, each foot being placed exactly in front of its fellow, and each man treading almost precisely in the footsteps of the Sakai next in front of him. Experience must, in some remote

and forgotten past, have taught the forest-dwellers that this is the best and quickest way of threading a path through the jungle, and experience has now crystallized into an instinct, so that to-day, even when walking in open country, the Sakai still adopts this peculiar gait. You may mark a similar peculiarity in the mode of progression of many wild beasts whose lives have been passed in dense forests.

At last old Ka' halted, and his followers stood still in their tracks while he grunted out his orders. A steep hill, some five hundred feet high, rose abruptly on their right. It was covered with jungle through which the eye could not penetrate for more than a few yards; but all the Sakai knew that its crest was a long spur, or hog's back, which, if followed, would enable them to pass into a river-basin separate from that up which they had been toiling. By making their way up the stream that they would then strike, they would win to the borders of Pahang; and when the raiders, if they succeeded in picking up the carefully-veiled trail, found that the fugitives had gone so far, it was possible that they might be discouraged from further pursuit, and might turn their attention to some other band of wandering Sakai. The first thing, however, was to conceal all traces of the route which Ka's party had taken, and he, therefore, bade his people disperse, breaking up into little knots of two or three, so that no definite well-defined trail might be left as a guide to the pursuers. The Sakai were well versed in all such tricks, and very few words, and no explanations were needed to make them understand what was required of them. In the space of a few seconds the little band of aborigines had broken up and melted away into the forest as swiftly and as silently as a bank of mist is dispersed by a puff of morning wind.

Laish attached himself to Te-U and old Sem-pak, and the three, passing upstream, presently began to scale the steep side of the hill. The earth was black, sodden and slippery; the jungle was dense, and set with the cruel thorn thickets, which cover the slopes of the interior; the gradient was like that of a thatched roof; and the climb made even Laish pant and catch his breath with difficulty, while old Sem-pak sobbed painfully, with a noise like that made by a broken-winded horse. Up and up they scrambled, leaving hardly any trace of their ascent, and with that complete absence of sound which only the beasts of the forest and their fellows, the wild Sakai, can ever attain to. They never halted to take breath, but attacked the hill as though it were an enemy whom they were bent upon vanquishing, and at last the summit showed clearly in front of them. Then Laish stopped dead in his tracks, gazed ahead of him with the rigidity of a pointer at work, and the next moment, uttering an indescribable sound, half yell, half scream, he was tumbling down the slope, bearing the two women with him, rolling, falling, scrambling, heedless of rending thorns and the rude blows of branches, until they once more found themselves in the bed of the stream from which they had started to make the ascent. Old Sem-pak fell prone upon the ground, her chest heaving as though it contained some living thing which sought to make its escape, her eyes wild with fear. At that moment the long-drawn moaning howl of a tiger broke out upon the still air of the forest, seemingly just above their heads, and the three Sakai shuddered miserably, their teeth chattering with fear. Laish had caught a glimpse of the great striped body through the sparse jungle near the summit of the hill, and this had been sufficient to rend him floundering down into the plain again. The three Sakai were silent, lis-

tening intently. Again the howl broke out, further to the left this time, and it was quickly followed by a scream that could only have been uttered by human lips; then again silence, it might be for a space of fifteen seconds,—silence dreary, desolate, miserable, during which the tap of a wood-pecker could be distinctly heard, while old Sem-pak's gasps, and the throbbing of the listeners' hearts seemed to make a noise like the rhythmical beat of a drum. Then in an instant the whole jungle seemed to have become filled by all the devils in Hell. Every member of the little band was sounding the danger-yell, a shrill, far-carrying cry, half hoot, half scream, in which the despair of the miserable Jungle-Folk makes itself heard, calling to the silent heavens and to un pitying man and beast the tale of their thousand sorrows. Te-U and Laish joined in the cry, and above the tumult could be heard the angry bestial growlings of the unseen tiger worrying his prey.

Presently the frightened Sakai, still screaming, as though in the sound they sought protection from the danger of their surroundings, began to force their way out of the forest, and to cluster together in a trembling, shuddering crowd in the bed of the stream. One of their number, Ple (the Fruit), and the two small children whom she had been carrying in the knapsack slung upon her back, were missing, and the man who had been her husband, staring frightfully with protruding eyes, was making strange clicking noises in his throat, which is the only way in which the male Sakai finds it possible to express deep emotion. Gradually the band was stilled into silence, and sat listening spell-bound to the growlings of the tiger. Then Ka' spoke.

"'Tis the cursed one," he said. "'Tis he that followeth ever at the heels of To' Pangku. I beheld his navel, yellow and round and swollen; it hath its

place in his throat. Because I beheld it he dared not touch me, and he passed by and took Ple and the little ones, her children. Come, my brothers, let us cry aloud that we have beheld his navel, and he, being ashamed, will seek safety in flight."

The men rose to their feet, and taking their time from Ka', raised a cry in chorus imparting the anatomical information in question to the growling monster on the ridge. They made so goodly a noise that, for the moment, the snarling of the beast was drowned by it; but when they paused to listen, it was heard as distinctly as before.

"'Tis the accursed beast of magic," cried Ka', "else, surely, had a great shame overcome him."

The unabashed tiger continued to snarl and growl over its victims high above the Sakai's heads on the brow of the hog's back.

"Come, let us cry to him once more," said Ka' to his fellows; and once again they raised a shrill shout that carried far and wide through the forest, repeating the curious information which they had already, though to no purpose, imparted to the beast. Malays and Sakai alike believe that the tiger is very sensitive upon this subject, and that he will fly before the face of any man who possesses the necessary knowledge of his anatomy. The native theory inclines to the belief that the tiger's navel is located in his neck, and you may search the body of one of these monsters most minutely without finding anything to disprove, or to prove, the notion.

A third time the Sakai raised their shout, and when they relapsed into silence, the tiger had ceased his angry growls; but another sound, faint and far, came from the direction of the lower reaches of the stream up which the tribe had been toiling. It was like the roar of a rapid, only broader, coarser, gruffer, and when they heard it the

heartstrings of the Sakai tightened painfully, for it recalled to them the memory of a danger which, for the moment, had well-nigh passed out of their consciousness. It was the *sôrak*, the war-cry of the Malays. The raiders were on their trail, and were pressing up the little stream in pursuit. The yells which the fugitives had been uttering would serve to guide them, and there would be no need for the slow tracking which delays the hunter and gives the quarry his best chance of escape. In their flight from the Familiar of To' Pangku, for such they firmly believed the tiger to be, the Sakai had trampled down the thorn thickets recklessly, and even a European would have found no difficulty in reading the tale which the hasty footmarks told so plainly.

Ka' called to his people to follow him, and turning his back upon the ascent in front of him, for none dared again face the fury of the Familiar, he plunged into the jungle, worming a way through the packed tree-trunks and the dense undergrowths with incredible speed and deftness. Ka' went at a kind of jog-trot, steady, swift, but careful and unhurried, and his people, young and old, streamed along at his heels, adopting the same nimble gait. They were travelling now far faster than any Malay could hope to do through virgin forest, but they were leaving a trail behind them that any child could follow, and in their passage they were practically clearing a path for the use of their enemies. All day they kept on steadily, only halting now and again for a brief breathing-space when old Sem-pak, overweighted with the load of her seventy years, could no longer keep the same pace as her fellows. At first the *sôrak* sounded once or twice, still indistinct and very distant, but after the first half hour all human sounds ceased, and nothing was to be heard save the beast-noises of the sur-

rounding forest. The fugitives had thrown down most of their loads, and now travelled burdened by little save their babies and their weapons; when life is in danger, the value of property sinks into insignificance. Their faces all wore the same expression, tense, fearful, strained, and their eyes were wild, savage, hunted, and filled to their brims with a great fear. Even their movements, and the light touch of their feet upon the ground, betokened that all their muscles were braced for instant flight at the first sound of danger.

At about three o'clock in the afternoon the heavens opened, and the drenching tropical rain fell in sheets of glistening water. But still the Sakai continued their march, pressing resolutely forward, they knew not whither, into jungle-depths which, even to them, were untrodden lands. They had no objective in sight now; their one idea was to get away, away from the Malays, from captivity and death.

As dusk began to gather the rain ceased, and Ka' cried to his fellows that they must halt for the night. The moon was in its last quarter, and the blackness of the jungle was too absolute for even the Sakai to force a way through the thickets when darkness had fallen upon the land. Not daring to kindle a fire lest the light should serve as a guide to their pursuers, they squatted in a draggled, woebegone group, seeking warmth and comfort by physical contact with one another. They were miserably cold; they had eaten nothing since the morning, and they had but a few blackened yams and roots between them with which to assuage their hunger; their mops of frowsy hair were soaked with rain-water, and their bodies itched distractingly. But all physical discomforts were forgotten in the desperate agony of the fear which wrung their hearts.

Shortly after midnight they all awoke

suddenly. They had been sleeping in sitting attitudes, with their knees drawn up to their chins, and their heads nodding above them. They spoke no word, but they listened breathlessly. The yowling moan of a tiger was sounding about half a mile away to the south. Nearer and nearer came the brute, moaning, howling, drawing out each blood-curdling note with a wanton delight in its own unmusical song. The Sakai cowered miserably, and drew nearer still to one another. For more than half an hour they sat thus in utter silence, while the tiger approached slowly, surely, till presently it appeared to be calling from the jungle within a few yards of the quaking wretches. Now it seemed to make a complete circle of the camp, yowling cruelly. Again and again it prowled about the shivering creatures, as though herding them; but they could see nothing through the intense darkness, and the complete loss of the sense of sight served to quicken even their rudimentary imaginations into the conception of a thousand nameless terrors. An hour later the tiger seemed to draw off a little, and then the Jungle-People, who had been too intent upon the beast to spare a thought for any other danger, became aware that human beings were in their vicinity. How they knew this it would be impossible to explain; the instinct of the wild tribes is as unerring as that of many animals, and they felt rather than heard or perceived through any of their ordinary senses, the proximity of their enemies.

Noiselessly then the Sakai, men and women alike, fell to drawing clear from the underwood the long lines of green rattan, which grow in such profusion in all the jungles of the Peninsula. These they twisted into great coils the size of large cart-wheels, and the young men of the tribe, some seven or eight in all, with Laish among them, began

swarming into the nearest trees. They had gathered and prepared the rattans in absolute darkness, guided only by their sense of touch, and the men now climbed unseeing into the impenetrable blackness of the night. Their instinct had told the forest-people, not only that their enemies were at hand, but also that the camp had been surrounded by them. They knew that the Malays would not attack them until just before the dawn, therefore it was their object to escape, if they might do so, before daylight came to the earth.

The Sakai can walk up the bare trunk of a tree with as much ease as you can walk up the door-steps of your house, and when once fairly among the branches they are thoroughly at home. The young men, accordingly, had no difficulty in ascending into the tree-tops, and then swinging themselves from bough to bough, they began to bridge the more difficult places with the lines of rattan, making them fast at each end. In this manner, at the end of about three-quarters of an hour, they had constructed a path of tight-ropes, some fifty yards in length, and had passed over the heads of the Malays, who lay encamped all around. Then the men returned to the Sakai, and gave the word for the start. Old Ka' leading, the long line of jungle-folk climbed slowly into the tree-tops, all treading lightly without making a sound, the anxious mothers striving to still the babies which they bore in their bosoms. Deftly they picked their way through the pitchy darkness, treading shrewdly on the slender lines of rattan, and for some twenty yards all went well with them. Then one of the babies whimpered plaintively, and at the sound the jungle in front and below them broke into a tumult of familiar yells, and they knew that those of the raiders who belonged to their own race had discovered their attempt at escape, and were doing their best to head the

fugitives back and to warn the sleepy Malays.

Presently old Ka' saw the mop heads of half a dozen tame Sakai spring into prominence against the dim sky. His enemies had swarmed up into a tree-top not twenty feet away from him, and were in possession of the other end of the rattan line upon which his feet were treading. A voice, which he knew to belong to To' Stia of the twisted toe, cried hurriedly, "*Ok i-odz* (give me a knife);" and some one in the darkness grunted, "*Kod* (take it)." At this Ka', screaming a warning to his fellows, turned deftly in mid-air and headed back for the tree from which he had set out. Involuntarily he looked down into the abyss of impenetrable darkness at his feet, into the fathomless obscurity on either hand, and even his eyes, gifted with the marvelous sight of the Jungle-Folk, could see nothing. A man and two women, the latter bearing little children in their bosoms, had turned to fly when Ka' gave the warning cry, but they were feeling their way along the rattan by the aid of no other sense save that of touch, and even in their panic their movements were slow and cautious. All this happened in the space of a few seconds, and then the rattan jerked sickeningly under the blow of a heavy wood-knife. Another blow, and the creeper groaned like a sentient thing in pain; a third, and it parted with an awful suddenness, and Ka' and the two women were precipitated from a height of nearly eighty feet into the unseen forest below, the man who had been immediately in front of them having just had time to save himself by clutching the branches of the tree to which the nearer end of the rattan was made fast. Old Ka' gave an awful yell, into which was compressed all the passionate despair of his long lifetime, and of his down-trodden unhappy race. Each of the women, as she felt her foot-hold

give way beneath her, screamed shrilly sudden abrupt cries, which ceased with a jerk as of the breath caught sharply. For the space of a second or so there was silence, and then the crashing sound of heavy bodies falling headlong through leaves and branches and three thudding sounds, distinct, but almost simultaneous, were succeeded by a few low groans far below in the dim darkness. The tame Sakai yelled their triumph to the Malays, and the latter answered with the *sôrak*. Ka's people, sick with the horror of what they had heard, and trembling with fear, made their way back to the spot where they had sat encamped all night and huddled up against one another, quaking miserably, waiting in dumb despair for the dawn and for death.

So soon as the slow daylight began to make itself felt in the obscurity of the forest, investing the watchers, as it seemed, with a new and wonderful gift of sight, the hunting-party began to close in around its quarry. One or two of the younger Malays, who carried muskets, fired a few shots into the thick of their victims, with the object of frightening the last atom of fight out of them, and old Sem-pak rolled over on her back, with her thin knees drawn up against her breast jerking spasmodically. With a cry of pain and despair Te-U threw herself across the old woman's body, calling to her frantically by name, and seemingly trying to pet and coax her back into life by tender words and gentle caresses. Then the raiders rushed into the camp, and for a moment or two all was noise and confusion. The Sakai broke like a herd of frightened deer; a goodly number made their escape, but Laish was killed with his spear in his hand as he sought to shelter Te-U, who saw him fling away his life in a vain attempt to save her, and felt the cup of her bitterness to be filled to overflowing. In all, the raiders captured Te-U and four other

young women, half a dozen children, and two young men. It was an unexpectedly successful expedition, and the hunting-party returned to Lasak in great spirits, for slave-chasing was not much to their taste, and with so large a crowd of captives in hand they would not, they knew, find it necessary to make another raid, for at least a couple of years to come.

To' Pangku's oath of fealty to the Sultan of Perak bound him in those days (some five and twenty years ago) to bring a raft, loaded with jungle produce as an offering to his king, once every year; and one of the items of his tribute was a Sakai man and woman, or, failing that, two elephant tusks of approved weight. The latter were not always easy to procure, and it was more usual to sacrifice the life-long happiness of a couple of human beings. Te-U and a youth named Gaur (the Pig) were selected for the first year's offering, and accordingly they presently found themselves lying on a great raft bound hand and foot, floating slowly into a land of which they had not dreamed, in company with the jungle-produce and the stores of rice and food which have won for the Plus Valley the name of the Rice-pot of the King.

The remainder of their days was spent in captivity among the people of an alien race, who despised them heartily; but, perhaps, the fullest measure of their sufferings was the aching longing for the jungle, for the wild freedom of the forest-dwellers' life, the life that they were destined never to live again.

Such was the tale that Kreting, the old Sakai slave-woman, told to me that afternoon as she sat angling for tiny fish on the banks of the Perak River near Sayong. Her kinsmen of the Sakai country all remembered the incidents of her capture, and still spoke to me of her as Te-U (Running Water), a

name which made the sad-eyed old woman weep most pitifully when, after the lapse of many years, she heard it

spoken by my lips, together with some broken phrases of her mother-tongue.

Hugh Clifford.

Macmillan's Magazine.

CARLYLE AS AN HISTORIAN.

Not long ago a ceremony took place at the opening of Carlyle's house in Chelsea, which was calculated to leave a double impression on the world. On the one hand, it was an official canonization of a new classic in English literature; but, on the other, the speakers appeared anxious to warn the public that this man was chiefly distinguished as a master of words, and that his view of life was further from the truth than the less strenuous and more tolerant culture that predominates to-day. As there are some sages who call him no sage, so there are some historians who call him no historian. It is for the latter opinion we feel most concern, for whereas the sages will not prevent any stiff-necked person from adopting Carlyle's philosophy of life, the historians may, perhaps, by the weight of their authority, succeed in persuading students to regard his historical writings as works of fiction where truth cannot even be gleaned. But this will not be the only evil result if the principle is once established that Carlyle is no historian. The question at issue affects the future not only of historical reading, but of historical writing. The next time that our island has the good fortune to produce a writer of great power and greater originality, is he to be welcomed as a volunteer into the field of history, or is he to be warned off it as ground preserved for licensed practitioners? It may be argued that

Carlyle would not have cared what he was told, and would in any case have written on whatever subject pleased him best. But it must be remembered that in 1834 historical study had not been organized as much as it is even to-day, and that if present tendencies continue, it may in another hundred years have become like a study of Medicine or Law. In such a case it may well be doubted whether even a Carlyle would trouble himself to invade the monopoly of a regular profession, and would not rather confine himself to general literature and speculation. Hence the question whether Carlyle is an historian is not a mere matter of words, but involves a grave principle affecting the future of English letters and science.

Fortunately there is not unanimous agreement among our historians that Carlyle is to be excluded from their brotherhood. It is significant that Mr. Morse Stephens, who has spent years in studying the latest materials of French Revolutionary history, who knows as intimately as any man the exact nature of the mistakes into which Carlyle fell, still consents to speak of him as "a great historian," and as one who, when he erred, erred "not willfully, but from the scantiness of the information at his disposal." But there are some authorities who insist

¹ Preface to Mr. Morse Stephens' "French Revolution," 2nd edition.

that he should be put out of court, really because they do not understand him owing to the eccentricity of his language, but nominally on account of his inaccuracy. Nowadays the mere suspicion of this dreadful crime, like the mere suspicion of heresy in a town under the Inquisition, will, in itself, drive from a man's side all fair-weather friends who fear the powers that be. But an historian must needs be very criminal in this respect before it is fair to cast him out from among his brethren. Who is there that is accurate? There have been great histories that once stood like monuments heaven-high, casting the light of correct knowledge on a darkened world; but in twenty, fifty or a hundred years, the waves of new truth have crept up around them all; and yet they stand firm amid the flood because they were based on the ground of honesty and good sense, or carved out of the rock of genius. Every historian who feels inclined to throw stones at Carlyle, forgets that he himself pursues his studies in a glass house, however the walls may be hung with tapestries and the floors lined with carpet. Has not Bishop Stubbs, whom we have always been taught to revere as the master of a school which prides itself first on its accuracy, seen his historical theory of Anglican relations to Rome overthrown by Professor Maitland? Inaccuracy is inevitable; dishonesty alone cannot be pardoned. If an author withholds the evidence against his side; if he chooses out one part of a document which by itself bears a meaning it did not bear in the context; if, like Froude, he relates only what is creditable to one party and only what is discreditable to another, it is just that he should stand in the pillory, and to the pillory, sooner or later, he is sure to come. But this method was never adopted by Carlyle. He tells the reader, with almost childish frankness, the gist of all the

evidence he has collected, and narrates each event without fear and without reproach. The forcible and possibly biased comments which he then pronounces, may be themselves passed in judgment by the reader who has not been deprived of the means of forming his own opinion by a garbled narrative of one-sided facts. Carlyle often bullies the witnesses in the face of the court, but he never tries to keep them out of the box.

Nevertheless his faults are faults of omission. His field of research was wide, but it did not cover certain obvious departments of history. His view of past events was broad and deep, but while it spreads out and down over regions invisible to most historians, other things which the traditions of their craft rightly taught them to regard as important, were totally unseen by him. Before we pass on to consider the value of his additions to the sphere of history, let us first examine the seriousness of his failures.

The most obvious want in the "French Revolution" is the absence of any adequate study of institutions under the *Ancien Régime*. Not having the materials to forestall de Tocqueville and Taine, he was undoubtedly right when he decided to confine his history to the immediate causes and ultimate course of the Revolution. Yet, possibly, even if he had had access to a great body of evidence, he would not have been the man to study the inner workings of France under the Bourbons. Institutions are his weak point. They soon "begin to be a bore to him." The details of legal, economic and even social questions he finds a weariness. Thus he not only omits the institutions of the *Ancien Régime*, but he disdains to make clear the constitutional position and functions of the various revolutionary authorities. In the same way he does not attempt to judge the legal aspect of the questions at issue be-

tween Charles the First and his Parliaments.² But it is only the details that he neglects, never the institutions themselves. It is an essential part of the "clothes philosophy" to believe in the great effect that custom, law and organization have in directing human activity and thought, and he is always true to that idea throughout his historical works. It is because he is wholly absorbed in the actual effect which an institution produced on its age, that he neglects the formal details of its construction. Thus the real power which the Jacobin Club exerted over men is examined and stated in a masterly fashion; the actual relations of the Court to the National Assembly, of the army to the royal and then to the revolutionary executive, are made admirably clear. In the little that he has left us on the subject of Scotch History, he never loses sight of the fact that the Presbyterian Church is the moulding and creative force from the time of Knox to the time of the Covenanters; and although he tells us nothing about its laws and its assemblies, he tells us much of the real change which it made in Scotch men and women.³ It is because he sees the wood like no other man that he refuses to go in among the trees.

But he is also guilty of another sin of omission. He sometimes fails to give an adequate account of the motives and aspirations of important bodies of men. He does not misrepresent; he simply ignores. Thus, in his treatment of the Parliamentary struggle in England, he does not do justice to the Cavaliers or to the High Churchmen. But we must remember that though he has left us a life of Cromwell, and the superb fragments lately published as "Historical Sketches," he wrote no history of that period. All he undertook was to explain the Puritan point of

view to a world shamefully ignorant of that important factor in English history. On the other hand, in his "French Revolution," the innumerable conflicting motives and aspirations of the parties and men who successively strangled each other in the great arena, are all expressed with impartial sympathy. Here, too, as in the "Cromwell," he was performing the task then most required in the interests of historical truth. In 1837 Europe was still divided by the issues of the French Revolution, and was still shrieking over the cruel injuries inflicted on both sides in a blood-feud, whose end was not even in sight. Carlyle proceeded to pass the events of the Revolution in review, with heart and head undarkened by prejudice, with unsparing severity, yet with infinite pity, for all who had been placed by duty, or called by the hope of the golden morning, within that tragic circle of fame and fate.

Such, then, are his failings. He is not an historian of institutions, and he is not, any more than Dr. Mommsen, a believer in the modern doctrine that it is necessary in every case to take both sides at once, or no side at all, in order to find truth hid in the mathematical centre. But while deficient in these particular qualities, which are now common almost to excess among historical writers, the very talents which they attempt vainly to cultivate or loudly affect to despise are fortunately those in which Carlyle was pre-eminent. It is for this reason he is a stone of offence to so many, yet it is for this very reason that he should be doubly welcome to all.

In the first place he is a poet. Enough of itself, think the orthodox, to prove that he is not an historian. On the contrary, it is because he is a poet that he sees points in the past which others

² Historical Sketches.

³ Ibid. and Portraits of John Knox.

are unable to see, or seeing are to their sorrow unable to express. The past was poetry as well as prose, it was a miracle as well as a series of causes and effects, and for this reason the poetic faculty is required to give a true account of the more extraordinary events in human affairs. We all feel this to be true, and yet we are all contented, from mere habit and tradition, with the present clumsy division of labor. We first read our history,—prose in feeling as well as in style,—and then, if there chance to be one, we turn for light to "the poet's sweet comment." We read Mr. Stillman's "Union of Italy," followed by Browning's "Italian in England" and Mr. Swinburne's "Watch in the Night;" we read Hooper's "Campaign of Sedan," followed by Mr. George Meredith's "France, 1870." This specialization is inevitable, because it seldom happens that the historian has been born a poet, or that the poet will take the trouble to become an historian. But because it is inevitable, it is not therefore a good thing; the prose history explains but one part of the event, while the poem may be nothing more than a fond imagination. Only when the functions of historian and poet are united do we get the real truth. Carlyle's account of the battle of Dunbar is at once one of the finest poems and one of the best historical accounts of a battle, that can be found in our language. Now it is quite as essential to the truth of history that the reader should learn from the lips of a poet what were the feelings of Cromwell's solemn soldiers as they prayed behind the corn-sheaves during the tempestuous night, and rode to battle in the lurid sunrise over St. Abb's Head, as it is that he should master the manoeuvres that preceded the victory. The ordinary historian can tell us the one, but Carlyle can tell us both.

Again, it is impossible to pass a fair judgment on the events that occurred

in Paris in 1793-4, without some strain of poetry in our thought. Here again Carlyle comes to the rescue. He prefaces an excellent detailed account of the struggle of Mountain and Gironde with these words:—

The sound of it, to the mind, is as a hubbub of voices in distraction; little of articulate is to be gathered by long listening and studying; only battle tumult, shouts of triumph, shrieks of despair. The Mountain has left no memoirs; the Girondins have left memoirs, which are too often little other than long-drawn interjections of *Woe is me*, and *Cursed be ye*. So soon as history can philosophically delineate the conflagration of a kindled Fireship, she may try this other task. . . . The Fireship is old France, the old French Form of Life, her crew a generation of men. Wild are their cries and their ragings there, like spirits tormented in that flame. But on the whole are they not *gone*, O reader? Their Fireship and they, frightening the world, have sailed away; its flames and its thunders quite away into the deep of time. One thing therefore History will do; pity them all, for it went hard with them all.⁴

Other historians have great pictorial ability; but they apply it with most success to the description of phenomenal objects, and their narratives gain most from the scenic qualities of an event. But Carlyle's pictures are pictures not of the body only, but of the mind, and he is most powerful at narrative when he describes the hearts of a great multitude swayed like the moon-stirred Atlantic, or some single mind sweeping to a pregnant decision. By this power, and by an instinctive art in the right choice, order and construction of his matter, he drives his word home with the blows of a giant. What he has said is carried away and remembered, so that to read Carlyle for an hour leaves more permanent knowledge of history than to read Motley for a day.

Another quality which Carlyle pos-

⁴ Fr. Rev. III. book III. chap. II.

sesses in an unusual degree is humor. There is nothing which other historians represent so poorly as this side of the great tragi-comedy which it is their task to put on the stage. Not literature alone, but truth itself, suffers from this deficiency. Man is no less absurd than serious, as the novelist and dramatist know well enough. It is largely for this reason that truth-loving persons are more touched by them than by the historian, who insists on regarding past events with a face worthy of Henry the Second's proverbial solemnity. Yet why not be seen to smile? If individual man is absurd as the novelist perceives how much more absurd are men collected in mobs, parliaments and churches! Any study of them that does not sometimes incite laughter can be only in part true. Yet how little have historians succeeded in this respect! Gibbon has indeed an occasional sly joke, but generally at the expense of the Episcopal reader, to stir him in the depths of his easy chair with a dim sense that some one is laughing at him. The great humorist throws the dry light of his wit, not so much on to the period he is describing, as on to the views of it held by his contemporaries; if he says "a solemn creed with solemn sneer," he incidentally adds to the value of his work, but he does not reproduce the essential absurdity of the world in which his emperors, philosophers, magistrates and sectaries were moving towards the catastrophe of civilization. Other historians generally leave outside the door whatever humor they have, when they sit down to write "serious history"—serious enough indeed!

How far from this mistaken tradition did Carlyle tear himself, or rather, how far from it was he born! A man of sorrows who can never tolerate real frivolity, he has in him a deep humor which is part of his intense seriousness. When, turning from the speculations

of Teufelsdröckh on his own age, he examined the mighty Revolution of the age that had given it birth, he felt with the touch of genius that here, buried amid far other matter was food for inextinguishable laughter. He could sympathize with the generous ideals of "'89," and he could weep over the disasters that befel them. But he could do more. By the strain of fine humor that runs through his "French Revolution," he adds immensely to our understanding of the period—

What spirit of Patriotism dwelt in men in those times, this one fact, it seems to us, will evince; that fifteen hundred human creatures, not bound to it, sat quiet under the oratory of Robespierre; nay, listened nightly hour after hour, applause: and gaped as for the word of life.⁵

Above all he has found the grim meaning of the season of the Feast of Pikes, when all French patriots, "as in the golden age," swore eternal brotherhood, and fondly thought to keep their oath. It was then that Anacharsis Clootz's "deputation of mankind" presented itself to the National Assembly.

It occurred to the mind of Anacharsis Clootz, that while so much was embodying itself into club and committee, and perorating applauded, there yet remained a greater and greatest; of which, if it also took body and perorated, what might not the effect be: Humankind namely, *le Genre Humain* itself! . . . Enough that on the 19th evening of June 1790, the sun's slant rays lighted a spectacle such as our foolish little planet has not often had to show. Anacharsis Clootz entering the august Salle de Manège, with the human species at his heels. Swedes, Spaniards, Polacks; Turks, Chaldeans, Greeks, dwellers in Mesopotamia; behold them all; they have to come to claim place in the grand Federation, having an undoubted interest in it. . . . In the mean time we invite them to the honours of the sitting.

⁵ Fr. Rev. II. book v. chap. viii.

honneur de la séance. A long-flowing Turk, for rejoinder, bows with Eastern solemnity, and utters articulate sounds; but owing to his imperfect knowledge of the French dialect, his words are like spilt water; the thought he had in him remains conjectural to this day. . . . To such things does the august National Assembly ever and anon cheerfully listen, suspending its regenerative labours, and with some touch of impromptu eloquence, make friendly reply;—as indeed the wont has long been; for it is a gesticulating, sympathetic people, and has a heart, and wears it on its sleeve.⁶

Again, how else save by something of his ironic humor, could the "Paper Age," the Ministry of Calonne, and the self-contented optimism of the Court reformers immediately before the Revolution, be adequately described?

In his account of the battle of Dettingen he chances to come across the type of English officer who fought our battles on the Continent in the eighteenth century, and again in the Crimea, revived the same traditions of grand but incompetent valor: his "Britannic Majesty," he says, stands during the battle in

attitude of lunge; no fear in him, and no plan, *sans peur et sans avis*, as we might term it. Like a real Hanoverian Sovereign of England, like England itself and its ways in those German wars. A typical epitome of long sections of English history, that attitude of lunge! The English officers also, it is evident, behaved in their usual way, without knowledge of war, without fear of death, or regard to utmost peril or difficulty; cheering their men, and keeping them steady upon the throats of the French.⁷

These few words by force of humor have drawn an historical portrait of a class of Englishmen once very promi-

nent in the world's affairs, a portrait which impinges itself on the mind, so that the reader not merely reads, but learns and does not forget.

But the most important characteristic of Carlyle as an historian is neither his poetry nor his humor. Although these are essential to the greatest history, great histories have been written deficient in both. But there is one quality, which if an historian has not, he becomes "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." It is indispensable that he should understand the prime motive force that caused the actions of which he takes account. Now Carlyle has an unrivalled instinct for the detection of men's inmost motives. His peculiar method is to write history from the inside of the actors. Other great historians find the key to men's actions by analysis of their characters and their opinions, rather than by sympathy with their feelings. To appreciate the difference of these two methods, compare Mr. Lecky's treatment of John Wesley in the "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," with Carlyle's "Mirabeau." Mr. Lecky's portrait is the more exact, but it is difficult to say which is the truer. We understand Wesley in a way in which we do not understand Mirabeau, but we understand Mirabeau in a way in which we do not understand Wesley. We have been told all about the founder of Methodism, but we have been made intimate with Gabriel Riquetti himself.

This distinctive method of Carlyle is still more marked in dealing with smaller people. Other historians, though they may analyze their principal characters with care and success, are apt to take little trouble with the less important figures. They are often content to class a man under some conventional heading descriptive of opinions, character or profession, such as physiocrat, radical, artist, demagogue,

⁶ Fr. Rev. II. book I. chap. x.

⁷ Ibid. vol. I. book XI.

⁸ Fred. Great, book xiv. chap. v.

adventurer or Jacobite. This summary treatment is partly justifiable, because otherwise works of history might grow to inordinate length, but it partly arises from the author's want of sympathy and imagination. Carlyle never dismisses anybody in this way. Each of the characters he describes, though only in a sentence, has a personality of its own, with hopes, fears and aspirations often mean enough, but at least peculiar to itself. Above all, whenever he perceives devotion to an ideal in persons however humble, he treats their intention with respect. Thus he never falls into the vice common with modern ecclesiastical historians, of regarding religious movements among uneducated persons with contempt. He does not call his brother a "fanatic" or a "lunatic" because he fails to sympathize with his point of view, but he does his best to understand what the man really meant.

In his later and inferior work, this instinct of sympathy is occasionally smothered by his prejudices, as, for instance, where his hatred of the evil the man did, makes him unjust to Loyola's self, though even in this case he goes straight for Loyola's inmost feeling, with a certain inverted sympathy.⁹ But taking Carlyle's writings as a whole, it is false to say that difference of opinion blinded him to the real feelings of other men. Although he utterly hated Catholicism, he has left us in "Past and Present" our most sympathetic picture of Mediæval monasticism at its high-water mark, a picture which no Catholic writer can hope to rival. He understood what those monks of St. Edmundsbury felt and thought, with perfect comprehension. Yet was he a student of the Middle Ages? Far from it, but he was a student of man. Again, if there was any one whom he might be expected to hate, it is Guy Faux. We might have supposed that Carlyle

would have regarded him at least as a mere engine of Satan moving by clock work. Yet we find that he regards him not only as a brother man, a brother soul, but an interesting and almost a noble soul:—

Well, and are there in history many sterner figures than Guido, standing there with his dark lantern beside the six-and-thirty barrels of gunpowder in Whinniard's cellar under Parliament? To such lengths has he, for his part, carried his insight into the true interests of this world. Guido is a very serious figure; has used reasonable efforts to bring himself to the sticking place and Hercules's choice of roads. No Pusey Dilettante, poor spouting New Catholic or Young England in white waistcoat; a very serious man come there to do a thing, and die for it if there be need.¹⁰

But it is in the "French Revolution," where all his qualities are at their best, that his power of writing history from the inside of men is most conspicuous. Here he is never content to deal with lay figures. He tells us what each man was with such truth and clearness that what he did, in each set of given circumstances, comes as a foreseen and inevitable conclusion.

But for an historian of the French Revolution it is at least as necessary to understand mobs as to understand their leaders. In some periods of history it is enough to trace the general condition and sentiment of the various classes of people, and to direct the main effort towards explaining the motives of the principal actors. To some slight degree this is true even of such a popular convulsion as the English Civil War; but it is not true at all of the French Revolution. Carlyle accepts this condition. He knows that it is not enough to explain that Danton did this, and that Lafayette intended to do that. He never for a moment forgets that the "sacred right of insurrection" was

⁹ *Latter-day Pamphlets: "Jesuitism."*

¹⁰ *Historical Sketches*, p. 68.

the motive force in all events from July, 1789, to October, 1795. He sees that the successive throes of that tremendous and abnormal convulsion can be understood only by a sympathetic appreciation on each fateful day of the feelings of those impatient masses, against whom Aristocrat, Constitutionalist and Girondin were alike powerless, by whose fierce favor the Jacobins lived and moved and had their strange being. What was the mob of Paris, what were the women of St. Antoine, what were the men of Marseilles or Varennes feeling and thinking at the hour when their next whim would decide the world's future? What were men saying to each other in the streets on the eve of great irrevocable events? Such questions Carlyle perpetually asks and answers. The five chapters¹¹ which tell what the Parisians thought and did during the second week of July, 1789, are the very heart of the matter, to which all else that concerns the fall of the Bastille is secondary. All the "newly discovered material" in the wide world has not overthrown that account.

The "French Revolution" was his greatest history, but the various writings he has left on the English Parliamentary struggle afford even more striking examples of his method of history from the inside. The generation that had passed the first Reform Bill only partially understood the spirit that had founded English freedom in the days of the early Stuarts. To the Tories, the Puritans were mere phantoms of darkness, Jacobins parading as Methodists; to the Whigs, the interest of the great struggle against Charles had been constitutional and financial, a matter of pounds, shillings, pence and civil liberty. Hampden's attitude of dignified resistance to a raid on his pocket and on the privilege of Parliament was, they

thought, the true quarrel, till the "fanatics" came all too powerfully, and spoiled the game. Men had not fully perceived what we all know so well to-day, that the Pym and Hampdens were themselves of the "fanatic" class; that the Protestant faith inspired and led them in all they did; that to them the struggle with the Stuarts had been from the beginning a struggle for their religion. Yet this was the cause more than any other that Parliamentary resistance grew strong as death, instead of sputtering out in some London Fronde. This new interpretation of our history was first announced in May, 1840, to the fashionable and literary world, who had gathered in no unfriendly spirit to see and hear a Scotch peasant speak with the tongues of men and of angels. In the sixth lecture "On Heroes" we read: —

They tell us that it was a sorrowful thing to consider that the foundation of our English Liberties should have been laid by "superstition." These Puritans came forward with Calvinistic incredible Creeds, anti-Laudisms, Westminster Confessions, demanding, chiefly of all, that they should have liberty to *worship* in their own way. Liberty to *tax* themselves, that was the thing they should have demanded! It was superstition, fanaticism, disgraceful ignorance of Constitutional Philosophy to insist on the other thing. Liberty to *tax* oneself. Not to pay out money from your pocket except on reason shown. No century, I think, but a barren one would have fixed on that as the first right of man! I should say, on the contrary, a just man will generally have better cause than *money* in what shape soever, before deciding to revolt against his government. . . . But if they come to him and say, "Acknowledge a lie, pretend to say you are worshipping God when you are not doing it; believe not the thing that *you* find true, but the thing that *I* find, or pretend to find, true:" he will answer: "No, by God's help, no; you may take my purse, but I cannot have my moral

¹¹ Vol. I. book v. chaps. III.—VII.

self annihilated. The purse is any highwayman's who might meet me with a loaded pistol; but the self is mine and God my Maker's; it is not yours and I will resist you to the death, and revolt against you, and on the whole front all manner of extremities, accusations and confusions, in defence of that!"

The view of the real motive force of the Civil War is now generally accepted, and has been borne out by Mr. Gardiner. Carlyle's posthumous work, "Historical Sketches," shows how thoroughly he understood the relation of religion to politics in the minds of the Parliament men during the reigns of James and Charles the First. At the time he wrote these sketches, he was contemplating a history of the period. When he abandoned this project, and determined instead to show us the true Cromwell, the memory of this man in particular was, if possible, more obscured to his countrymen than the memory of the Puritan movement as a whole. Even in Scott's "Woodstock," the first attempt made by a man of true historical insight and sympathy to appreciate the conflicting motives and forces of the Civil War, Cromwell, though no monster, appears as an ambitious Captain talking half-sincere cant. Macaulay praised him as a practical man. But if a few persons knew something of the Protector, no one knew Oliver Cromwell. The man who had ruled England from the solitude of his mind, whose iron faith had bound him to endure calumny and hatred from without and bitter weariness within, lay unknown as if he had never been, until Carlyle rescued him from the grave of time.

But although the discovery of Cromwell is a signal achievement of history written from the inside, it is not upon the whole the greatest of Carlyle's historical works; he has sacrificed the age to the man as he did not sacrifice the

French Revolution to Mirabeau. The very Puritans fare hardly when they oppose the Protector; there is not the same human sympathy for all persons, and the same spiritual sympathy for all points of view, which signalize the "French Revolution." But the "Life of Cromwell" was needed to fulfil a different purpose; for two centuries the wrongs of Cavalier and Republican, Bishop and Presbyter, Lawyer and Parliamentarian, had been poured into the ears of a sympathetic posterity, and there had been none to reply for the departed tyrant; at last Carlyle stood up to plead his lost cause against the world. So that in the next generation Mr. Gardiner could come to square all accounts, and the case of the World *v.* Cromwell was both heard and judged.

The brief for Frederick the Great was less needed and was also less successful. Though the book contains wonderful battle-scenes, pictures of persons, flashes of pathos and humor, it was, on the whole, written in the decline of his genius. Above all, he did not understand Frederick as he understood Cromwell and the actors of the French Revolution. The attempt to find in an old Pagan, inspired by a mixture of Cynicism and Stoicism, a Carlylean of the first water, can be only partially successful; though it is by no means so absurd as some suppose who conceive Carlyle's view of life to have been based on dogmatic belief.

Who is to-day setting up the statue before Westminster Hall? Not the man who generously gave it to the nation needing it so much; not he, nor even Mr. Gardiner. At the base, behind and out of sight, should be inscribed "Erected by Thomas Carlyle, 1845-1899." We may fittingly close with his greeting to Cromwell:¹²—

Hail to thee, thou strong one; hail,

¹² Historical Sketches, p. 346.

across the long-drawn funeral aisle and night of time. Two dead centuries, with all that they have buried, part us, and it is far to speak together; how diverse are our centuries, most diverse, yet our Eternity is the same:

The Nineteenth Century.

and a kinship unites us which is much deeper than Death and Time. Hail to thee, thou strong one, for thou art ours, and I at least mean to call thee so.

G. M. Trevelyan.

PEOPLE I HAVE KNOWN.

Some of my earliest recollections are of visits to the house of a friend of my father's in Bedford Place where Macaulay was a frequent guest. Even as a child I was impressed by his strong personality. He used to come in after dinner, and instantly begin to talk, his words rolling out like peals of thunder and his voice penetrating through the room. He had a wonderful memory, repeating passages from Latin and Greek as well as English authors without pausing an instant for a word. We children often came into the drawing-room when he was so occupied, and he would stop, receive us cordially, and resume the interrupted quotation without the smallest hesitation. For his niece, Lady Knutsford, he had the most intense affection, and I think there was never a visit made to Bedford Place without her name being mentioned and some anecdote of her related. "Margaret" seemed ever in his mind, and the name a pleasure to him to utter. But he had a large heart, and was full of sympathy and kindness to those dear to him. Our friend Mr. E. said, after the irreparable loss of his devoted wife, the devoted mother of his children, "I could not have lived but for Macaulay."

Once I had the honor, when I was still very young, of going to breakfast with him in the Albany, and very much I enjoyed wandering about the room and hearing his remarks on some old

ballads and a collection of newspaper cuttings which he had looked out for our amusement. I cannot now recollect what these cuttings were, but I have an idea that they were critiques on his writings, and that he laughed very merrily over them as he proved them to be as valueless as reviews too often are. After breakfast a huge old-fashioned green chariot came to the door, and Miss E. and I drove with him to the Houses of Parliament, where he made himself our showman. I remember very distinctly that as we passed Whitehall he bent forward in the carriage, leaning on his umbrella, and said to me, "Outside that window"—indicating the window from which Charles I. was led to the scaffold—"a nice little piece of business was done two hundred years ago!" and he followed up the remark by one of his animated discussions on the character and history of the king. In reading his history of England, in after years, I did not wonder that even as a child I had been carried away by his personal eloquence and enthusiasm.

A recent writer has told us that Macaulay's appearance was commonplace, but my recollections of him do not coincide with this opinion. He certainly had a splendid head and brow, and his eyes were full of energy and light, but his figure was too stout for his height. He walked with his frock-coat flying away from him as if he could not bear

anything tight or confining. Openness was the great point in his face, and his expression was that of a happy man, differing in the most striking way from that of his brother historian, J. A. Froude. He was, too, nearly bald, and Froude had, when I knew him, black hair. In society Froude has been, when I have met him, very reserved—another contrast to Macaulay, who was genial even to a child, such as I then was.

Another of my recollections is that of being taken one day, by a friend with whom I was staying, to see Samuel Rogers. He received us very kindly, in a pretty room looking into the Green Park, and filled with books, statuary and pleasant things. He was very blind and bent and feeble, but still full of conversation. After we had been there some little time, another guest, a lady, came in, and I was at once much struck by her face. She had already gray hair, but did not look old, and her manner was energetic and bright. Mr. Rogers said to her after a few minutes. "Will you read to me, my dear?" "Certainly, dear Mr. Rogers," she replied. "What shall it be?" "I should like a bit of the Sermon on the Mount," he returned. She took up a large Bible from the place where she seemed accustomed to find it, and read as he wished. Every word was distinct without affectation, her tone very musical, and her whole soul seemed to enter into the meaning of the often recurring "Blessed." When she closed the book we were all silent, and then she rose, saying, "I cannot stay longer to-day. Good-bye, dear Mr. Rogers," and she went away, walking with a slight stoop which did not at all detract from her dignified air, and which I have since seen mentioned as one of the charms of this remarkable woman even in her younger days. Mr. Rogers turned to me, when the door closed, and said, "My dear, I asked Lady Bech-

er to read to us to-day for your sake as well as my own. You are very young, and in days to come you can now say that you heard the once famous Miss O'Neill read to *old* Rogers." I never forgot that visit to the kind old poet, and when I left I tried to thank him, but I felt more than I could express. He was the first living author I had personally known, and, to my mind, everything I read of his became invested with a fresh interest from that time.

In reading lately a review on "Contributions to the Literature of the Fine Arts" by Sir Charles Eastlake, I was reminded of several pleasant evenings I had passed at his house years ago. He and Lady Eastlake were fortunate in being able to gather a great variety of people, and their parties were free from all stiffness. Painters, men of science and literature, and persons of rank and position assembled in that house, where all felt united in a common feeling of regard for the host and hostess. Sir Charles was very quiet in manner, but spoke well. He seemed entirely free from the crotchets and eccentricities of some artists I have known, and was always ready to appreciate the works of others. His own style was peculiar; but his pictures, to my mind, are very beautiful. They suggest peace and repose, they are highly finished, care is bestowed on every trifle. That of our Savior foretelling the destruction of Jerusalem is the only one I can now name, but the impression I retain of all is that of intense purity and refinement.

Sir Charles had no peculiarities of dress or appearance. He was short and, when I knew him, very bald, and had a most amiable countenance. Lady Eastlake was well known to many before her marriage, as the authoress of "Letters from the Baltic." She was an excellent linguist and musician, and one evening, when I was at her house,

Joachim made his, I believe, first appearance in England, and she accompanied him on the piano, playing perfectly at sight.

Another R.A. whom I remember was John Philip. Before he was as well known as he became in after years, I sat to him for a small portrait. Philip was a Scotchman with a kind and yet rough manner, and he worked hard in his profession. He was a large-hearted man, and after rising to a prominent position he was most kind to others less successful than himself. But he seldom, I think, or ever, went into society. Spanish pictures were his great forte, and they are in their way the best modern specimens we have, I imagine, of Spanish life. He died before he was fifty.

I met Mr. Browning one day at a breakfast party. He was a short man, good-looking, and had then a quantity of rather dark hair. He was full of life and talked a great deal, and had a very pleasant manner. I much regret that, not having at any time made notes of conversations which took place on the occasions when I met the persons referred to in this paper, I cannot now call to mind any particular subjects or opinions expressed, and have only general recollections of the pleasure I derived from being in their society. Of another poet, Aubrey de Vere, I have only the same shadowy remembrance. No one could see him without remarking his striking head and fine brow, and the expression he wore of having gone through much trouble of mind, which was, I believe, the case before he finally seceded from the English Church. He was very enthusiastic on any points which had reference to his new faith, and you could not converse with him without feeling his perfect sincerity. His poetry is of a very high class, and although he has not written much, all is pure and beautiful. Some sonnets of his, written

many years before I ever saw him, and which I then greatly admired, seemed just what one would have expected him to write after having known something of his tone of mind in personal interviews. I heard a letter of his once, and it was indeed worth hearing—a poet's letter read by a greater poet still!

To turn from poets to divines, I recollect once meeting Dr. Pusey at one of the annual Church festivals at Frome. He was staying, as were we too, at the vicarage.

When I saw the man who had been the leader of so important a movement, and by whose opinions so many were guided, I was surprised. He was small and very gray, and was peculiar in his dress, wearing a coat like those usually worn in the evening, whereas the many clergy gathered together on the occasion, and who looked upon him as their teacher, had already adopted a very much more severe style of clothing. It was almost impossible to get an opportunity of conversation with him, for the assemblage was large and so many were seeking for a word from him; but one day at breakfast I sat by him, and we talked on various subjects. I found he would have eaten very little if I had not attended to his wants, putting toast, etc., near him, and once I watched him for a minute or more vainly trying in his absent way to cut a crust with the butter knife, which he had inadvertently taken up. I gave him a steel knife, which he took with thanks, but seemed quite unaware of the cause of his want of success with the discarded silver one. He preached one evening during the octave, and, though so quiet in manner usually, he appeared full of fire and energy when he spoke of the Last Judgment. It was a most solemn, indeed an awful sermon, and I heard it much commented upon afterwards by those who knew

his usual style. At the close of his visit Dr. Pusey was kind enough to write in a little book I had, and though I much regretted circumstances prevented my having much conversation with him, yet the remembrance of the meeting will always be a pleasure.

From the Anglican divine I turn to the Duc de Bordeaux, better known, perhaps, as Comte de Chambord. When this young prince was travelling in England many years ago he came to Liverpool, where my father was asked to put him in the way of seeing the principal objects of interest there. On the day when the Duke was leaving he came to our house to breakfast, accompanied by some of the gentlemen who clung to the fortunes of his family, but, except the Duc Decazes, I forget their names. The young Comte de Chambord could not fail to interest us. Irrespective of his personal appearance and charming manner, we were led to think of the tragic circumstances surrounding his birth, his banishment from his native land, his early years spent with his aunt, that deeply afflicted Duchesse d'Angoulême, whom it seemed impossible to believe had survived the horrors of the Revolution, whose father, mother, brother and aunt were successively torn from her in the Temple. The Duke and his sister were devoted to her, and, we may trust, soothed her later years by their affection.

Our breakfast party was a lively one. The Duke spoke English to my mother, but he was not very proficient. However, he knew enough English to be able to express his delight at the objects he had seen, especially the docks and the stationary steam-engine, which in those days brought up the trains through the tunnel which ran into the town. Before he left I asked him if he would be so good as to give me his autograph. "*Avec le plus grand plaisir*," he said, and immediately wrote "Hen-

ri," adding the date and the name of our house. I noticed that all the suite addressed him as "Sire." Not having seen any of the Orleanist princes very near at hand, I cannot judge whether the young Duc de Bordeaux resembled any of that branch, but he was very fair and small, with striking blue eyes, light moustache, and very little whisker. All of those about him spoke of him as a most amiable young man, but they seemed to think that he had not enough ambition to disturb France by violently trying for the throne, and we could not help thinking that he was more likely to enjoy his life than if he had been always filled with hopes and ideas which have often proved so fatal and disastrous to those who have indulged them. His character seemed to us to be more fitted for the position of a private gentleman respected by his retainers, than for that of a ruler of France.

Before my marriage we made the acquaintance of a charming French lady, La Comtesse Mollén, and her husband, and they invited us to join them at their country château, the Château Jours. It was quite a picture of "a French country house," and I was reminded of many little things about it when I read the story in the Cornhill by that name. Mme. Mollén was lady of honor to the ex-queen of the French, and was devoted to the family. She was a great artist, and had the most valuable album containing pencil sketches of the greatest men in France drawn by her own hand. I enjoyed the visit greatly. The house was simply furnished, but had objects of art here and there. The floors were all of inlaid wood with no carpets; and the bedrooms were fitted up with spotless white dimity, and every article of wood was perfectly polished, not a speck of dust to be found in any one neglected spot. Years after this visit, I had the pleasure of meeting the dear old lady

again—at Beaumaris, where she was with the Queen and other members of the Orleans family. I went to call upon her at the hotel, and she received me with great affection, and with all her French graciousness. Since we had last met, the Comte Mollien had died, and I had married, and my husband was in the Crimea. She asked to see my little boy, who was five months old, and another day I took him to her. After she had duly admired him, she said, "the queen would like to see him," and she carried him herself into the next room, which was separated from the one in which I remained by folding doors only, and the remarks all came to me, much to my amusement. "*Oh, mon Dieu, qu'il est beau! quel bel enfant! O qu'il est blond! O quel couleur!*"

When Mme. Mollien brought him back she told me "Her Majesty had kissed him" and had been much interested in him, knowing the anxiety of his mother at the absence of his father in a cause in which France too was engaged.

The beautiful Duchesse de Nemours was then alive, and was with her mother-in-law at this time, as was also the Duchesse de Montpensier, who had very recently lost a daughter. I spoke of this loss to Mme. Mollien with sympathy, and was struck by her reply, which sounded so French to my English ears: "*Oui, c'est une perte, mais ce n'est pas la seule, ainsi il y en a de quoi se consoler!*" The future portioning out of these young exiled daughters of France was perhaps a difficulty, and may have accounted for the apparent coolness with which the condolence on the loss was received.

We often met the party walking or driving, and they always recognized the child by a kind smile. And a few years later we again saw the French Royal Family at Worthing, and once more, for the last time, met Mme. Mollien. She has long since followed her

beloved mistress beyond the troubles of this world.

A celebrity of another type was Garibaldi. Many years ago I first saw this great man—for the term great must certainly be applied to him, however much opinion may differ as to the good or evil results of his attempts for the freedom of his country. Of personal bravery he has shown extraordinary proof as well as energy and endurance under numberless hardships and dangers. He cannot be accused of selfishness, for he gained nothing by his efforts, and those that knew him must have seen that he was a most simple-minded man. After the first affair at Rome, he turned his thoughts to trading for a livelihood, and for some time sailed, between America and Genoa, a small vessel. On his way to the new country, he passed through Liverpool, and a very old Italian friend of ours a refugee, introduced him to my father, who invited him to our home. I remember the evening he spent with us very distinctly. Two or three of his faithful friends were with him, and there was much conversation about Italy and England; but I was too young and spoke Italian too little to do more than listen. The opinion appeared to be general that for a time the would-be liberators of Italy must wait their opportunity—but this is ancient history now.

A letter written from America to our mutual friend, in which my father's kindness and hospitality were warmly alluded to, was afterwards given to me, and I felt far more interest in subsequent events in Italy from the personal regard and admiration with which this visit, and the kindly remembrance of it which Garibaldi had shown, had inspired me for the great, and yet simple, man. These sentiments were increased when I read of his noble conduct after the overthrow of the kingdom of Naples, when he met

the King of Italy, and laid down before his sovereign all that had been gained, seeking nothing, asking nothing, but the king's approval. Pity that he did not rest there; but, as this is only a personal memoir, I shall not enter into political matters, and pass on to my second and last meeting with him. On this occasion Garibaldi was staying with Mr. Seely, at Brooke in the Isle of Wight, where "Mr." Tennyson, as he then was, went to meet the "General"—as many people loved to call him. Garibaldi in return promised a visit to Farringford, and Mrs. Tennyson, having heard me mention the pleasure that the former interview at my own home had given me, most kindly said we must come and see him again for old acquaintance sake.

When he drove past our house on his way to Farringford and I saw him, I seemed to remember him at once, though perhaps pictures had partly helped to impress his face upon my mind. But few who had once seen him could forget that fine head and grand open forehead, which age had only rendered finer, as it seemed to my mind. He wore a sort of loose white poncho or cloak, and had a rather conspicuous handkerchief hanging round his neck, which so much alarmed our dear little R. that he retreated indoors and could not be induced to emerge until Garibaldi was far away. When we walked up to Farringford, we found that the great men were having a quiet smoke in Mr. Tennyson's study, where we joined them and sat for a short time. Mr. Tennyson mentioned my former name, and when I spoke of the pleasure it gave me to see Garibaldi again, the recollection of the circumstances soon returned to his mind, and he asked many questions about events that had happened since that time, alluding especially to my father's kindness to him. After speaking to my husband, and making some general remarks, we

all went downstairs and out upon the lawn, where Mr. Tennyson asked him to plant a *Wellingtonia*. He handled the spade as if he had been a laborer all his life, and remarked, "I can manage *this*." Sir Henry Taylor, Mrs. Cameron and her beautiful niece were the only friends present beside ourselves, and when I read of the London receptions I was thankful that our enjoyment of Garibaldi had been so perfectly quiet and free from crowds and excitement, knowing how greatly he disliked all show and publicity. It is not often that one sees three such fine heads together as those of Tennyson, Sir Henry Taylor and Garibaldi, and that day will never be forgotten by us. I was delighted that C. was so much struck by Garibaldi, and that his enthusiasm was as spontaneous as mine had been years ago at my last meeting. On this occasion I had, indeed, tried to keep enthusiasm down, fancying that the memory of the former meeting was tinged with youthful romance; but it was a new pleasure to permit it to rise again, and to join with that of my husband in mature age.

To the present generation the name of Charles Babbage is, perhaps, unknown, but he will long figure in biographical dictionaries, and rank among the celebrities of a past generation. He was an occasional guest at the house of Sir F. Pollock, where I met so many of the persons I have sketched in these pages. He was very precise in his way of speaking, and showed little animation; but he was pleasant, and generally had something to speak of which interested my friend, of whom he was very fond; and, mingling so little as he did in the world, his ideas had originality and always gave one something fresh to dwell upon. His calculating machine was a remarkable evidence of his industry and perseverance. I fancied he was rather bitter from disappointment that the delight and apple

of his eye had not made more sensation in the scientific world. With his desire for quiet and retirement, I always pitied his periodical appearances at the police court, made to get rid of those terrible annoyances, the street organs, which, I could quite fancy, to a mind painfully sensitive as his was, must have been nothing less than torture. I believe this torture was oftener inflicted upon him than upon others in the hope of a bribe to retire out of his hearing. He lived and died alone, and his machine is now never mentioned; but perhaps in years to come it may be brought to light and made use of under a new name, in a new form.

Of celebrities whom I have seen I may mention two—Baron Humboldt and Professor Faraday. Humboldt I saw one day with the late King of Prussia, slowly walking in the garden of one of the palaces at Potsdam. I only knew then that the feeble bent old man was great in mind and had been all over the world; but the recollection of the passing look and appearance has never faded away in the least. Years which have taught me how wonderful was that mind, how unceasing the toil after fresh knowledge, have only imprinted more clearly the outline of the figure and the amiable expression of the features. Professor Faraday I saw and heard once, and any one who ever had the privilege of attending one of his lectures will understand how difficult it is to describe that peculiar fascination which he possessed, and its power of riveting the attention even if the subject were too deep a one for a young mind fully to enter into. I only felt that I should never tire of listening to him, and then to watch his hands taking up and putting together the subjects for the experiments, the neatness and clearness of movement, and the certainty one had that all would take place exactly as he had presupposed, was engrossing. As a lecturer, I im-

agine he was quite unequalled, and his discoveries in science must forever make his name revered. But his life has been well drawn for us, and in reading it I was able to enter into the feelings of his admirers with more sympathy from having seen him in life. His face was full of brightness, set off perhaps by his very white hair, and the expression was one of kindness and benevolence. His manner was gentle and impressive, and his voice very clear. The Prince Consort was in the chair, and Faraday had no warmer admirer than the Prince. It was pleasant to see the cordial and friendly manner with which each regarded the other; the Prince recognizing the wonderful power and industry of the man of science, and Faraday respecting not the rank only of the president, but the intelligent fine mind of the younger inquirer after knowledge, desirous of attaining information which the veteran had fathomed; the one white-headed, the other hardly arrived at the prime of life, but both have now passed beyond all bounds of science.

During a happy residence at Freshwater many years ago it was our privilege to be admitted into the home circle at Farringford. Our acquaintance with its gifted owners began on March 10, 1863, the wedding day of the Prince and Princess of Wales. My husband, being then in command of the Royal Artillery in the Isle of Wight, had charge of the stores, etc., and a message came from Mr. Tennyson asking for the loan of flags for decoration. This was accompanied by an invitation to go up to Farringford at six o'clock, to a sort of high tea. I recollect on this occasion there were copies of "The Welcome" to the Princess lying about, and before we left he said, "Do you care for that?" I said, "Oh, yes," very gratefully, and those who know how seldom he wrote anything will understand how much I prize my copy of it

with my name in full—he especially insisted on the Christian name—"from A. T." in his own handwriting. After tea we went up to the Beacon on the Downs to see the bonfire which he had himself superintended. He led the way, a striking figure with his cloak flying in the wind. On my saying, "Good-bye, Mr. Tennyson," he replied, "Why do you say good-bye?" "Because we are going away," I said. "Oh, I thought you had only just come," meaning to the Isle of Wight. I explained my meaning, and then he said, "I always say 'Good day' myself, unless I am going away altogether." When I knew him better, I saw how careful he was to choose the most suitable word on every occasion, and I, too, tried in future to consider, before using any expression, if it was the most applicable one I could find.

Leading the secluded life which they did, I must always attribute our introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Tennyson to that memorable 10th of March. But for it we might not have had the opportunity of getting into the charmed circle for months, if ever. During all our subsequent residence at Freshwater we were constantly invited to Farringford, where, besides the happy family party, we had the privilege of meeting many interesting people. With his intimate friends the poet would discourse on many subjects, and sometimes he would read aloud. I never heard him read any of his own poems, but he once read to us some of his brother's sonnets. It was a treat to listen to his voice, sometimes touching from pathos, sometimes full of power and vehemence. Those were evenings never to be forgotten! It was the custom, as many have remembered who have had the privilege to enjoy these evenings, to leave the dining-room when dinner was over and adjourn to the drawing-room, where the dessert and wine were set out. After dessert the

poet went to his study to smoke, inviting one or two gentlemen to accompany him. My husband always retained the proud remembrance that he had been the companion of Tennyson and Longfellow in that study.

We sometimes induced Mr. Tennyson to join us in a walk, and he would say, before consenting, "Where are you going? I won't go to the market place"—meaning the tiny little bay where a few idlers congregated! His taste was for the fields and downs, and (not a romantic association!) I never now smell the smell of a turnip field without thinking of these never-to-be-forgotten rambles. Although so very short-sighted, he noticed flowers in the hedges which others passed by, and would sometimes stop and say, "What is that note?" and then name the bird from which it came. And I never felt afraid of asking a question; for he was always ready to impart knowledge if he saw you were interested. He was indeed wonderfully observant of nature, as his poems show, and would bring out quite naturally, and as it were by the way, beauties which we saw in our walks, and which others, less observant, would otherwise have passed by. His cloak and hat have been often described, and were well known apparently, for no sooner did strangers catch sight of them in the distance on the Downs than they would make for them, and this publicity was so unpleasant to him that we all had to fly in the opposite direction to the intruders!

I remember him one day talking of a poem he meant to write on a nightingale, which poem, however, never came to anything. A mutual friend often reminded him of it, and one day in particular I recollect her saying, "Now, Alfred, how about that nightingale?" "Oh, it's dead long ago!" he said with amused petulance.

After we left Freshwater we only saw the poet once, in London, where he

had taken a house for a short time. He and Mrs. Tennyson received us as kindly as ever. I had letters from Mrs. Tennyson occasionally which will ever be valued, but of late the present Lord

Tennyson answered my letters, his mother being too feeble to write.

Farringford and Freshwater will ever remain among the happiest memories of my life.

Cornhill Magazine.

L. F.

THE FUTURE OF THE GREAT ARMIES.

The late "Peace" Conference—which ought to have been called the War Conference, since it was mainly occupied in arranging how future wars are to be carried on—has justified the unfavorable anticipations which were ventured in the pages of this Review and in other quarters. Most people who think seriously about public affairs are aware that it has been a failure, as it was expected to be by all but a few enthusiasts. But it is over now, and its obseques have been celebrated by the European press with exemplary politeness. The august "Initiator" meant so well, and so many distinguished soldiers, sailors, diplomatists, and professors worked so hard during those dusty days at the House in the Wood, that it would be unkind to point out too plainly how futile the efforts of these eminent personages have been. The majority of the delegates at the Conference seem to have been inspired by two leading ideas. In the first place, they wanted to reduce armaments; in the second, they wished to cut the claws of Great Britain, so far as that operation could be performed without inconvenience to themselves. But when it came to business, it was found that the form-

er project was a chimerical fantasy, which could not be discussed without absurdity by practical men. Consequently the "Limitation of Armaments," which was the nominal and ostensible cause of the whole expansive entertainment, was quietly shelved, and appears only in the "Final Act" as an innocuously pious generalization.¹ As to the second—the unavowed, but very obvious, object of the proceedings—not much came of that either. This was largely owing to the ability and alertness of the British delegates, and in particular to Lord Pauncefoot, Sir John Ardagh and Sir John Fisher, whose quickness of apprehension, adroit readiness and clearness of expression, were in conspicuous contrast to the woolly indefiniteness exhibited by the representatives of some other Powers.

The country owes these admirable public servants more than it appears inclined to acknowledge, both for what they did and for what they prevented others from doing. Knowing their facts thoroughly—which was more than could be said for certain of the distinguished amateurs commissioned to the Hague by various foreign governments

¹ "The Conference considers that the limitation of the military charges at present weighing upon the world is greatly to be desired for the increase of the material and moral welfare of humanity." This is the sole refer-

ence to the subject in the Final Act, and it is not embodied either in the Conventions or the Declarations, but is merely one of the vœux or virtuous suggestions.

—they were able to veto several suggestions ingeniously devised to embarrass the greatest of the Maritime Powers; and they succeeded in convincing some of their most influential colleagues that the nail-paring operation, above referred to, could not be carried out so as to annoy and injure the British Lion exclusively. In the result, we emerge from the Huis ten Bosch not so very much worse than we entered that historic building. A little the worse we are. It is no advantage to us to have it placed solemnly on record that the weapon with which our troops are armed is too barbarous for employment in civilized warfare. The Conference adjourned with a testamentary recommendation that a fresh series of congresses should be summoned to discuss this and other matters, including the proposed inviolability of private property at sea. The last suggestion is distinctly awkward for us, since it raises a question we cannot afford to debate, and one on which, unhappily, we are compelled to take absolutely different views from those that prevail in the United States.

The great success of the Conference is supposed to be the Arbitration Convention. At present that agreement is in a highly inchoate condition, since it has not been accepted by several of the chief military and naval Powers represented at the Hague. However, we are, no doubt, entitled to assume that, in due course, some International Treaty, to which the more important civilized states will become parties, will be framed upon the lines of the Convention. This will be a praiseworthy proceeding, since it will be an official recognition of the principle that it is better to arrange disputes peaceably when possible. At the same time one feels inclined to ask, with Mrs. Gamp: "Who's a denigeling of it?" To listen to some of the talk that is current, one might think that it is quite a

brilliant new idea—a sort of political Happy Thought, that never struck anybody until it suddenly dawned upon the Hague Commissioners. In this spirit the British and Foreign Arbitration Association has addressed a memorial to the Czar, pointing out that his imperial majesty might dispense with the Russian Army and Navy, having no further use for such luxuries. "There is no doubt," says this philosophic body, "that now a method has been plainly pointed out of settling differences without war, the different governments, including," adds the Association rather neatly, "your Majesty's, must see the utter uselessness of keeping up enormous military establishments, which press so very heavily upon the industry and commerce of all civilized countries." But surely it is not the first time, or the five hundredth time, that "a method has been plainly pointed out of settling differences without war." There is no novelty in the text. The difficulty lies in the application. And with all respect to the "permanent"—but not compulsory—tribunal, which is to be set up, we are no nearer the universal use of the remedy than before. Nations will not be induced to abstain from war, because there is a secretary and an arbitration bureau, with an office in Brussels, or some other conveniently accessible capital.

The Conference showed by its actions, if not by its words, that it thoroughly agreed with certain opinions, which have been, from time to time, enunciated in these pages. It realized that the great armaments, so far from being a constant menace to peace, are, in fact, its best guarantee. Nothing is half so likely to convert nations to a belief in the sacred merits of Arbitration as the conviction that the other alternative is too ruinous to be attempted. There are times, in public and private life, when men will fight,

though they know that fighting is a mere blind tempting of fate. Madened by passion, vanity, revenge, or an unendurable sense of wrong, nations may occasionally rush upon war, regardless of consequences. But this is rare, and is likely to become more infrequent still as the masses of the people acquire a greater share of political power, combined with increased material prosperity. As a rule governments count the consequences before proceeding to extremities; and the more costly war is made, the more national suffering and loss it involves, the larger the proportion of the civil population it touches, the less likely is it to be rashly adventured on. There is no argument in favor of arbitration and negotiation so forcible as a huge conscript army. In spite of the jealousies and the conflicting interests of the great European Powers, there has been no war among them for eight and twenty years, and it almost seems as if there never could be one again. The risks are too heavy for the nerves even of a Bismarck to face. Nations will not plunge into hostilities when they see that victory itself would involve something like industrial ruin and commercial collapse, owing to the withdrawal of practically the entire adult male population from the work of production. To Great Britain a war means, at the worst, only suffering and loss of life to some thousands of soldiers and sailors, a comparatively limited class who stand apart from the mass of their fellow-citizens. It comes home to the rest of us chiefly in the shape of some additional pennies on the income tax, which is not quite the same thing as requiring a son or brother from every second household in the country.

The great armies—and incidentally, it may be added, the great navies—will remain, for they are the best security against needless and hasty disturbance of the peace. The refusal of the Hague

delegates to touch the disarmament problem may be regarded as putting an end to the matter for many years to come. The age of "bloated armaments" is not yet over, nor is it nearing its conclusion. On the contrary, Europe, not to mention Asia and America, will continue to "groan" under the burden of military and naval establishments, until some decisive, and at present unforeseen, change occurs in international relations. Though we may confidently hope that wars will become more and more uncommon, warlike preparations will be pushed on with unceasing and unsleeping vigilance. Year after year the young men of most civilized nations will spend the first years of their manhood in being exercised to the use of arms, and will pass through life, and grow old, and die, without ever being called upon to draw a trigger against an enemy. The "contingent" of growing lads will come up to the colors, will pass two or three or five years in the barrack-room and on the parade-ground, and may yet never be required to practise the arts acquired with so much labor from the drill-sergeant and the musketry-instructor. No doubt there is something paradoxical and almost fantastic in this condition of affairs—this constant indefatigable preparation against an emergency which is exceedingly unlikely to occur.

The paradox has so forcibly struck M. de Bloch, the author of the famous work which is understood to have inspired the Czar to dictate the Muravieff Circular, that it has induced him to denounce not only all war, but also all warlike expenditure, as an anachronistic absurdity. War, he urges, between great nations, equipped with modern armies and modern resources, has become impossible. It would involve bankruptcy, suicide, starvation, not for one, but for both combatants. Two huge hosts of a couple of millions each,

sent into the field, with quick-firing artillery and repeating rifles, would spend months of marching, counter-marching and besieging before they got into touch. When they did fight a battle, it would be an affair of earthworks and entrenchments, which would endure for weeks, or else both hordes would be swept away in a few minutes. If the campaign were not speedily at an end the armies would inevitably starve, for there would not be enough hands left behind to supply them with food, or enough money in the country to pay for it. At the present moment M. de Bloch thinks it extremely doubtful whether either Germany or France would be able to feed its own population, when once the whole machine of agricultural production had been broken up by the mobilization *en masse* of the Reserves. Every great state in time of war would be in the position of a beleaguered city; and, brave as its soldiers might be, they could not hold out against famine, which would attack the victorious as well as the defeated competitor. But if nations cannot fight on the large scale, and are scarcely likely even to try the experiment, what, asks M. de Bloch, is the use of their Armies and their Navies? Why "waste" 250,000,000*l.* sterling every year "in preparing to wage a war which can only be waged at the price of suicide—that is to say, which cannot be waged at all, for no nation willingly commits suicide?" Why not save the money and spend it in "ameliorating the condition of the people?" It is strange that this humane and industrious, if somewhat speculative, thinker does not see that he has himself supplied the answer to the questions he propounds. Why is war "impossible," or at least suicidal? Because of the growth of armies and the improvement in appliances. Reduce the armies and render the weapons less deadly, and those grim phantoms of ruin, dearth and

massacre, which, as the Moscow banker sees, are the guardian angels of peace, will lose some of their terrors. There is nothing in M. de Bloch's elaborate argument which really tends in favor of disarmament. If we could get back to a state of things in which each European General Staff had at its disposal a compact little professional army of 80,000 or 100,000 men, with no conscripts and no huge civilian reserve, there would be no fear of "suicide" or famine, and it would be as easy for ambitious sovereigns and intriguing ministers to bring about hostilities as it used to be in the days of Frederick the Great and Kaunitz.

Necessary or not, the mammoth army seems to many people nothing but a national misfortune of the gravest kind. "Militarism," they would say, is a curse to any country. It brings the most pestilent evils in its train. It hampers industry, since it takes away in the flower of their youth hundreds of thousands of workers who ought to be at the forge, the factory, or the farm. It grinds the faces of the poor, for it involves heavy taxes and high tariffs. It is wasteful, since it spends the savings of the people on guns, and swords, and gold lace, and pipe-clay, and other articles not adapted to "assist future production." It is immoral, since it trains the young to contemplate and deliberately prepare themselves for the killing of human beings; and it creates a caste, to whom the "honor" of their uniform is more than the welfare of the nation, and who are degraded by the inhuman and brutal harshness of military discipline. Such is the indictment uttered by Mr. Bryan and the anti-imperialists in America, by the Socialists all over the world, and, no doubt, by many Englishmen, when they read of the iniquities perpetrated by the generals and colonels of the French general staff. The amazing Dreyfus case has been regarded, not un-

naturally, as a sort of object-lesson in the perils and abuses of the military system. If the "honor" of an army requires that subornation and forgery and wholesale lying should be patronized and practised by officers in the highest places—if it authorizes false charges against innocent men, and permits the Merciers and the Rogets to go unpunished, while it covers with infamy the nobly heroic figure of Colonel Picquart—then one might almost be inclined to say, "Away with the armies and all their works!" But—*il faut distinguer*. The atrocities of the French General Staff are a proof not that military service is necessarily bad, but that it is bad under the conditions which exist in France. The French army is a painful exhibition of most of the things the warlike establishment of a civilized people should not be. When France, after her great disaster, remodelled her forces on the German pattern, she allowed herself one great omission. She forgot that an army—a nation—is a soul as well as a body. She copied all that was external and material in the victorious legions that crossed her frontier in 1870, and neglected to imitate the *morale* which animated them. But many batteries of artillery and millions of the most perfect modern rifles, and even the best of scientific tactics and strategy, are not in themselves sufficient. These are no substitutes for loyalty, a high sense of duty, good order among all ranks, contentment in the men, consideration, judgment and fidelity on the part of the officers. The French army is now, as it was under Bazaine and Macmahon, honeycombed

by brutality, license, disorder and tyranny. "The Dreyfus case," says M. Decle, in the striking book² in which he gives his own experiences in the ranks, "is but a greatly magnified example of what daily happens throughout the French army." When a man puts on the uniform he loses not only the rights, but the opinions of a citizen. He is no longer an intelligent human being, looking before and after, but a blue-coated automaton, with a moral code which is that of his colonel or his corporal. This would not so much signify if the code were a good one. But as a matter of fact it is not. France has never recognized in practice, even if she does so in theory, that the State owes any obligation to the young men whom it forces into the *cadres* beyond that of compelling them to learn their drill. Discipline is maintained, not by any kind of moral force or through the ascendancy conferred on the officers by superior education and social position, but by the most severe and degrading punishments. The conscript is "kept in his place" by insolent abuse, by frequent imprisonment, by the horrible tortures of *Biribi*, and by the knowledge that the death penalty will be remorselessly executed for acts of insubordination. A private will be shot for striking a corporal in a fit of drunkenness, or under the most intolerable provocation. "Many," says M. Decle, "are the tales of dreadful revenge taken by these conscripts on their officers. It is no uncommon thing for a few of them to play away the life of an officer at cards, the loser being obliged to kill him within a certain time."³

² Trooper 3809: a Private Soldier of the Third Republic. By Lionel Decle, London: William Heinemann. 1899.

³ M. Decle tells a story of one such case, in which a man was told off to take the life of his Major. He fired at him, but missed, and the Major thereupon drew his revolver and blew out the ruffian's brains. "A few months later a stone was found on the spot bearing this inscription:

Here
On the 10th of December 18—
Private —

Was murdered by Ma, or X.

The man who placed the stone there was never discovered, and, although it was removed by order of the military authorities, another one bearing a similar inscription soon afterwards stood in its place. Six times these stones were removed, and six times they were replaced, yet

It is true these remarks apply specially to the *compagnies de discipline*, or penal battalions in Algeria, in which the men are supposed to be notorious bad characters; but even of his own corps, a crack cavalry regiment, M. Decle observes:—

Had war broken out when I was a trooper, I am quite sure that the first battle would have resulted in the death of at least three of our officers and four of our sergeants, and that they would not have fallen under the enemy's bullets. This may be a terrible thing to say, but I knew two troopers who were determined to do the deed.

Violence and cruelty apart, the whole atmosphere of French barrack and camp life is demoralizing. M. Urbain Gohier, the author of "*L'Armée contre la Nation*," is scarcely an impartial witness; but he is justified in holding that in France, "*la caserne est un instrument de corruption*," and in believing that the habit of inebriation, which is making frightful ravages among a people once conspicuous for their temperance, springs largely from this source. "*La caserne*," he says bitterly, "*pourrit la France d'alcoolisme et de syphilis. . . . On enseigne à de malheureux garçons que l'ivrognerie et la débauche sont de glorieux signes de virilité*." M. Gohier seems to think that this is all the barrack does, or can, teach. But this is not the case everywhere, and need not be so anywhere.⁴

In Germany, ever since the reforms of

Scharnhorst, it has been recognized that the nation owes a reciprocal duty to the conscript. I do not say that even in Prussia the *Kaserne* is the ideal place of residence for a young man anxious to cultivate superior manners and the higher virtues. The Teuton, when placed in authority, is apt to be heavy in the hand, and the recruit in the Fatherland is not dealt with too tenderly. But on the whole he is reasonably and decently treated, and his officers are taught to feel that they are responsible for his conduct as well as his drill. The raw peasant is not permitted to succumb blindly to the temptations of a garrison town. During his first year of his training he is very closely supervised and guarded, and scarcely allowed to go abroad without the protection of an older and more experienced comrade. The dirt, disorder and neglect which prevail in a French barrack-room are rigorously prohibited in the quarters of the German soldiers.⁵ He is expected to be scrupulously careful about his appearance, and Mr. Atkins himself is scarcely more particular in his personal hygiene. What reconciles a shrewd, thrifty and highly domesticated race like the Germans to the "blood-tax" is the well-grounded conviction that the two or three years passed in the ranks are physically and mentally advantageous to the bulk of the population. Heavy as is the sacrifice involved, they see that they get a good deal in return.

"The German people," said Colonel von Schwartzhoff to his fellow-delegates

the guilty parties were never detected. It is hardly to be wondered at if the officers of these battalions usually carry loaded revolvers."

⁴ The news of the mutiny by Captain Voulet and his brother officer in the French Soudan, and the atrocious murder of Colonel Klobb, has only come to hand since the above lines were written. It would be superfluous to comment on that astounding exhibition of military ruffianism and insubordination.

⁵ "It is impossible to realize," says M. Decle, "how men can live in the state of filth which seems natural to French soldiers. Hardly one

of them ever thinks of washing his hands after cleaning the stables in the way I have previously described (that is by removing the wet straw and dung from the floor of the stalls, without shovels or pitchforks); occasionally some of them wash their faces, necks, and hands on Sundays, or when they have to appear on parade, but many of them remain all the year round (except in the summer season when they are sent in batches to the swimming-baths) without taking a single bath or feeling the want of one."

at the Hague, "is not overburdened and overtaxed, is not being dragged toward an abyss, and is not drifting towards exhaustion and ruin. Far from it. Public and private wealth is increasing, and the common welfare and the standard of life are annually improving. With regard to obligatory service, which is closely associated with these questions, the German does not regard it as a heavy burden, but as a sacred and patriotic duty, to the accomplishment of which he owes his existence, his prosperity and his future." In France the army is an instrument of national demoralization; in Germany it is on the whole a source of social improvement.*

It seems to me that in the future intelligent nations will be bound to insist that their armies shall be organized and administered on the German model, improved and elaborated, rather than on that of France. Instead of indulging in flaccid visions of universal disarmament, they will recognize that the liability to military service on the part of a large proportion of the civilian population is the condition on which they hold their independence and their position in the world. The fact has been tacitly admitted by the British Government in this very year of the Peace Conference, since the War Office last Session took occasion to revive, in a fashion as unobtrusive as possible, the ancient power of the Crown to call upon the counties to furnish their quota to the Militia by balloting, in case the requisite contingent cannot be raised by voluntary enlistment. This is not exactly conscription, but it is a distinct

acknowledgment of the compulsory principle. In the future, even more than in the past, we may take it that every self-respecting state will require a very large proportion of its citizens to submit themselves to military discipline, and train themselves to the use of arms. But it will not be deemed sufficient to pour the annual stream of growing lads, fresh from the workshop and the plough-tail, into barracks, to leave them at the mercy of ignorant martinets, to cram them in feverish haste with as much of the elements of drill and camp routine as can be ground into them quickly, to expose them to the corruption that springs up too easily in a garrison town, to permit them to spend their leisure in the canteen and worse places of resort, and to send them back to their villages with a flourishing crop of vices and bad habits. In return for the sacrifices which the modern military establishment entails, it will be legitimately demanded that the soldier shall re-enter the civilian ranks no worse than when he left them. One cannot expect that "single men in barracks" should be "a lot of plaster saints;" but it will be required that those single men, or boys, shall be improved rather than deteriorated, by their service with the colors.

In the Latin countries of Europe, the recruit, when he joins the regiment, is often as fine a specimen of primitive humanity as one could wish to see—simple, hardy, vigorous, with the rude health that has come down to him through generations of peasants and mountaineers, temperate, frugal, humbly pious: a water-drinker, a church-

* I cannot resist another quotation from the suggestive pages of Trooper 3809. "There is not the slightest doubt," says the author, "that, taken as a whole, the lowest classes in large towns like Paris, Marseilles, Lyons and others, are far more degraded than the people belonging to the same class of society in England; and the French military service, instead of raising these men to a higher plane, only brings

down to their level those who belong to the better classes, such as peasants, small clerks, and so on. . . . Even to this day, the three years every able-bodied Frenchman has to serve in the army are nothing but a period of ceaseless degradation for men possessing any self-respect. The system, one must acknowledge, works better in Germany."

goer, a respecter of those in authority.

It is the result of tragic incompetence that this lad should be sent home with a taste for bad spirits and revolutionary clap-trap, with a liking for gutter debauchery, and a swaggering contempt for the priest, the Syndic and his father: not to mention a bitter memory, which he will carry through life, of the cruelty and oppressions he has had to endure from his uniformed tyrants. These are the consequences, not of military service *per se*, but of military service as it is carried out in France, and to some extent also in Italy and Spain.

The Army of the Future will have to become what Professor von Stengel maintains that it already is in Germany—a national school for the training of character. The drill-sergeant and the company-officer must supplement the work of the schoolmaster. The recruit must be turned into a man as well as a soldier. In itself there is nothing that is brutalizing or degrading in military training. On the contrary, it only needs to be pursued under reasonable conditions to become a magnificent educational process. Speaking at a prize distribution at Epsom at the end of July, Lord Rosebery eulogized the English public schools, not because they turned out finished scholars or earnest students, but because they developed character. This is our excuse for maintaining a highly expensive system of first-grade education, which leaves ninety per cent. of the pupils with very little accurate information on any subjects but those relating to the cricket-ground and the football-field. The English parent is encouraged to think that, after all, it is better that his son should be a fine, manly young fellow, honorable, active, resourceful and courageous, than that he should know much of classics, natural science, or foreign languages. But that which the public

school does for the few in England may be achieved for the masses by service in the ranks. Discipline, the most valuable of lessons in our modern comfortable democracies, may be taught; the soldier may learn obedience, self-restraint, the patient endurance of hardship, cleanliness, punctuality and habits of order. If his duties are made interesting to him, so that he does not perform them merely by way of mechanical routine, they may become an efficient means of enlarging his intelligence and quickening his mental energy. German officers maintain that they do all this for their own conscripts, and certainly the astonishing progress which the Empire has made in industry and commerce during the past three years offers some justification of their opinion. Foreign observers have been struck by the alertness, the docility, the disciplined promptness with which the German artisan—the discharged conscript—goes about his work. We have examples nearer home. There is no better body of men anywhere than the bluejackets and marines of the Royal Navy. To talk to a petty officer or a signalman, or even an ordinary seaman-gunner on board one of her Majesty's ships, is to find yourself in conversation with a person who usually adds to the manners of a gentleman a whole budget of miscellaneous information and the habit of thinking with clearness and decision. This admirable individual has very often seen the light in the worst slums of a seaport town or a manufacturing city. His virtues are the result of training. Caught young, he has been subjected to years of elaborate and strictly controlled instruction. Mind, body and intelligence have been equally attended to, so that by the time he is twenty-three he has received a rather better all-round education than most university graduates. If any country could afford to submit all its young men to the same kind of

schooling, it would possess a proletariat as superior to those of its competitors as the fleet of Britain is to that of Venezuela.

Human life being finite and national exchequers limited, it is not to be expected that such finished products as this can be plentiful. But the tax-payer will be justified in insisting that he shall get a return for the money contributed to the war budgets in the increased value given to the individual citizen by his term of military or naval service. One may go further. It seems likely that something more than a mere general education of character will be required. We recur for a moment to the paradox noticed above—the phenomenon of incessant preparation for a war which is very unlikely to break out. Neither the statesmen nor the electors, if they are rightly directed, of the Twentieth Century will agree with M. de Bloch that this furnishes a reason for abandoning the armaments. A prudent man will insure against railway accidents all his life, though he knows that the chance of his being killed in a collision is infinitesimally slight. But in the case of nations the war-premium is so heavy that an economical people will want it laid out to the best possible advantage. It will occur to them that to teach men to fight is not providing for the whole of the national defence or the national supremacy. It is also necessary to teach them to work. It is a truism to say that wars are not conducted on the field of battle alone. The army, with all its battalions, and all its men, guns, horses and waggons, is only half the effective force of the country. The other half is in its banks, its warehouses, its factories and its fields. The most efficient War Office in the world cannot win if it has not behind it the resources of a wealthy and prosperous nation. The long purse continues to be just as potent a weapon as the long

sword. And while the martial conflict only comes once in many years, and may not come at all, the industrial struggle goes on without intermission. Therefore a real and complete system of national training will prepare for the one as well as for the other; and common sense seems to suggest that the preparation for both should go on simultaneously. The army will become not only a school, but a technical school. The conscript will be dismissed, not merely with some mastery of those weapons he may never be called upon to use, but also with the knowledge of those other crafts and appliances with which his hand will be familiar all the days of his life. He will have learnt many things which will render him more capable as a clerk, artisan, laborer, or tiller of the soil, according to his vocation. He will have the opportunity of keeping up the rudiments of any trade he may have learnt before joining the ranks, and of acquiring greater proficiency in it. The socialist ideal of *ateliers nationaux* may be in part, at least, realized. "The State" will undertake the industrial training of the young workman; but the studio will be annexed to the barracks, and the technical teacher will have his lien on the conscript's time as well as the drill-instructor.

The latter functionary is not likely to welcome the change. He will probably say that the recruit has quite enough to do already in attending to his particular department without being burdened by other preoccupations. And as a matter of fact it is the constant complaint of the General Staffs that the period of compulsory service barely allows time to teach the conscript his necessary military duties. There is a great deal to learn, and a loutish lad from the country does not learn quickly. The difficulty of combining civil with military instruction is no doubt considerable; but it will

not be found insuperable. It may be met by a reaction against the present tendency to compress the military service into as short a space as possible. This has been carried so far that in Germany a large number of the men serve little more than two years, while in France official figures show that no less than 38 per cent. of the conscripts enrolled enter only for one year. Indeed, General Billot, the ex-French War Minister has stated that the actual, as distinguished from the nominal, term of service of 50 per cent. of the contingent is limited to a single twelvemonth. The object, of course, is to pass men into the reserve rapidly, so as to have a larger force of so-called trained soldiers available in case of mobilization. But the most thoughtful of Continental officers are beginning to see that the process has been overdone, and they are asking whether the reservist, whose entire military instruction has been squeezed into a few months, would be of much more real use than an "untrained" civilian. Cramming, in any case, is not education, and numbers are not everything. The German, as well as the French military writers, are seriously considering whether they ought not to keep the majority of their conscripts longer, even at the risk of increasing the reserve more slowly. It may be found that, if the entire contingent were compelled to serve for a full term of three or even four years, there would be plenty of time both to teach them all they need know of their military duties and to attend to their general and technical education. They will be enlisted young—perhaps at sixteen or seventeen; treated like school-boys, as our nascent bluejackets and marines are; and expected to occupy most of their leisure, not in lounging

about the barracks or the streets, but in the school-room, the gymnasium, or the playing-fields. "Loafing" is not good for growing lads, and this sedulous, varied and well-directed activity would have excellent effects on their minds and bodies. In fact the Army would be a sort of University or finishing-college for the poor man's son, and as such, it may be supposed that it would become a great deal more popular than it is at present. No intelligent young man could grudge the State his compulsory *Militärdienst* if, in the course of it, he obtained a first-rate education and a free apprenticeship to some useful trade or civil avocation.

All this, no doubt, applies mainly to the countries in which conscription prevails. But one cannot help thinking that, in a modified degree, the system will also have to be adopted in Great Britain. High as the military spirit runs in this country, and substantial as have been the recent improvements in the position of the soldier, the difficulty of obtaining an adequate supply of recruits has not been appreciably lessened. It will not disappear till we have made the Army a profession, which a respectable man can select without damaging all his future prospects. It is hard to believe that the country will much longer tolerate the wasteful system under which we spend enormous sums to produce so expensive an article as the British cavalry trooper or artilleryman, and then, when we have brought him to perfection, turn him adrift without a career or a calling, to swell the ranks of unskilled labor. We, too, may have to make the Army a School, and render it, not a costly burden on industrial production, but its most efficient feeder and ally.

Sidney Low.

LITERATURE IN CAPTIVITY.

Although we may be inclined to admit that stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage, we ~~may~~ still doubt whether they make a commodious or enviable study. There are certain conventional frames in which we like to picture our authors, and a four-square dungeon is not one of these. "It makes such a difference *where* you read," says Whitman somewhere (and Lamb before him) with some force. Surely it should make quite as great a difference where you *write*. But both of these propositions admit of so many exceptions that one hardly knows whether to call the exception the rule, and the rule the exception, or to leave the statement as it stands. "You may put my body in prison," said Epictetus, "but my mind not even Zeus can overpower." It takes more than bodily confinement to curb the freedom of the imagination; and often from the most depressing surroundings has come a work over which the shades of the prison-house have failed to cast even a temporary gloom.

"Virgil, though cherished in courts,
Relates but a splenetic tale:
Cervantes revels and sports,
Although he writ in a jail."

The tradition that Farquhar's verses enshrine is fast going the way of all traditions. That Cervantes was imprisoned in a cellar in Argamasilla, La Mancha, is perfectly true. The cellar remains to this day, and draws Cervantist pilgrims to itself as to a little Mecca, but that worthy's last biographer will not allow us any longer to cherish the belief that "Don Quixote" was actually written there. Yet, even as he destroys the legend that still clings to

that underground cell, he admits that in that place the idea of the book was first conceived; so the story is not so far wrong after all. Sheridan declared his comedy finished before he had written a single scene, and we may still, in a manner of speaking hold that "Don Quixote" was at least partially written in the cellar, although in his retreat the author may have been denied the use of pen and ink.

So far as absolute quiet, solitude, continued leisure and freedom from interruption are concerned, a prison undoubtedly approaches the perfect residence for an industrious writer, and so long as the confinement is not physically painful or distressing, there is much to be said for it. Many great writers and artists have practically imprisoned themselves when engaged on great undertakings. Michael Angelo used to cut himself off from the world when he was evolving some specially high conception, and justified his elusion by declaring that Art was a jealous mistress, requiring the whole and entire man. Harrington, of the "Oceana," Descartes, and even Macaulay, similarly immured themselves from interruption. Victor Hugo, working at "Nôtre Dame," writing against time to appease the ire of his publisher, carried the idea to the verge of absurdity. He procured a "great gray knitted woollen wrapper" that shrouded him from head to foot, and then locked up his clothes so that he might not yield to the temptation to go out. For five months he maintained his voluntary incarceration.

"In truth the prison into which we
doom
Ourselves no prison is."

The monastic enthusiasts to whom we owe so many treasures of art and

literature endured hardships of application and confinement, compared to which Hugo's experience appears but momentary. Their cloisteral separation was lifelong, but that gave them only the more leisure for their work. They could enjoy to the full that love of solitude which is said to be natural to men of genius. They might command either the "imperfect" solitude or the "sympathetic." They always had plenty of time for meditation before composition, and in the engrossment of their chosen occupations they never thought of fretting "at their convent's narrow room."

The essence of imprisonment, however, lies in its involuntariness, and in an unwilling prisoner one does not expect to find a hermit-like contentment with his cell; nevertheless, the flow of thought that solitude encourages and the necessity for beguiling tedious days have been the means of producing books without number, some of them, it is true, mere monuments of industry, but others showing in a striking degree how independent the mind can sometimes be of the shell it inhabits. The same reason that induces one captive to scratch his name on his dungeon wall leads another to relieve his strained feelings by composition, a common, melancholy interest thus attaching itself to the half-effaced inscriptions in the Beauchamp Tower, and to the "Pilgrim's Progress." There are few of our old gaols but can furnish examples of prison literature. Imprisonment in the Tower of London too often meant "close" confinement, the terms of which forbade the use of writing materials, but this was not always the case. Raleigh was free to write his "History of the World" during his long sojourn there, and had sufficient liberty of intercourse with the outside world to get other choice pens to help him in his work. The course of nearly thirteen years imprisonment did not

break his spirit—witness the events that fill the space between his release and his execution—but the dead sense of separation from the world gave a melancholy resignation to his style when he thought of his book going into that outer air from which he had been so long debarred: "The general acceptance can yield me no other profit at this time than doth a fair sunshine day to a seaman after shipwreck; and the contrary no other harm than an outrageous tempest after the port attained." There is a story, though generally discredited, that in 1386 Chaucer suffered imprisonment in the Tower for participation in the perturbed political events of the time, and that there he consoled himself by writing "The Testament of Love," in some sort of imitation of the "Consolations of Philosophy," which Boëthius had written to ease his own captivity. In the Tower also, during the imprisonment with which Charles I. rewarded his patriotism, Sir John Elliot wrote a treatise on the Monarchy of Man; and half a century later, William Penn, for street-preaching, was confined to the same stronghold, and then wrote his "No Cross, No Crown." The Duke of Orleans, taken prisoner at Agincourt, amused himself in his durance by writing poetry, and also at the same time another distinguished foreigner—for the Scots were foreigners then—James, afterwards James I. of Scotland, was beguiling his solitude with song in another English fortress. Intercepted on his way to France, while still a boy, he was imprisoned in Windsor Castle for many years. One morning he was bewailing his loss of liberty:—

"Bewailing in my chamber thus alone,
Despaired of all joy and remedy"—

when through a window in his tower he saw the Lady Joan Beaufort walking in the prison garden —

"The fairest and the freshest younge
flower
That e'er I saw."

With this lady he promptly fell in love, and recorded the progress of his passion in a poem called "The King's Quhair," much oftener prated of than read. It is refreshing to remember, while dealing with a subject so gloomy as prisons, that James gained both his liberty and his love, though a sadder fate than anything he had experienced at English hands awaited him in his native land. Windsor Castle was also the unsought abode of Sir Robert Howard in 1657, and he, too, passed his time largely in composition. Unfortunately his prison windows gave glimpses of no Court ladies. He wrote without a flame, and naturally his poems have neither savor nor salt.

A little earlier another Royalist knight and poet was languishing in a parliamentary prison. In 1641 William Davenant, Shakespeare's godson, was accused of being party to a plot to bring the army to London for the King's protection, and to sap its adhesion to the Parliament. Sir John Suckling, another poet, was mixed up in this affair. (Poets were allowed to be politicians in those days, though it must be confessed they gained but little glory in that doubtful field.) Davenant fled. He was stopped at Feversham and sent back to London, but was liberated on bail. Again he tried to get away, and again he was arrested in Kent; subsequently, however, he contrived to evade his captors and joined the Queen in France. He served in several campaigns, received the honor of knighthood for services at the siege of Gloucester, and on the fall of the King retired again to France. But Charles's restless consort had another mission for him. He was appointed to conduct an expedition of French emigrants to Virginia. Their vessel started, but scarce-

ly had she left the shores of Normandy when she fell into the hands of an English ship in the services of the Parliament. Davenant, as a known adherent of the Stuarts, who had slipped through the fingers of the authorities once already, was safely lodged in Cowes Castle, and seems to have been in danger of his life.

He was not very much affected by his fears, but set himself at once to take advantage of his unexpected leisure. During his stay in France he had finished the first two books of an heroic poem; he now proceeded with the composition of a third. When he was half way through his task he wrote: "'Tis high time to strike sail and cast anchor, though I have run but half my course, when at the helm I am threatened with death; who, though he can visit me but once, seems troublesome; and even in the innocent may beget such a gravity as diverts the music of verse." It will be noticed that his recent brief naval experience had been enough to give a salt-water flavor to his metaphors. But he was not in a mood to get on with "Gondibert." Theophilus Cibber mentions a letter from Davenant in Cowes Castle to Hobbes, in which the poet gives his friend some particulars of the progress he is making with his third book, and offers some criticism on the heroic style of poetry. "But why," says he, "should I trouble you or myself with these thoughts when I am pretty certain I shall be hanged next week?" Clearly these were not the conditions for comfortable composition, even in the heroic vein. Things grew worse before they became better. In 1651 he was removed to the Tower, an ominous change; but the next time we see him he is at large once more, owing his liberty, undoubtedly, to the intervention of some one with influence in Parliamentary quarters, probably—for there seems no reason in this case to cast discredit on

the long established story "related to Richardsons (the painter) upon the authority of Pope, who received it from Betterton, the *protégé* of Davenant"—probably to the good offices of Milton. We are so accustomed to surrender, with as much resignation as we may, long-cherished anecdotes and traditional history, that we feel we owe a debt of gratitude to some person or persons unknown for that we have not been shaken in the pleasing belief that the Laureate of the Martyr King owed his life on this occasion to the Latin Secretary of the greatest of that monarch's foes. It makes the story completer, and adds to it an air of poetical justice to learn that at the Restoration Sir William had an opportunity of repaying this kindness, and that it was largely due to his intercession that Milton escaped the spite of the exultant courtiers.

In the revolutionary changes of the middle of the 17th century, when a paper war went on side by side with the more deadly struggle, the prisons were much in request, filled alternately with partisans of either side, who, when they had the chance, continued their wranglings and protestations even in confinement. Men were very much in earnest then, and a matter of a few feet of masonry and certain barred approaches made but little difference to the enthusiast of liberty. Of this fervid type there is no better example than the Puritan Prynne. An Oxford graduate and a barrister, he was no vulgar and illiterate libeller, as too often he is carelessly considered, but the vices of his time served from an early age to inflame his mind to a pitch of indignation that made his pen one of the most voluminous that writer ever held, and induced Butler to address him as "Thou perpetual Scribe, Pharisee and Hypocrite, born to the destruction of paper, and most unchristian effusion of ink: thou Egyptian

taskmaster of the press, and unmerciful destroyer of goose quills." It was inevitable that sooner or later he should come into conflict with the authorities, and the publication of his "*Histrio-Mastix*" provided a convenient excuse. In this book, which had been some years in maturing, he denounced stage plays with great vehemence, but above all did the idea of female actors irritate him, and upon them he was specially severe. It so happened that a little before the publication of this onslaught a masque had been performed at Court in which Queen Henrietta Maria had borne a part, and it was decided to torture Prynne's references into an attack upon Her Majesty. The poor man was brought before the Star Chamber, and after a year's delay, passed of course in prison, there was pronounced upon him one of the most flagitious sentences ever decreed even by that vile Court. He was doomed to imprisonment for life, fined five thousand pounds, twice pilloried; his book was burned by the common hangman, he was expelled from his University, degraded from the Bar, and deprived of his ears. The Court intended his to be an exemplary sentence, and they were not disposed to undue leniency.

Soon after the trial Noy, the Attorney-General, who had conducted the prosecution, died, and from the Fleet Prison Prynne issued a tract entitled "*A Divine Tragedy lately acted, or a Collection of Sundry Memorable Examples of God's Judgment upon Sabbath-Breakers*," Noy figuring as one of the horrible examples. Nor was this the only work to which he turned his abundant leisure. All kinds of subjects engaged his thought, especially—as befitted one who considered himself in great measure Laud's peculiar victim—the questions of Episcopacy, and the Book of Sports; pamphlets streamed from the prison with great regularity, until at last one more than usually vio-

lent goaded his captors into bringing him for the second time before the dread Chamber. Again he was sentenced to imprisonment for life and fined, and again their barbarity would have spent itself upon his ears, had nature in the meanwhile supplied the deficiency themselves had created. As it was, they commanded that the hangman should eradicate whatever slight "parings" of ear had escaped his knife in 1634, and further that the contumacious pamphleteer should be branded on the cheek with the letters S. L. (Seditious Libeller). As he went back to his cell, Prynne turned a couplet in which the burned letters were made to stand for Stigmata Laudis. What a spirit the man had! What could they do with a man like that? The only way to keep him silent was to forbid the use of pen and ink—which was done. He was also shifted to Carnarvon Castle, and later into Jersey, where a liberal governor mitigated his penalty and allowed him once again to wield his beloved quill, but not on controversial or theological matters. Thus excluded from his legitimate sphere, yet perfectly unable to resist the writing spirit that possessed him, he turned his attention to rhyme; the prison and the meditations of his own restless brain supplied him with materials, and his unexampled industry did the rest. Although after his release Prynne attacked Laud with great, if not unnatural, bitterness, he kept a kindly recollection of Mount Orguell Castle, and when its genial governor, Sir Philip Carteret, was indicted as a malignant, he was successfully defended by his old prisoner.

Prynne seems to have been a true irreconcilable, for just after Pride's Purge he was again imprisoned, this time for his opposition to the Independents. During his brief captivity at this time he contrived to print a condemnation of the proposed trial of the King, and a statement of his own case

and that of his fellow-prisoners. Finally, in 1650, it was found necessary to incarcerate him once more. He was offered his liberty if he would promise to do nothing against the Government, but he refused, and was not released until 1653. Prisons and pamphlets sum up his life. He wrote nearly two hundred works—a sheet, says Wood, for every day of his life. At the Restoration he resumed his acquaintance with the Tower, for, surely, in a mischievous mood, Charles II. made him Keeper of the Records at a salary of £500 a year.

The Fleet Prison, which harbored Prynne for so long, has seen a melancholy succession of writers within its walls. Lord Surry was there twice, once for an offence so unpoetical as juvenile swashbuckling in the streets at night and breaking windows with bolts from a cross-bow. Nash, for umbrage taken at his "Isle of Dogs," was there also for a short space; and Donne also, most extraordinary of Elizabethans, for a clandestine marriage with the daughter of Sir George More, Lieutenant of the Tower. His friends and fellow-poets, Christopher and Samuel Brooke, who had been concerned in the consummation of this love-match, were imprisoned with him so that they might meditate together on the infamy of their proceedings. Sir Richard Baker, less fortunate, was an inmate for twenty years, and there compiled his "Chronicles of the Kings of England;" thither, too, was sent Lilburne—"free-born John"—and many another vigorous pamphleteer of the Stuart tyranny. Howell was there for some time, and wrote a good deal in the prison; and in the Fleet for seven dreary years did the brilliant Wycherley suffer foul eclipse, while his works retained their popularity, and went better clad than their author. From his retreat he was extricated by the bounty of James II., who took pity on the unfortunate dramatist, once so flattered and so gay, paid

his debts and pensioned him. The still more wretched Savage availed himself of the hospitality of this limbo of debtors, this dingy Alsatia, where the reckless and the unlucky were able to live in some sort of security, and set their creditors at defiance. Johnson and others used to send him a guinea every Monday, but incorrigible vagabond that he was, he usually spent it before Tuesday dawned, and trusted to chance for the rest of the week—a type, unhappily, of a numerous race of men rendered callous by miseries and degradations, relieved by the evil debtor-prison system from any greater responsibility than was involved in maintaining a hand-to-mouth existence, and kept in dissolute idleness until inactivity and hopelessness had sapped the foundations of whatever manhood they once possessed. Savage, at a later period, was confined in Newgate and enjoyed himself there more than he had done for a long time. He was well treated by the keeper of the prison; he had a room to himself, and could pursue his studies without interruption. In one of his letters from Newgate he expressed his thankfulness that though his person was confined, his mind could “expatiate on ample and useful subjects with all the freedom imaginable.” He continues; “I am now more conversant with the Nine than ever, and if, instead of a Newgate bird, I may be allowed to be a bird of the Muses, I assure you, sir, I sing very freely in my cage; sometimes, indeed, in the plaintive notes of the nightingale; but at others, in the cheerful strains of the lark.” Six months later he died in prison.

Modern times have tempered the horrors of the political dungeon, and to the dens which were held fit for Elliot and Frynne no greater contrast could be afforded than by the room that Leigh Hunt occupied in Horsemonger Lane Gaol in 1813-1815. Hunt was not altogether a stranger to prison life, for his

father had been a guest of the King's Bench during Leigh's infancy; but this time he was a martyr, not a debtor's child.

“ . . . for shewing truth to flattered state

Kind Hunt was shut in prison.”

For an article in the *Examiner* of 12th March, 1812, commenting on the conduct of the Prince Regent, and referring to him as an Adonis of fifty, Hunt was sentenced, with his brother John, to a fine of £500 and two years' imprisonment. A promise to refrain from further concern with the Prince might have spared them both their money and their liberty, but no such word was given by either of them. They had the courage of their opinions; they were both young and enthusiastic; and, besides, prisons were not what they had been. This is what Leigh Hunt proceeded to do with his quarters in the Surrey gaol—

“I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling colored with clouds and sky; the barred windows I screened with Venetian blinds; and when my bookcases were set up with my busts, and flowers and a pianoforte made their appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise on issuing from the Borough and passing through the avenues of a jail was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room except in a fairy tale.”

The little yard outside he transformed into a garden planted with flowers and young trees. His visitors all allowed his flowers to be perfect, and Tom Moore, who called on the caged bard with Lord Byron, declared that he had never seen such heartsease. This was playing at prisons with a vengeance!

What has a prisoner to do with heart-ease? Hunt must often have placed a thoughtful hand upon his neck and thanked his stars that it was the first gentleman in Europe he had called names, and not a Tudor or a Stuart. Shelley, in his beautiful scorn of tyranny, wanted to get up a subscription for Hunt, and, ignorant of the actual facts, pictured him pining in a dungeon "far from all that can make life desired," but Keats was nearer the truth when he spoke of the consolations that made captivity almost sweet—

"Think you he nought but prison
walls did see,
Till, so unwilling, thou unturned'st
the key?
Ah, no! far happier, nobler was his
fate!
In Spenser's halls he strayed, and
bowers fair,
Culling enchanted flowers; and he
flew
With daring Milton through the fields
of air:
To regions of his own his genius
true
Took happy flights."

In his garden in fine weather, in his room at other times, Hunt wrote :s-siduously. He continued to edit the *Examiner*. In more original and important composition some of his best work was done in the prison. Here was written the greater part of the "Story of Rimini," and here, too, appropriately enough, "The Descent of Liberty," partly, as the author said, "to indulge the imagination of one who could realize no sights for himself." Some of the verses given to Liberty in this poem have, according to Mr. Monkhouse, more of the true lyrical note, and are of a higher strain of fancy than Hunt ever attained again. This brings us back to the question we started with, and the evidence in Hunt's case goes to prove that the opportunity of mental concentration and

the absence of all distracting influence more than balance the lack of freedom. "Sir Fretful" Cumberland wrote "The West Indian" in a bare room which commanded no better prospect than an Irish peat-stack. Goldsmith, when more than usually pressed for time and money, used to write in a room practically unfurnished, and so avoided distraction. On the other hand, we have had it stated that a large part of the "Life and Death of Jason" was written while William Morris was journeying backwards and forwards in the chastened Inferno of the Underground Railway; but this is balanced by the cell that Demosthenes had built underground, wherein the philosopher used sometimes to continue for two or three months at a time immersed in study. This was a good deal worse than Hunt's easy martyrdom, and to tell the truth, that comfortable patriot seems to have seen the ludicrous side of his situation, for we are told that when he went into the large prison yard for exercise he would dress himself as if for a long walk, put on his gloves, select a book, and tell his wife (who shared his captivity) not to wait dinner if he should be late in returning!

Silvio Pellico—another poet patriot—had no such pleasant tale to tell in "My Prisons," nor were Bunyan's works—those crowning examples of prison literature, "The Pilgrim's Progress," "The Holy War," and "Grace Abounding"—composed in these surroundings of playful luxury. His twelve years in Bedford Gaol may have given him hints for the Valley of the Shadow of Death, but few for the House Beautiful. Here in the intervals of his occupation of tagging laces, amid the gloom and squalor of a provincial prison, and with a reference library consisting of the Bible and the "Book of Martyrs," Bunyan wove the unfading allegories which have entered into the very spirit and nature of Christian England.

The Marshalsea Prison is, perhaps, generally associated in our minds with visions of the airy and genial Micawber, of Mr. Dorrit, the Father of the Marshalsea, of John Dickens, too, coming to actual personages, and the little Charles. But writers other than the embryo novelist have experienced the repose of the old prison. There, probably, was written that pathetically curious letter of Massinger, Field and Daborne, begging for an advance of five pounds from old Henslowe. The old dramatists were, as a rule, tolerably familiar with the inside of a prison, either, as with Jonson, Chapman, Marston and Nash, for allusions unpalatable to thin-skinned Jacks-in-office, or for the more ordinary reason of debt. The literary reputation in this respect was long maintained. Poor Kit Smart was in the King's Bench for debt, and died insane within its rules. William Crome there wrote the "Adventures of Dr. Syntax," and Smollett the "Adventures of Sir Lancelot Greaves." It was not debt that brought Smollett into the King's Bench, but outspoken criticism on the professional conduct of an admiral. Smollett had just translated "Don Quixote," and his enforced retirement for three months no doubt suggested to him that he, also in confinement, should produce a kind of English eighteenth century Quixote, but the result goes to show that a prison study did not suit his genius. Selden spent some time in the Marshalsea (as well as in the Tower) and steadily pursued his studies and research. It did not make much difference to him where he wrote, for the imperturbable jurist went on as though nothing unusual had happened, and in prison wrote a treatise on succession to property among the Jews!

George Wither seems to have been at home in several of the Metropolitan gaols. He tried the Tower, the Marshalsea and Newgate, which is certain-

ly a liberal allowance, even for a seventeenth century poet. He began with the Marshalsea, to which he was consigned, when only twenty-five, for his "Abuses Stript and Whipt," a satire, whose objectionable application cannot now be traced, but which evidently found a weak spot in some one's armor. Wither improved the occasion by writing in prison, "The Shepherd's Hunting" (1615), and probably also "Fidelfia." For a satire imprisoned, by a satire—his "Satire to the King"—he is said to have procured his freedom. His acquaintance with Newgate was like to prove more serious. During the Civil War he had made himself busy on the side of the Parliament in spite of his Royalist up-bringing, and naturally at the Restoration he was an object of displeasure to the party then uppermost. His pamphlet, "Vox Vulgi," was an excuse for lodging him in custody, and things would have gone hard with him had it not been for the action of Sir John Denham, another instance of poet saving poet's life, deserving to be put to the credit of a race generally regarded as given up to jealousy and spleen. Yet, if history lies not, Denham's plea did not exclude an attempt to score off the other poet, for he begged Charles not to hang him, because so long as Wither lived, he (Denham) could not be called the worst poet in England.

Not many years later Newgate had a still more remarkable visitant in the person of unabashed Defoe, who, first in 1703, found that the way of the politician under Good Queen Anne was hard. He lost his liberty through the abuse of a figure of speech, "that dangerous figure, irony." In a pamphlet entitled "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," he had adopted the tone of a violent High Churchman, bluntly advocating the extermination of Dissent in the language of bigotry run mad. At first the High Church party were in

clined to welcome the anonymous pamphleteer as an ally, and the Dissenters felt nervous; but it soon became apparent that the whole thing was a caricature, and had been written solely to throw ridicule on the High-Fliers. Naturally they failed to see the humor of the incident, and being in power they offered a reward for the arrest of Defoe, who had modestly retired before his sudden prominence. His printer and publisher being taken, to prevent injustice to others the author surrendered, and was duly found guilty of a seditious libel, and sentenced to a fine of two hundred marks, three exposures in the pillory, and imprisonment during her Majesty's pleasure. Between surrender and conviction there issued from his prison another tract on Toleration, and a little later he composed a "Hymn to the Pillory," which was printed and eagerly purchased by the crowds that watched him during his penance. His audacity might easily have drawn upon him the brutality of the street ruffians instigated by his enemies, but his friends in the populace formed guard round him, and the worst missiles that reached him were bunches of flowers.

After his public appearances Defoe returned to Newgate and set his pen in motion, finding plenty to do in the turn that affairs were taking. "A Challenge of Peace addressed to the whole Nation," attacking the Church party, and several other pamphlets on kindred subjects, were the offspring of this leisure gained by involuntary absence from the brick and pantile business. He also wrote, while still in Newgate, an account of the great storm of November, 1703, full of circumstantial and thrilling details, probably an early instance of imaginative journalism. But in addition to these trifling undertakings, he boldly set about the establishment of a newspaper, to be issued twice a week, written entirely by himself. He called it *A Review of the*

Affairs of France, a title less restrictive than appears at first sight, for, as he insisted subsequently, "the affairs of France are the affairs of Europe." The first number of the *Review* was dated from Newgate, 19th February, 1704; the author was released about six months later, and the *Review* went on its way with a vigorous circulation, surely one of the most extraordinary, if not most valuable or durable, examples in the whole realm of prison-born literature. Besides the works that Defoe actually penned in prison, is it too much to suspect that the opportunities he had of conversing and mixing with the varied crew to whom Newgate then gave shelter, provided him with infinite studies of the rascality and villainy that loom so largely in his novels? Defoe was not hyper-sensitive. His imprisonment was not likely to make him melancholy. He had no reason to be ashamed of his offence, and he was not the one to let slip the choice lessons in human nature that Newgate was capable of teaching.

Recent political prisoners have few of the discomforts of their forerunners. The period of their incarceration is rendered comparatively painless, and perhaps more evenly monotonous. And they, too, have seized the solace of writing as a refuge from *ennui*. Mr. Stead declares that the time he spent in prison was the only time he ever had for quiet undisturbed work. In the same seclusion Edmund Yates found time to write his "Reminiscences," and more recently still, Mr. William O'Brien his first novel, "When We Were Boys." In the life of a busy journalist an interval of absolute rest and quiet must be an experience anything but unpleasant. He measures time no longer by minutes, but by days, a far more natural method. If he writes, he writes not in competition with time, but upon reflection. His thoughts have leisure for orderly arrangement; and

better still, he is not obliged to write at all. He can say with the drunken doctor in "Little Dorrit," "We are quiet here; we do not get badgered here; there is no knocker here, sir. It's freedom, sir—it's freedom!" This beatific existence appealed to the soul of Mark Twain when he visited the Raiders in their Pretorian gaol. He regarded their life with green envy. "Healthy, undisturbed, plenty of repose, no fatigue, no distraction," he could conceive (says Dr. Hillier, one of the prisoners, in "Raid and Reform") he could conceive of nothing better than such a life. "He would willingly change places with any

of us, and with such an opportunity as had never yet been offered him, would write a book, the book of his life." It may seem ungrateful to take Mark Twain seriously, but if he is in earnest such scruples are out of place. It would be a pity if the world should lose a good book, and Mark Twain a grand opportunity, merely because that writer has the misfortune to be free. Imprisonment, if desired, is surely not so difficult to obtain, and there are still one or two countries in Europe where a man may lose his liberty without forfeiting his self-respect.

Herbert M. Sanders.

Temple Bar.

OLD ENGLISH POETRY.

There was no age when England's voice was dumb
Amid the chorus paramount in song.
They do our fathers not a little wrong
Who deem them nought but fierce and quarrelsome.
Yea, even as the honey-bees will hum
Round arid saxifrage in ardent throng,
So out of words and grammar harsh and strong
Men beat out Beowulf and the Ormulum.

Scorn not their writing; seek in them to find
Heart-poetry that strove in vain for phrase,
And look with kindly eye on Layamon.
They sowed their seed beside the stony ways,
It is the centuries that reap and blud,
Maybe that Caedmon gave us Tennyson.

From "Ventures in Verse."

Janne Williams.

THE FLOOR OF THE SEA.

Who is there among us that has ever seen a lake, a pond, or a river-bed laid dry that has not felt an almost childish interest and curiosity in the aspect of a portion of earth's surface hitherto concealed from our gaze? The feeling is probably universal, arising from the natural desire to penetrate the unknown, and also from a primitive anxiety to know what sort of an abode the inhabitants of the water possess, since we almost always consider the water-folk to live as do the birds, really on land with the water for an atmosphere. But if this curiosity be so general with regard to the petty depths mentioned above, how greatly is it increased in respect of the recesses of the sea. For there is truly the great unknown, the undiscoverable country of which, in spite of the constant efforts of deep-sea expeditions, we know next to nothing. Here imagination may (and does) run riot, attempting the impossible task of reproducing to our minds the state of things in the lightless, silent depths, where life, according to our ideas of it, is impossible,—the true valley of the shadow of death.

Suppose that it were possible for some convulsion of Nature to lay bare, let us say, the entire bed of the North Atlantic Ocean. With one bound the fancy leaps at the prospect of a rediscovery of the lost continent, the fabled Atlantis whose wonders have had so powerful an effect upon the imaginations of mankind. Should we be able to roam through those stupendous halls, climb those towering temple heights reared by the giants of an elder world, or gaze with stupefied wonder upon the majestic ruins of cities to which Babylon or Palmyra with all their mountainous edifices were but as a suburban townlet? Who knows? Yet

maybe the natural wonders apparent in the foundations of such soaring masses as the Azores, the Cape Verde Island, or the Canaries; or, greater still, the altitude of such remote and lonely pinnacles as those of the St. Paul's Rocks, would strike us as more marvelous yet. To thread the cool intricacies of the "still vext Bermoothes" at their besements and seek out their caves where the sea-monsters dwell who never saw the light of day, to wander at will among the windings of that strange maze of reefs that cramp up the outpouring of the beneficent Gulf Stream and make it issue from its source with that turbulent energy that carries it, laden with blessings, to our shores; what a pilgrimage that would be! Imagine the vision of that great chain of islands, which we call the West Indies, soaring up from the vast plain 6,000 feet below, with all the diversity of form and color belonging to the lovely homes of the coral insects, who build ceaselessly for themselves, yet all unconsciously rear stable abodes for mankind.

It would be an awful country to view, this suddenly exposed floor of the sea. A barren land of weird outline, of almost unimaginable complexity of contour, but without any beauty such as is bestowed upon the dry earth by the kindly sun. For its beauty depends upon the sea, whose prolific waters are peopled with life so abundantly that even the teeming earth is barren as compared with the ocean. But at its greatest depths all the researches that man has been able to prosecute go to prove that there is little life. The most that goes on there is the steady accumulation of the dead husks of once living organisms settling slowly down to form who knows what new granites,

marbles, porphyries, against the time when another race on a reorganized earth shall need them. Here there is nothing fanciful, for if we know anything at all of prehistoric times, it is that what is now high land, not to say merely dry land, was once lying cold and dormant at the bottom of the sea, being prepared throughout, who can say what unrealizable periods of time, for the use and enjoyment of its present lords. Not until we leave the rayless gloom, the incalculable pressures, and universal cold of those tremendous depths do we find the sea-floor beginning to abound with life. It may even be doubted whether anything of man's handiwork, such as there is about a ship foundering in mid-ocean, would ever reach, in a recognizable form, the bottom of the sea at a depth of more than 2,000 fathoms. There is an idea, popularly current among seafarers, that sunken ships in the deep sea only go down a certain distance, no matter what their build, or how ponderous their cargo. Having reached a certain stratum, they then drift about, slowly disintegrating, derelicts of the depths, swarming with strange denizens, the shadowy fleets of the lost and loved and mourned. In time, of course, as the great solvent gets in its work they disappear, becoming part of their surroundings, but not for hundreds of years, during which they pass and re-pass at the will of the undercurrents that everywhere keep the whole body of water in the ocean from becoming stagnant and death-dealing to adjacent shores. A weird fancy, truly, but surely not more strange than the silent depths about which it is formulated.

In his marvelously penetrative way, Kipling has touched this theme while singing the "Song of the English:"—

The wrecks dissolve above us; their
dust drops down from afar—

Down to the dark, the utter dark,
where the blind white sea-snakes
are.

There is no sound, no echo of sound, in
the deserts of the deep,
On the great gray level plains of ooze
where the shell-burred cables
creep.

Here in the womb of the world—here
on the tie-ribs of earth,
Words, and the words of men, flicker
and flutter and beat—
Warning, sorrow and gain, salutation
and mirth—
For a Power troubles the Still that has
neither voice nor feet.

Surely the imagination must be dead indeed that does not throb responsive to the thought of that latter-day workmanship of wire and rubber descending at the will of man into the vast void, and running its direct course over mountain ranges, across sudden abysses of lower depth, through the turbulence of up-bursting submarine torrents, where long-pent-up rivers compel the superincumbent ocean to admit their saltless waters; until from continent to continent the connection is made, and man holds converse with man at his ease, as though distance were not. Recent investigations go to prove that chief among the causes that make for destruction of those communicating cables are the upheavals of lost rivers. In spite of the protection that scientific invention has provided for the central core of conducting wire, these irresistible outbursts of undersea torrents rend and destroy it, causing endless labor of replacement by the never-resting cable-ships. But this is only one of the many deeply interesting features of oceanography, a science of comparatively recent growth, but full of gigantic possibilities for the future knowledge of this planet. The researches of the Challenger expedition, embodied in fifty portly volumes, afford a vast mass of material for discussion, and yet it is evident that what they

reveal is but the merest tentative dipping into the great mysterious land that lies hidden far below the level surface of the inscrutable sea.

That veteran man of science, Sir John Murray, was in a recent paper (Royal Geographical Society's Journal, October) published his presidential address to the geographical section of the British Association at Dover, and even to the ordinary non-scientific reader his wonderful *résumé* of what has been done in the way of exploring the ocean's depths must be as entrancing as a fairy tale. The mere mention of such a chasm as that existing in the South Pacific, between the Kermadecs and the Friendly Islands, where the depth of 5,155 fathoms, or 530 feet more than five geographical miles, has been found, strikes the lay mind with awe. Mount Everest, that stupendous Himalayan peak, whose summit soars far above the utmost efforts of even the most devoted mountaineers, a virgin fastness mocking man's soaring ambition, if sunk in the ocean at the spot just mentioned would disappear, until its highest point was 2,000 feet below the surface. Yet, out of that abyss rises the volcanic mass of Sunday Island in the Kermadecs, whose crater is probably 2,000 feet above the sea level. But in no less than forty-three areas visited by the Challenger, depths of over 3,000 fathoms have been found, and their total area is estimated at 7,152,000 square miles, or about 7 per cent. of the total water-surface of the globe. Within these deeps are found many lower deeps, strangely enough generally in comparatively close proximity to land, such as the Tuscarora Deep, near Japan, one in the Banda Sea, that is to say, in the heart of the East India Archipelago, etc. Down,

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down into these mysterious waters the ingenious sounding machine runs, taking its four miles and upwards of pianoforte wire, until the sudden stoppage of the swift descent marks the dial on deck with the exact number of fathoms reached. And yet so vast is the ocean bed that none can say with any certainty that far greater depths may not yet be found than any that have hitherto been recorded, amazing as they are.

The character of the ocean floor at all these vast depths, as revealed by the sounding tube bringing specimens to the surface is identical—red clay—which strikes the fancy queerly as being, according to most ancient legends, the substance out of which our first ancestor was builded, and from whence he derived his name. Mingled with this primordial ooze is found the débris of once living forms, many of them of extinct species, or species, at any rate, that have never come under modern man's observation except as fossils. The whole story, however, demands far more space than can here be allowed, but one more instance must be given of the wonders of the sea-bed in conclusion. Let a violent storm displace any considerable body of warm surface water, and lo! to take its place, up rises an equal volume of cold under layers that have been resting far below the influence of the sun. Like a pestilential miasma these chill waves seize upon the myriads of the sea-folk and they die. The tale of death is incalculable, but one example is mentioned by Sir John Murray of a case of this kind off the eastern coast of North America, in the spring of 1882, when a layer of dead fish and other marine animals, six feet in thickness, was believed to cover the ocean floor for many miles.

F. T. Bullen.

FOR EVER.

"My man," was said of her husband by Mrs. Belliver with the emphasis of a lofty pride. As a delicate girl, with physical trouble the occupation of her days and thoughts, she had been solaced by her mother: "Bide a bit, my dear. Thee shall 'ev a Man when thee gits married." And in five years of matrimony Mrs. Belliver had accounted them the words of prophecy. She believed in the prophetic, finding symbols in nature and omens in daily happenings. Joe Belliver realized the promised condition every time she looked up blushing to the ruddy face at a height above her.

The husband she had taken represented strength; she worshipped the exuberant health in him. Dimly perceiving marriage to be a state of compromise or a state of war, Joe Belliver compromised. In his essence he was nature's devotee and observer, riding his thirty miles a day on a stiff Dartmoor pony, and knowing all the secrets the moor had to give him, where Nature worked in broad tones and with large effects. His communion with the great silence, where he was but a sentient speck, bred a contempt for prophecy and omen, an impatience of small disputes.

He never went to the little chapel at Badleigh Bridge from choice, but always in pursuance of his theory of compromise. For five years he had spent Sunday in the singing of hymns, and in the digestion of sermons made long to each other by the brethren of the scattered community, and marvelled at the strange light these ceremonies awoke in his wife's face and the tears they drew from her eyes. It was mysterious to him that these results were born of a meagre room with white-washed walls, and of a few sing-

ing voices overborne by an harmonium. He gazed into the great purple distances as they walked home by the rough track along the river, marveling the more, but not discontent, that she clung closer to him as they walked.

"I veel the blessing, Joe," she might say. "The Lord's above us, an' 'Eaven's ev'rywhere."

All his response would be a closer pressure of the arm.

"Do 'e veel the blessin' yersel', Joe? Zometimes I vancy you dawn't."

"'Tis a blessin' to 'ev a li'l 'ooman like you be, Minnie."

Joe vaguely comprehended her sigh, without understanding.

Until five years of such Sunday rites had passed, Joe had never felt his rebellion against usages rising up over his love for his wife. Then it was following a Saturday of full life, when, at Newcombe, he had feasted on the occasion of the October ale, and had his fill of the material, laughing earth, and, riding home against a red sunset, had imagined the world in hilarity, according with his mood. A virile man was he, rousing his wife from megrims, even to her own rare laughter, on his return, and causing in her a temporary abandonment to the ideal of gaiety and strength, and all the human forces.

Whether through remembrance as a sunlit cloud, or mere joy in living, such as Joe Belliver felt when he trod the dew in the morning, he began his Sunday a gleeful man, singing, smartened himself into a Sabbath appearance, and set out well satisfied with earth and being, for the day's pilgrimage to Badleigh Bridge. The moor was all a gorgeous sweep of color in its Fall purple. The sky was a barometer to him, and he now forecast a heavy rain in the

West which would not reach them. He endured the harmonium with complacency at the morning service, and was a welcome guest at a new-take dinner-table. The day waxed and waned gloriously and comfortably. Evening came, and the service in the little chapel was illuminated by fleeting candles in tin sconces. Then by some chance a fervor seized upon the people, awakened by the passionate tones of the brother who led them and his burning words. The white walls echoed their cries and groans. Joe Belliver sat amazed watching. The preacher had long left his exhortations; the spirit of the meeting was inarticulate. He came down from his platform, and walked among the benches speaking in the ears of kneeling, sobbing people. The light Joe Belliver did not understand flooded the place, and shone through the streaming tears of his wife at his side. The preacher came to her and whispered.

"Oh, iss," she gasped. "I veel the blessin', praise the Lord!"

To the question he put to Joe a simple lie might have been returned, but Joe did not return it.

"Brother, brother!" said the preacher, pressing his arm. And he went back to the platform and prayed aloud for a brother who had not felt the saving grace, and commanded the prayers of all. Some eyes, turned towards him, saw the deep flush under Joe's brown skin before he bent his head and covered his face. As they broke up he said no word, but walked straight through the group at the door, with his wife hanging to his arm. He looked neither left nor right. Mrs. Belliver had faint knowledge of the battle that raged in him as they took the river path under the increasing night.

"Joe, Joe! You be strange," she said. He strode along. He could formulate no expression of the offence against his dignity. He looked around,

appealing to the hills rising on both sides of the swift-running stream.

"Joe, Joe! What 'ev I done?" To this he could respond with "Nothin'," for hers was not the offence; but he said only the single word and held himself upright.

"Joe, you never bin like this avore, since us was married. Joe! Spalk to me."

"Iss,—'tidden you, Minnie. But I dawn't like vor to be made a vool of, 'vore a passle of vokes."

"Eh, Joe! My Man! To think 'pon thee bein' made any sich thing! Awn'y, the Lord move' Brother Dean. An' the Lord was there, Joe. Oh, Joe, if awn'y thee could veel the Spirit—I sh'u'd be 'appler'n I be now."

"What's the use? What do it main? What's the good o' pertendin'? I reckon I bairn't no wuss'n any o' mun. Why sh'u'd mun cry out' pon me?"

"Joe—'tidden no pertendin'. 'Tis real, real! 'Ev valth, an' belave, Joe, an' you'd veel the blessin', precious, precious!"

"I' got a 'blessin' avore God an' man, in thee, Minnie. I do belave—in doin' my dooty, an' payin' my way, an' obeyin' the Ten Commandments. An' I dawn't like vor to be 'old up vor a shaw."

"Joe—my Man! But 'tidden all, Joe. There's Zummat beyon'—the life to come. You know I bairn't the strongest. Supposin' that aught was to 'appen to me—w'u'd 'e like vor to think that was the end o't? . . . Oh, Joe!"

The cry struck his heart. He relaxed his uprightness. He gathered her in his arms. "Minnie, dawn't talk thickly way. What be zayin'?"

"Oh, I dunnaw." She sobbed and reached up to kiss him. "You'm big an' strong, an' vull of life an' lustiness. You dawn't zee jus' what I zees. 'Tis all awn'y vor a little while, Joe; an' I want vor to love 'e vorever, to 'ev 'e vorever, to 'old 'e vorever!"

He thrilled to her passionate words, and was melted, ready to run in any groove.

"Minnie, my dear! Thee can veel my arm aroun' 'e; thee know'st how I love thee."

"Iss, Joe. Oh, iss . . . But after, after!"

Clinging to him, she lost speech. They walked slowly on, with arms entwined. That night was a deep blue, with stars shining through into the narrow valley. And as they went, the river, rolling over the rocks to its unknown, seemed to endlessly repeat her cry. Spectator of the mystery of her exaltation in the solemn quiet of the moorland night, Joe Belliver was compelled. He was more in tune with the mood of the supernatural than had been possible in the heat and excitement of the little chapel. They had a closer communion of spirit than he had known; he was subdued and awed by a misty glimpse into vast spaces.

Within the familiar constraining walls of the riverside cottage, when he had lit their lamp and saw her moving about the kitchen in preparation of supper, his Ego became dominant again. He became the ineffably stronger, nourishing and protecting, and felt this consciousness when she nestled to him, sitting before the embers of a peat fire on the hearth. He was tolerant, considerate; he worked out in a fresh field the theory of compromise.

She left him with a kiss. He made secure outside the house, and stood in the doorway, looking upon the dim shadowy hills, and the faint sheen of the water. The stillness had given place to a cold, rushing breeze, north-westerly, along the river's course. Upwards the sky was opaque with clouds, a shimmer of lightning breaking through them. The river sang with a low moaning. He decided that long boots would be essential to him on the

morrow, and before he went to bed he placed them ready.

He found her on her knees by the bedside. He heard her saying low, "Forever! Forever!"

The night drew down upon the valley an intense blackness. The singing of the river grew louder; the cold breeze rattled among the few pines behind the house. The shimmer of lightning became a glare. A roll as of distant drums was added to the river's music. Rain pattered on the heather, and shone in the white flashing light. The storm marched, slow and majestic, over the moor, rattled among the crags of Black Tor, and advanced, ever following the river's course.

It fell upon the house of sleep. The thunder crashed and echoed from hill to hill; the lightning hovered about the thatch. It struck one of the meagre pines, and brought it down, stripped and smouldering, to the ground. It lit the lonely moor, and split and tore the clouds above; it pierced the blinds of the upper room, and filled it with a fierce, blue light. A crack that seemed to be tumbling the walls of the house about him woke the sound sleeper, Joe Belliver. His eyes dazed by the brilliant light, he stretched out his arms to his wife, and clasped air. He leaped up. She was not beside him. The open door admitted the cold breeze and the under-sound, beneath the thunder, of rain hissing into the river. From the stairs he saw in the kitchen doorway a white figure, arms raised.

"Minnie!" he called.

She did not hear but ran out into the day of night, with her hair streaming in the wind, still raising her hands to the heavens where they opened and the unearthly light blazed through. It was but a few yards to the brink of the river, now risen high by the flood-water from the west.

He was close to her as she stepped over and fell, and was whirled down-

ward by the frothing torrent. No cry of his was heard above the turmoil of the storm. His mighty jump took him into the water at her side. He clasped her and fought the stream with the burden in his arms. One chance of the struggle took him to the bank, but he caught nothing save grass, uprooted it, went spinning on. Fatigue succeeded a few lurid moments of raging desire

The Speaker.

for life. And then the river became a couch of down with a celestial light playing softly upon it and all sounds deadened save its slumber song, "But after, and after!"

They came to rest at the shingle bed at Badleigh Bridge, and a gentle morning was smiling on their close embrace when the first peat-cutter passed that solitary way.

R. A. J. Walling.

UNWRITTEN LITERARY LAWS.

There has been some idea mooted of forming an Academy in England on the lines of the Academy of France, but it would never be the same kind of institution, or exercise the same authority. The English temper is not academic, the Royal Academy is proof enough of that. Moreover, Englishmen are indifferent to the use or abuse of their language and the first care of an Academy must be to keep the national language pure, and clear and elegant. The well of English undefiled is sadly muddy nowadays, and any roaring screamer of English or American slang is as welcome to those who call themselves critics as though he wrote like Matthew Arnold or John Morley. Lacking an Academy of Letters, and the writers who would make one, there is in London what is called a Society of Authors, which is supposed to resemble the Société des Gens de Lettres in Paris, but the English Society appears to be chiefly an association for the multiplication and publication of inferior works, and its authority on literature is *nil*. In addition to these, there are persons who call themselves literary agents; but these have a decidedly anti-intellectual influence, and to them is probably, in part, due the enormous increase in the issue of rubbish of all kinds, which is at the present time do-

ing so much injury to the English literary reputation.

The number of volumes which pour annually from the English press is, at the present hour, appalling. One house alone produces, in number, enough volumes for the whole trade. Why are these volumes, usually worthless, ever produced? Why do the circulating libraries accept them? Who reads them? Who buys them? Why does one see in the lists of London "remainders" the announcement of volumes originally published at six, eight, ten, twelve shillings to be sold second-hand, perfectly new and uncut, at the miserable prices of two shillings, eighteen pence, one shilling, and even sixpence? Amongst these is sometimes a work of real and scholarly worth, which it is painful to see thus sacrificed, but rarely; for it is rarely that such a work is now issued in London. Where is this to end? With whom does the fault of it lie? Some one, I suppose, must gain by such an insane method of over-production, but I cannot see who it can possibly be. One well-known publisher tells me that he must issue books thus, or starve. He is not in danger of bodily starvation, but the public is mentally starved by such a system.

When the three-volume novel was abolished (a course which I urged long

before it was taken) great things were expected by many from its abolition. I myself hoped that London would adopt the Paris method, and issue novels and all other works, except *éditions de luxe*, at small prices and in paper covers; not the gaudy, hideous, pictorial, paper cover, but the pale, smooth gray or cream-colored paper, so easily obtainable, with the title of the book clearly printed on its flank. Instead of this result, some unwritten law, as violently despotic as that which used to compel the three-volume issue, has decreed that the London romance shall always appear in a cloth-bound volume at six shillings; the most foolish price that could be selected, too dear to be suitable for private purchase, too low to allow of a handsome edition being issued. There is something grotesquely ludicrous, as well as extremely painful, in seeing the lists of "ten new six-shilling novels," or "a dozen new six-shilling novels," whereby some publishers' advertisement lists are disfigured in the newspapers with every new season. It makes a commerce of fiction in a manner most injurious and deplorable.

Again, no sooner has the six-shilling novel been a year before the public, than the publisher issues the self-same book at two-and-sixpence. Why does he cut his own throat thus? It is to me as inexplicable as why the London drapers sell you a stuff at six shillings a yard in February, but, if you wait till June, sell it you at two-and-sixpence a yard at the clearance sales. Either the stuff is sold at a price unjust and unfair to the purchaser in February, or it is sold at a price unjust and unfair to the vendor in June. From this proposition there seems to me no escape.

It is the same with the six-shilling book as with the draper's stuffs. If the first price be correct, why alter it to the second in a year's time? If the second price be sufficient to pay ex-

pense of production, why not start with it?

The draper, moreover, has an advantage over the publisher. If I want a stuff whilst it is a novelty, and when its like has not been worn by shop girls and servant girls, I must buy it at its high price in February; but if I want to read a novel whilst it is at its highest price, I can read it in that form, taking it from the libraries, and wait for a year to buy it at its lower price, if I then care to do so, which it is improbable that I shall do.

Now, why not have from first to last, in London, an edition of a novel similar to that French form which is good enough for *Pierre Loti*, for *Gyp*, for *Anatole France*, for the brilliant *Frères Margueritte*? Why?

I suppose because our masters, the librarians, will not have it so; or because some other unwritten law lies like lead upon the souls of London publishers.

I read few English books of the day myself, I prefer the literatures of other countries; but it pains me to see such a deluge of worthless verbosity pour from London lanes and London streets where printing presses of yore worked for Addison and Goldsmith, Thackeray and Arthur Helps.

If this stream of pseudo-literature, rarely defiled, is not stopped, it will carry away and swamp all pure English literature under it, as a moving bog covers flocks and pastures, cottages and country seats.

I have asked several London publishers why it is allowed to go on; their answers are evasive and contradictory. They assert that most of the volumes published are paid for by the authors; that they themselves must publish something, or cease to exist as a trade; and that the public does not know good from bad, so it does not matter what is printed. Yet, surely to them, as to the drapers, the apparently insensate

system must be lucrative or it would not be pursued?

There was a comical lamentation in the London Press the other day for what was called "the death of the novel;" not the approaching death which I expect for it by suffocation under the dust-storms of verbosity and imbecillity, but death by its own suicide, through its own curtailed proportions. It was indignantly asked why it was not as long as it used to be in the 'Fifties and 'Sixties, and why novelists now wrote short stories which in that period would have found no sale, would not, indeed, have even found the preliminary necessary to a sale-publication.

Surely we remember some short stories called "The Cricket on the Hearth" and "The Chimes," and others telling the adventures of the Great Hogarty Diamond and of one Barry Lyndon? As for the length of novels nowadays, my own "Massarenes," published in 1897, contains precisely the same number of words as "Esmond," and, I think, Mr. Mallock's novels, and those of Mrs. Humphry Ward, must surely be quite as long; whilst Mr. Hall Caine's marvelous narratives appear as endless as "the thread of Time reel'd off the wheel of Fate." The critic who grieves over the brevity of present-day volumes, thinks that Thackeray and Dickens wrote at such length because they were obliged to fill their monthly numbers! It seems to me far more likely that they were in love with their characters, as every writer of true talent is, and lingered tenderly over many needless details and dialogues out of sheer pleasure in their creations; and it must be admitted that both of them had naturally a discursive style, which would have been the better for some excision. But were it true that there is an unwritten law which limits or expands the length of romances according to the public caprice or

taste, surely nothing could be more harmful to fiction than such limitation. Every story, if it be worth the telling, has its own natural length, which cannot be stretched or shortened arbitrarily without hurt. The sculptor knows that the form which he creates has its own natural proportions, its own inherent symmetry, according to natural rules, which he must obey. The painter knows that, according to the nature of his subject, and of his intended treatment, he must take for his picture, either a small panel, a kit-kat, or a large canvas; and if he force its dimensions, either by over-compression or over-extension, his work will be a failure.

Why is the author not bound by the same canon of art? Artistically, he certainly is so bound. Intellectually, he certainly is so bound. That this obligation is continually defied and broken through by many English writers, proves only that the great majority of these writers are not artists in any sense of the word.

The brevity or length of a literary work can have nothing to do with its beauty or excellence. If it be beautiful, if it be excellent, its proportions will be those which naturally grew out of its subject; and the writer who is an artist will know, as the painter knows, that he cannot alter the unwritten law which prescribes to him those proportions. What has either length or brevity to do with either excellence or beauty? What give both excellence and beauty are qualities not to be measured by a publisher's counting up of words, or a printer's enumeration of pages.

A sketch of a few pages of Maupassant's is worth all the volumes put together of Georges Ohnet; one of the "Sonnets of Proteus" is worth the whole swagger of the "Seven Seas."

There seems to be, unhappily, an unwritten law in English literature that cheapness must of necessity be allied

to ugliness. A cheap book is, in England, an inferior and unlovely thing. But it need not be so. It is not so everywhere. I have now before me a book of Pompeo Molmenti's, issued by Demporad of Florence; its cost is two francs twenty-five centimes; less than one-and-sixpence in your money. It is bound in thick cream-colored paper; it is called "*Il Moretto di Brescia*," being a brief study of the life and works of the great artist of whose pure and noble work the city of Brescia is full. That the text is of rare, scholarly excellence, and of the finest critical and appreciative qualities, there can be no question, since it is written by the President of the *Accademia delle Arte* of Venice. The type is large, the paper fine, the illustrations (phototyped) are of extreme delicacy and beauty, rendering worthily the works of the Moretto; the size of the book is Imperial 8vo.

Will you tell me where I shall find anything equal to it at its price in London?

Your books are all ill-stitched, and fall to pieces as soon as one handles them. Your type is usually ugly, even at its best; all foreign readers complain of its clumsiness and confusing effect on the eyes. Compare a page of a Parisian book at three francs and a-half with a page of a six-shilling English novel. The former is incomparably the superior. Your cheap illustrated books are still more scandalously treated. I have before me a book priced four-and-sixpence, more than double the price of "*Il Moretto*." It is a book for children; its illustrations have been reproduced from earlier works, and they are not even all of the same method or the same size; some are printed from old wood-blocks, some are photographed; in one a child is represented the size of a fly, in another a dog is drawn bigger than a man; anything is thought good enough, it seems, for children.

Artistic beauty is entirely lacking in the illustrations of English juvenile books; and there is nothing so irritating as the sight of illustrations of various qualities bound up in the same volume.

Even certain illustrated periodicals and journals are not above using up their old wood-blocks in their new numbers. It is a very disgraceful and unworthy practice. When the illustrations are fresh, the designer frequently does not attempt to adapt them to the text; a gentleman is drawn like a cad, and a Newfoundland dog is drawn like a poodle; a peasant of the Romagna is drawn like a loafer in Shoreditch, and so on continually, without the slightest attention to accuracy.

There is also, beyond all doubt, an unwritten law which has been so universally observed that it has become, properly, as binding as a written law. I mean the law that when once a romance, or a story, or a poem has been published they cannot be altered.

What should we think of the painter who repainted his picture after sale, or of a sculptor who sawed off an arm from his statue, and affixed another? Both picture and statue may have many faults; they probably have; but such as they went out from the studio they must remain. This is the common morality, the elementary honor, of Art, and a similar canon should certainly lie upon Literature.

Yet some writers have of late presumed that they had a right to change the ending of their romances when these were already well known to their readers. They would urge, I suppose, that they have a right to do what they like with their own. But your work once given to the public is no more your own than your daughter is when you have married her, and she has become the *Gaia* of her *Gaius*.

Besides, there is an unspoken good faith on the part of the author which

should be observed in his relations towards the public. He should give them nothing which is incomplete; nothing, at least, which is not as harmonious as it is in his power to create. Every work of fiction requires to be long dreamed of, long thought of, clearly seen in the mind before written; it ought to be no more susceptible of change than a conclusion in Euclid. To the writer, as to the reader, of a story, it should seem absolutely true; the actors in it should appear absolutely real. The illusion of reality is only strong in the reader according to the strength of that illusion in the writer; but some such illusion must always exist whilst the reader reads fiction, or fiction would have no attraction for any one. The writer who alters his romance after it has once appeared destroys this illusion, and says effectively to his public, "What fools you are to take me seriously!"

Moreover, he insults them, for he tells them he has set before them a half-finished and immature thing, about which he has entirely changed his mind. He is like a cook who should snatch off the table a dish just placed on it because he wished to alter the flavor. A Vätel or a Soyer would not do that: if he had made a mistake he would abide by it, though he might kill himself in despite at it.

In the course of a literary or artistic life, or any other life from which the blessing of privacy has been lost, there are many wrongs met with which are real and great wrongs, yet which must be endured because they cannot be remedied by law suits, and there is no other kind of tribunal open; nothing analogous, for instance, to the German Courts of Honor in military matters.

There is, for example, a habit amongst some editors of seeking the expression of opinion on some political or public question, of some well-known writer: printing this expression of

opinion, and, before it is published, showing the proof to some other writer, so that an article of contrary views and opinions may be written in readiness for the following number. Now this seems to me an absolutely disloyal betrayal of trust. In the first place, the proof of an article is of necessity entirely dependent on the good faith of the editor. It is an understood thing, a tacit, unwritten law, that no one except the editor is to see it until the public does so. It is never considered necessary to stipulate this. To show it to a third person, to obtain a refutation, or a burlesque, of it before the article is published, seems to me a distinctly incorrect thing to do, an extremely unfair thing to do. Yet it is becoming a common practice; and a writer has no redress against it. It is manifestly not the kind of offence which can be taken into a tribunal, yet it is a very genuine and very annoying injury, and it is one against which I think that authors, whose name is of value, should be protected in some manner.

What redress, moreover, is there for the innumerable thefts from which a writer suffers during his career? I doubt if we, any of us, know the extent to which we are robbed by bookmakers who are not of the turf, but are quite as unscrupulous as those of the turf.

A few years ago I saw, in the pages of one of the highest class of London periodicals, a story, contained in one number, which was nothing more or less than the reproduction of the Derbyshire part of my well-known novel of "Puck;" the narrative of Ben Dare and his love for his worthless sister Ance. It was far more than a plagiarism; it was a monstrous theft. The name of a lady was put at the end of it as that of the author; of course, I wrote to the editor, expecting, despite previous experiences, to receive apology and reparation. I misunderstood my

generation. The editor wrote back with airy indifference, that the lady who had produced this shameless piracy had never read "Puck." To my citation, in reply, of the words of the Emperor Julian, "If it be sufficient to deny, who will ever be found guilty?" and to my objection that an appropriation of an entire section of a novel could not by any possibility be otherwise than an intentional theft, this model of editors replied not at all. I ought perhaps to have sued the publisher, who was doubtless quite innocent, but had I done so it is more than probable that I should have obtained no apology or redress. To begin a law suit is a very serious thing, and all grievances and piracies are so incessant, though few are quite as impudent as was this, that if one pursued them as they merit one would spend all one's life and substance in Courts of Law.

Moreover, in the case of the plaintiff in any suit residing out of England, a large sum for costs must be deposited at the English tribunal into which the suit is brought; a kind of foregone conclusion that the plaintiff has no valid case, which seems to me very prejudicial to that person.

What, then, is to be done in such circumstances?

Nothing at all. You must endure the injury, leave unpunished the plagiarism; and the offender escapes scot-free.

I do not think that any one should sue another for any mere expression of opinion, however hostile or rudely expressed, as Mr. Whistler sued Mr. Ruskin, for the liberty of the Press is of more importance than the annoyance of individuals.

But some protection is required against swindling in literature; and at the present moment none exists. Practically none exists either against libel. I saw, a few years ago, three very gross and libellous English newspaper

articles upon myself, and sent them to a high personage in the law, who is always kind enough to give me his advice, and asked him if he considered it worth while for me to prosecute them. He wrote me answer: "All three articles are foully slanderous, yet one only, perhaps, would come within grip of the law; upon this one you would most certainly obtain damages, but prosecution entails so much expense, trouble, worry and insult, to the aggrieved party, that I would always say to any friend of mine what I say now to you: Do not do that which you have a perfect right to do."

I followed the advice, for if one asks counsel of a person whom one respects, one ought to submit to it; but the fact remains that for the most offensive social libels, there is neither in law or in society, any means of obtaining redress which a great lawyer can honestly recommend to a friend. For such matters why cannot there be a tribunal set apart from other tribunals; one having the attributes of a Court of Honor, and without the odious publicity of Courts of Law?

In one of the Prince Consort's letters to his eldest daughter, then Crown Princess of Prussia, he tells her to set aside a portion of her money every year to meet the inevitable blackmail which will certainly be levied upon her. This blackmail is levied upon every kind of success as well as upon royalty; what is to be done? To submit to it is repugnant to all one's sense of justice; to rebel against it, however such resistance be justified, is often ruinous.

The true remedy would lie in a finer, juster, higher kind of public feeling; but where is there any likelihood of this arising in the world as it is?

My own feeling is very strongly always against the anonymity of the Press. Every one surely should have the candor and courage to put his signature after his opinions. But, unfort-

unately, the Press gains so much importance (fictitious importance) from its anonymity, that it is hopeless to ask for an unwritten or a written law on this subject. The arrogant "we" would soon fall to zero in its influence on the public if it were signed by a Tom, Dick or Harry, who, as Matthew Arnold used to say, forms his opinions from what he overhears on the knifeboard of a city or suburban omnibus. It is, perhaps, worthy of a nation which treats duelling as a penal offence to countenance anonymous assertions, anonymous opinions, anonymous bravado and anonymous insults; but the result cannot be beneficial to the national character.

For many months in this past year, and in the year before that, hundreds of anonymous correspondents and leader-writers of the English Press have been doing their utmost by violence of language to drive to war the nations of England and of France. Is it not probable, even certain, that if all these writers had been obliged to sign their names to these furious articles, they would have paused before making themselves responsible for such language? I am often accused of using too strong language; but, at all events, I sign whatever I say, and I should be ashamed to do otherwise. An anonymous Press possesses dangerous privileges; such privileges as the mask gives a masquerade; it also, as I have said, acquires a dignity and an importance which are not its own; it is unfair and harmful; it protects exaggeration, hyperbole, flattery, and calumny, but it is too useful to too many not to be sustained; it can always serve the Bourses much better than a signed Press could do, and obey much more efficiently the nods and signs and cipher despatches of the great financiers; but it is cowardly, and can easily, if it choose, be dishonest.

It will, perhaps, be objected that the

anonymity of the Press is more apparent than real; that the greater writers of the London Press at least are all recognized by their style, or well known by the initiated; but this knowledge is limited to a few hundred persons, and can never be shared by the general public, and it is on the general public that anonymous journalism has its chief influence.

To whom or what can we look for the pressure of an influence which would enforce such unwritten laws? To public opinion? Undoubtedly we might, and we should, if public opinion were what it should be. But it is not, and, most probably, never will be. Breeding and manners grow worse every day; and it is they alone which could enforce that unwritten code which is so sorely needed. It is, after all, the absence of moral and honorable feeling in the world in general which makes the violation of these not only condoned by others, but frequently profitable to the sinners. Take two instances of this: The sale of private letters, both of the living and of the dead; and the seizure of the plots and characters of romances by people who are themselves dramatic adapters. The latter is the more trivial offence of the two; but it is as impudent as it is dishonest. It is injurious in a great degree, and extremely annoying to the original author, whose name is bawled and placarded about in connection with that of his robber, with no consent of his own, and usually to his extreme irritation, whilst his ideas are borrowed, and his characters travestied, and his entire creation belittled and vulgarized. Would the stalls be filled nightly to witness pieces stolen in this manner were the public governed by any unwritten law of respect for *meum* and *tuum*?

The other offence of selling letters is still more heinous; it is difficult to conceal the piracy of a romance for theatrical purposes, but it is perfectly easy

to conceal the sale of letters; head it the sale of autographs, and it passes with entire impunity. There is, I believe, a law (a written law) that letters are the property of the writer of them; but it is absolutely a dead law; as dead as many of those of the Tudors or Stuarts. I think that letters ought to be the property of the recipient, but it should be an inalienable property which he should be no more able to sell than he is able to sell entailed property. To write a letter, even a brief one, is, in a sense, an act of confidence. In writing it we assume that its contents will not be used against us, either for injury or ridicule. If a conversation be considered confidential, how much more so should a correspondence! A letter, in any degree intimate, is a hostage given into the hands of its recipient. We are justified in expecting that any sentiments, views, or opinions it may contain shall not go beyond the reader for whom they have been penned. This is so much to be desired in the interests of all letter-writers that no one, I think, can dispute its justice. What, then, are we to say of the constant appearance in catalogues of sales of letters of living and of lately dead, persons?

If it be, as I understand, illegal, why is it permitted publicly? If it be not thus illegal, why does not general indignation render it impossible? I have more than once seen, in the autograph albums of men and women of the world, letters of the most intimate character by distinguished writers; letters which had been evidently written in the careless open-heartedness of a warm friendship, and which were lying on a drawing-room or library table, open to the sneer, the jest, or the wonder of every one who turned over the pages of the book.

"*N'y touchez pas, N'y touchez pas! Je l'ai payé vingt louis!*" cried, in my hearing, a lady (a *rastaquouère*), who

owned, amongst other autographs, a letter which it was especially wrong to place in such a collection, since the writer of it is great and is alive. Not for twenty louis, not for twenty thousand, should it ever have been purchasable. What traitor sold it? What servant stole it? How did it find its way into the market, that familiar and intimate thing? Through treachery, through death, through accident, through greed? We shall never know. It was certainly not through friendship.

Surely, also, some unwritten law should prescribe and limit the license of caricature. It is scarcely fair that because a personality has interest and eminence attached to it, every draughtsman who can scrawl a line can make that personality hideous or ridiculous at pleasure.

"You cannot like it?" I said once to a person of considerable eminence, who was the subject that week of one of the "Portraits" of a satirical and political English journal of wide circulation.

"No, I do not!" he answered. "Of course, I should not object to it if it were a pen-and-ink drawing being handed about to amuse people in my own country house; but when one knows that it will be seen by tens of thousands of people who will never see me in the flesh, the thing becomes annoying."

His opinion must be shared by all those who are thus pilloried, even if they think it politic to laugh and seem indifferent.

It is "the penalty of distinction," the offenders reply. But why should distinction be weighted by a penalty, like the successful racer? I believe the world in general is the loser by this kind of persecution; for dislike to the vulgar ridicule which snarls at the heels of all eminence in this day, keeps aloof from the public arena men who would do honor to it, but whose

strength of intellect is accompanied by shyness, pride and sensitive reserve. Some unwritten law should also render impossible those verbal libels which are continually published by persons cunning enough to keep to the windward side of law in the offensive matter which they write. This is again another penalty-weight laid on the back of the racer who has won; and it is precisely this kind of penalty from which an unwritten law, in the Press, and in the world should protect such winners of the gold cups of life. Against libel, even of the grossest character, what can one do which is not more disagreeable than silently to "grin and bear" it? The great preliminary cost, the extreme uncertainty and irritation involved, the odious publicity necessarily incurred; the chatter, the comments, the cross-examination; the insolence and the jeers of the counsel for the defence, are all punishments which fall upon the plaintiff. What consolation is it for them that he may perhaps be awarded a thousand pounds damages, though it is more probable that he will receive only a farthing, and be left to the enjoyment of paying his own costs? In either, in even the best, result, is the game worth its very costly candle? Is the injury made less an injury? Is the combat not in every sense most unjust and unequal, being less a combat indeed than an assassination by a bravo? To what can we ever look for any remedy of this except from the unwritten law of opinion? But as the world is at present constituted it delights far too greatly in this garbage for it ever to rebuke the providers of it. Hogs do not rend the man who carries the swill-tub.

The unwritten law of common honor should make such a book as that which was recently issued on Bismarck impossible, because those who have the power of writing it would be above the temptation of doing so. There may be

a strong temptation to say what we know better than any other of one whose name is eminent. But I doubt whether we should yield to the temptation, even if we ourselves suffer in reputation by not doing so. But the book-makers of the world have no such excuse as this temptation offers; they are merely footmen who have listened with pricked ears whilst they waited at table on their masters, and, when their master is powerless to chastise, sell what they remember or invent. Even when it is not libellous, the sickening intrusion into private life which nowadays disgraces journalism must, to any temper of any refinement and reserve, be an offence irritating beyond endurance. There are flatteries and intrusions beside which censure is sweet and obloquy would be welcome.

There is a great pathos in the fact that the greatest man of these last fifty years, the man of blood and iron, should, as soon as he lies in his coffin, be insulted by such a book as this. The hand in its steel gauntlet, which welded fragments into a nation, is powerless to defend its owner against betrayal and false witness. The vulgar, insatiable curiosity of the general world breeds such traitors as these makers of post-mortem recollections; breeds them, nourishes them, recompenses them. There would be no supply if there were no demand. The general world has a greedy appetite for diseased food; as with its jaws it devours putrid game, decayed oysters, and the swollen livers of tortured geese, so it loves to devour with its frothy brain all that belittles, ridicules, dishonors, or betrays the few amongst it—the very few!—who are above it in mind, in will, in force, in fame. "Come, come!" they cry to the great man's servants when the great man lies dead; "tell us, you who saw him in his hours of abandonment, tell us of all that can drag him down nearer to our level! Tell us

of his varicocoele, tell us of his dyspepsia, tell us of his caprices, tell us of his humors, tell us of his tears when his poisoned dog lay dying,—you saw them through the keyhole—tell us of his hasty words, his pettish foibles, his human mortal waywardness—you know so much about them, you who waited behind his chair and filled his tobacco-pouch—come, come, comfort us; his great shadow seems still to lie upon the earth, and make us small and crawling insects crushed by his spurred

boot—come, come, comfort us! Tell us, show us, make us happy belittling him; let us, the envious, the puny, the mean, rejoice, for you who cleaned his boot and held his bare foot in your hired hand, can tell us that he, the maker of emperors and of nations, he, the mighty, had Achilles's heel!" For there is an unwritten law, not of literature but of life, which decrees that the jealousy of the small soul for the great soul shall be cruel and deathless as Fate.

The Fortnightly Review.

Ouida.

THE GOING OF THE BATTERY.

November 2, 1899. Late at night, in rain and in darkness, the 73rd Battery, R.F.A., left Dorchester Barracks for the War in South Africa, marching on foot to the railway station, where their guns were already entrained.

(Wives' Voices.)

Rain came down drenchingly; but we unblenchingly

Trudged on beside them through mirk and through mire,

They stepping steadily—only too readily!—

Scarce as if stepping brought parting-time nigher.

Great guns were gleaming there—living things seeming there—

Cloaked in their tar-cloths, uposed to the night;

Wheels wet and yellow from axle to fellow,

Throats blank of sound, but prophetic to sight.

Lamplight all drearily blinking and blearily

Lit our pale faces outstretched for one kiss,

While we stood prest to them, with a last quest to them

Not to court perils that honor could miss.

Some one said, "Nevermore will they come! Evermore

Are they now lost to us!" O, it was wrong!

Howsoever hard their ways, some Hand will guard their ways—

Bear them through safely—in brief time or long.

Yet—voices haunting us, daunting us, taunting us,

Hint in the night-time, when life-beats are low,

Other and graver things. . . . Hold we to braver things—

Wait we—in trust—what Time's fulness shall show.

London Graphic.

Thomas Hardy.

THE HUMAN BOY.*

No falser saying was ever uttered than that "the boy is father to the man." He is nothing of the kind. The girl may possibly be mother to the woman, but the boy is a distinct species by himself. He lives in a world of his own, peopled, through the exigencies of education, entirely by his fellows; he speaks a language apart, constructs his own moral code, and thinks very little indeed of the language, morals and customs of any other world. He is a child, and has the judgment of a child, and yet the fact of having to fight for his own hand at school has taught him a worldly-wise philosophy in dealing with his fellows, worthy of a gray-headed diplomat. "That just shows you, pater, how kids can be led," said an electioneering agent of nine, talking of a schoolboy election in which the small boys had "plumped" for the opposition candidate, moved thereto by the said candidate's "minor," who, living "a kid among kids," had alternately cajoled and bullied his fellows into turning the election. It is perhaps, just this mixture of the child and the trained citizen which makes the boy so difficult to understand. The motives which govern him in one capacity are far below or above those which affect him in the other. As a child he is inconsequent and unreasonable, as a school citizen he is accustomed to concerted action and to consider how to sway his fellows. The most singular thing of all is that half the human race has at one time *passé par là*, and has in later years forgotten all about it. Mr. Eden Phillpotts, however, is a notable exception; he is a man, and yet the days of his boyhood have not slipped from his

memory. He remembers the disused vocabulary, and even the "point of view" still more completely abandoned. He presents us in his latest book with a most vivid picture of his subject, the excellence and truth of which have been instantly appreciated by the "holiday" human boy, who, having devoured the book in a couple of hours, gravely pronounces it to be "ratting." For obvious reasons the stories in the book are all told in the first person. The oblique style of narration would have been too cold and formal to give the proper "local coloring" to the language employed. We could hardly expect Mr. Eden Phillpotts *in propria persona* to talk about "howlers," "jolly peculiar feelings," and things being "pretty measly," or to indulge in the delicious lyric—

"Our Nubby's nose is ponderous,
And our Nubby's nose is long;
So it wouldn't disgrace
Our Nubby's face
If half of his nose was gone,"—

which is, as is remarked by the writer, "not only jolly good poetry, but, also true,—a thing all poetry isn't by long chalks, as you can see in Virgil and such-like." This lively style of narrative has, however, one disadvantage, that the teller of the tale is not always the same person. It would perhaps have made for more cohesion in the book if the narrator had continued to be the young gentleman whose "biceps were the biggest in the lower school." But this is merely hypercriticism, and as all the stories are of "Dr. Dunston's" school at Merivale, and all written in the same dialect, the particular boy who purports to be writing does not much matter. The last story in the book "The Buckeneers," is ostens-

* The Human Boy. By Eden Phillpotts. London: Methuen & Co. (6s.)

ibly contributed by a "kid," and the spelling follows suit, the story being about two boys who are "pirits at heart," and who are lectured after the catastrophe by Dr. Dunston as if they were "beests of pray." The other stories are most cleverly differentiated from this one, and are mostly written by the "Lower Fifth." They show far more command of the prejudices governing orthography, and a certain amount of geographical imagination,—as, for instance, when Fulcher, one of the Sixth who was going out to Africa to be a missionary, said he would "glory in martyrdom really; and Nubbs, who knows a good deal about eating, used to write recipes for cooking Fulcher. and post them to imaginary African kings. But I should think that to be merely eaten is not martyrdom, properly speaking. If it is, then everything we eat, down to periwinkles, must be martyrs; which is absurd, like Euclid says."

Although the account of the "barring out" in the wing dormitory is by no means the best thing in the book, the list of provisions laid in by the boys must be quoted here just as it is in the text "to show what different ideas different chaps have about the things you ought to eat in a siege:"—

Trelawny.—Two hams, eight loaves of bread.

Bradwell.—Three tins potted salmon, two seed cakes (big), box of biscuits.

Ashby Major.—Ten tins sardines. (Ashby has five shillings a week pocket-money, his father being rather rich. Bradwell said it was rather a pity he spent it all in sardines.)

Ashby Minor.—Three pats of butter, three tins Swiss milk, one tin Guava jelly. (Bradwell was awfully pleased about the milk, because he said it was at once nourishing and pleasant to the taste.)

Wilson.—Six dried herrings, two pots veal and ham paste, one pot marmalade. (Herrings useless, unless eaten raw.)

West.—Four bottles raspberry vinegar. (I am West, and I thought raspberry vinegar would be a jolly good thing to break the monotony of a siege. But Bradwell said it was simply a luxury.)

Morrant.—One hamper containing twenty-four apples, twenty-seven pears, two pots blackberry jam. (Morrant has no pocket-money, but Bradwell said the fruit was good for a change.)

Gideon.—Nothing. (Gideon is a Jew by birth, and gets ten shillings a week pocket-money. He pretended he had forgotten. Trelawny says he will suffer for it in the course of the siege.)

Mathers.—Eight pieces of shortbread, five slabs of toffee, seven sausage-rolls. (The rolls were cut in half, to be eaten first thing before they went bad. But Bradwell said Mathers had made the selection of a fool, and so Mathers was rather vexed with Bradwell.)

Newnes.—Ten loaves (five brown), one packet of beef tabloids. (Trelawny congratulated Newnes.)

McInnes.—A lot of spring onions and lettuces, costing one-and-sixpence. (McInnes had been reading a book about chaps getting scurvy on a raft, and he thought a siege would be just the place for scurvy, so he bought all green stuff; and Bradwell said it was good.)

Corkey Minimus.—Three pounds of mixed sweets. (Bradwell smacked his head when he heard what Corkey minimus had got; but Trelawny pointed out that a few sweets served out from time to time might distract the mind.)

Derbyshire.—A pigeon-pie and thirteen currant-buns with saffron in them.

Forrest.—Four pots Bovril, one bottle cider. (Bovril can be taken on bread like treacle, and once saved the lives of several shipwrecked sailors.)

Watson Minor.—One pound dog biscuits, one pound dried figs, one box dates, one tin of shrimp paste. (Asked why he took dog biscuits, he explained it was because he had seen an advertisement about the goodness of them. It said they had dried buffalo meat in them, which was a thing you could live for an immense duration of time on. Trelawny said that was pretty fair sense for a kid.)

After the provision of all this "splendid food," it is sad to read that the

"barring out" had the usual humiliating end.

"Nubby" Tomkins, whose name has been mentioned above, is a great character in the book, and a person of varied accomplishments. He is a "corker" at "singing," and his accomplishments in this direction give him cause for serious uneasiness. He thinks he will "get bacilluses or microbes into some important part of me and die. It's like those books the Doctor reads to the kids on Sundays, with choir-boys in them. The little brutes sing like angels, and their voices go echoing to the top of cathedrals, and make people blub about in the pews. Then they get microbes on the chest, and kick. You know the only thing I can do is to sing; and I shall die as sure as mud." He is very keen on chemistry, too, and "even down to the stuff in cough lozenges, nothing is hid from him." He is the originator of the great firework display that ends in a catastrophe, which every one should read for themselves. It is, however, his biographer Mathers who makes the following philosophical reflection when the Doctor answers "Nubby's" request for permission to have the fireworks, by saying that he will consider the subject and answer later. "That means he'll think and think till he's got a reason why you shouldn't, and let you know then." The consciences of parents and guardians will surely prick as they read this *exposé* of their hidden motives.

There is a delightful piece of reasoning on the part of another boy called Butler, in the story of Morrants' half sovereign. Morrants has lost the coin, and argues that a boy called Fowle,

who knew where he kept it, could not have taken it, because—

"We were both Roman Catholics by religion, and that makes a great tie; and though many chaps hate Fowle pretty frightfully, I've never known him try to score off me, except once, when he failed and apologized.' And Butler said:—'That's all right, I dare say; but he's a little beast and a cur, and also a sneak of the deadliest dye. I don't say he's taken the money, because that's a libel, and he might, I believe, go to law against me; but I do say that only one out of three people could have taken it, and we know two didn't, therefore Q.E.D. the other must have.' Morrants didn't follow this very clever reasoning on the part of Butler. He only thought that Fowle, being a Roman Catholic, would never rob another; and Butler said he would, because it wasn't like Freemasons, who wouldn't score off one another for the world. He explained that history was simply choked up with examples of Roman Catholics scoring off one another. Butler said:—'Religion's quite different. One Buddhist is often known to have done another Buddhist in the eye, so why shouldn't one Roman do another? In fact, they have thousands of times, as you'll know when you come to read a little history and hear about the Spanish Inquisition.'"

It is difficult in re-reading and quoting from the book, to realize that it was not really written by boys, so completely has the author entered in their spirit. Let us hope that this will not be the last we shall hear of Nubby and his friends, and that on some future occasion Mr. Phillpotts will once more set forth for us the graceless good-humor and the grotesque charm of the human boy.

